

Succuba

Music & Words by Claas Fischer

You have been my lover.
Hey, Miss Traitor under cover!
There's a frog with a crown under the wheel,
Smashed by the hand that used to heal.

Chorus:

Once playful tongues now spit out lies.
Once sunny smiles become desperate tries.
Once juicy lips taste of perfidy.
Jewelry eyes now echo dull indignity.

Gentle the fingers that hold the knife
Entering the breast to stigmatize a life.
The heart is leaking blame,
Blazing with a sooty flame.

Soft the hand that stops the bleeding,
Regretting all the things receding.
Tender the voice speaking of compassion and trust,
The victim of a colluded lust.

Chorus

All right, I grant you thus a second chance.
Grateful the hand stabbing with another lance.