

# 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