

# Comus, Diana

Lust he follows virtue close  
Through the steaming woodlands  
His darkened blood through bulging veins  
Through the steaming woodlands

Virtue knows he follows softly  
Through the steaming woodlands  
Travel light the deathly shudder  
Down the leafy pathway

The dim light she comes peering  
Through the forest pines  
And she knows by the sound of baying  
By the baying of the hounds

Diana Diana kick your feet up  
Lust bares his teeth and whines  
For he picked up a scent of virtue  
And he knows the panic signs

Lust cries running with his eyes  
The white-clad figure fleeting  
Mud burns his eyes  
But desire burns his mind

Diana Diana kick your feet up  
Lust bares his teeth and whines  
For he picked up a scent of virtue  
And he knows the panic signs

Fear in her eyes as the forest grins  
Through the steaming woodland  
Lust now his soul destroyed  
With enmity disarmed

Diana Diana kick your feet up  
Lust bares his teeth and whines  
For he picked up a scent of virtue  
And he knows the panic signs