

A Split Second, Mambo Witch

A startling sense of dislocation
Pushed away by voodoo crap
Spill your poison somewhere else
Can't shake the needles from your back

Guns and Chains, emotional drains
Cutting it down to size
Captured by the Hindu curse
That hold your mesmerized

Slice my throat, stilleto knife
To keep my burning hope alive
The long black hair that smells the incense
Turns to vipers in my mind

You foul the pyramids with your presence
Holding in your tiny claws
The shakes that feed the witch with venom
Too late, no time to withdraw

Mambo witch

Sound of torture and vocal exhaustion
Barely concealed by telephone wires

Heal the wounds and lick the scars
Screw up your eyes to read your stars
She is free, I am ice
Bound to burn at any price

Mambo witch