

# The Lamia

## Genesis

1. The scent grows richer,  
he knows he must be here,  
He finds a long passageway lit by  
Fm7/5  
chandelier.

Each step he takes, the perfumes change  
From familiar fragrance to flavours strange.  
A magnificent chamber meets his  
eye.

2. Inside, a long rose-water pool  
is shrouded by fine mist.  
Stepping in the moist silence, with a  
warm breeze he's gently kissed.

Thinking he is quite alone,  
He enters the room, as if it were his own  
But ripples on the sweet pink water  
Reveal some company unthought of

- R1: Rael stands astonished doubting his sight,  
Struck by beauty, gripped in fright;  
Three ver-million snakes of female face  
The smallest motion, filled with grace.

- R2: Muted melodies fill the echoing hall,  
But there is no sign of warning in the siren's call:  
"Rael welcome, we are the Lamia of the pool.  
We have been waiting for our waters to bring you cool."

3. Putting fear beside him,  
he trusts in beauty blind  
He slips into the nectar, leaving his  
shredded clothes behind.

"With their tongues, they test, taste and judge  
all that is mine.  
They move in a series of caresses  
That glide up and down my spine.

4. As they nibble the fruit of my flesh,  
I feel no pain,  
Only a magic that a  
name would stain.

With the first drop of my blood in their veins  
Their faces are convulsed in mortal pains.  
The fairest cries, 'We all have loved you,  
Rael'."

- R1: Each empty snakelike body floats,  
Silent sorrow in empty boats.

A sickly sourness fills the room,  
The bitter harvest of a dying bloom.

R2: Looking for motion I know I will not find,  
I stroke the curls now turning pale, in which I'd lain entwined.  
"Oh Lamia, your flesh that remains I will take as my food."  
It is the scent of garlic that lingers on my chocolate fingers.

5. Looking behind me,  
the water turns icy blue,  
The lights are dimmed and once again  
the stage is set for you.

(B/Eb C#6 B6 A#m7 E/G# Ebm/F# Fm7/5)