

The Epicurean Daughter Of Evil, Conchita

Meiko

The apostale castle smells rotten
The Last Supper begins as always
Gruesome foods on the table
A woman eating them up alone with a smile

Her name is Vanika Conchita
She was once an opsomaniac
And then she went farther than that
The ultimate level of the baddest foods

Respect her, honor her
Our great Conchita
All of the foods in this world
Are for her

Eat them up, every bit of the world
More room for foods in her
The shining pale blue deadly poison
Is the best spice for main dishes
Eat up right down to the bone
If it's not enough, bite into the dishes
Total bliss on her tounge
The supper is not finished yet

The 15th personal chef of this year
He asked me
"Could you let me take holidays, my lady?"
I have to say, they're all useless

Respect her, honor her
Our great Conchita
Betrayers have to pay the price
For what they do

Eat them up, every bit in the world
Todays menu is really special
The shining pale blue hair
Works out perfectly for salad hors d'oeuvres
Eat up right down to the bone
If it's not enough, just have "another"
Oh, my butler, over there
What does "you" taste like?

And then the castle was deserted
Nothing left there, anyone else but her
Even so, she wanted more
The ultimate level of the baddest foods

Eat them up every bit in the world
She gazed at her right hand
And smiled amiably
"There's more to eat"
The baddest food for Conchita
It was... Yes, it was herself
Now she knows all the tastes in the world
But nobody knows what "she" tasted like
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