

At dusk she always disappeared
The neighbours had no idea where
They only knew what people talked
After sin and lust they said she walked

For years and years she could keep the secret
Before some nosy parishers found out
Why she had been shunning light
For almost three years

Angel de la Barthe - she was a devil's whore
Angel - his offspring to this world she had borne
Angel de la Barthe - she was a Satan's tart
Angel - her perversions had been fed with blood

Into the woods she had wondered
Night after night lust she hungered
To taste the platin horn she could
Do what few women would

For two years the monster son
With a wolf's head and a devil's tail
Had been alive feasting
Upon the flesh of babies

Angel did you know where all this would lead?
From the moment of passion into the fire
If only he could come and save you now
But he's waiting for your soul to come down and feed
His desires