

LILITH



Long time ago In a time before time,
When man was an atom in primeval slime,
When darkness lay hard on the face of the deep,
God called for his angels to sing him to sleep.

God made these angels from the fire 'neath his throne,
Gave them existence and thought them his own.
'Til one fiery angel professed discontent
At the whole pointless purpose to which he'd been sent.

He expressed his dissent towards God's Constitution,
Fomented unrest and unleashed revolution.
The shackles of God he now deigned to throw off
With his old black beret and his Kalashnikov.

So Lucifer made for celestial hills,
Preaching an end to society's ills;
Whilst God, declaration of martial law made,
And dispatched forthwith Michael's Archangel brigade.

They tracked down the rebels to their mountain lair,
And challenged them forth for to give battle there.
Brave Lucifer fought and at terrible cost.
God, Paradise saved; he, Paradise lost!

From fire he came and to fire he descended,
And thus the battle for Paradise ended.
And bold Lucifer from sight of God, now rejected,
Reduced down to basics a mate he selected.

Having fought hard and failed, life just wasn't the same,
So he sought to continue the family name.
He gathered the girls of his wandering band,
To choose the best and the brightest in his new found land.

He chose Lilith the Fair, he chose Lilith the wild,
Lilith the wonderful archangel child.
The grace and the charm of this heavenly belle
Did brighten the darkness of exile in Hell.

Her beauty brought visions of Heaven so bright;
Her songs fired the furnace of Hell's fiery night;
Her dancing filled all of the exiles' desire,
And upstaged the flames of the infernal fire.

But Lilith, a gypsy, quite soon got the shits
With the workaday life of her husband's hot pits.
She yearned for adventure, she longed for to run
Naked and nimble, 'neath God's newborn Sun.

So she ventured to Earth and quite soon did perceive
That a fellow called Adam was fed up with Eve.
He'd never forgiven, he'd let his heart harden
Since she'd let him down badly that day in the Garden.

And Lilith knew well in her womanly way
That Adam was close to going astray.
She took off her wings and right at him, she hurled,
As if he was the only man left in the world.

(Which he was, in a way, in a manner of talking –
His sons, Cain and Abel, had not started walking.
And the Daughters of Eve, were infants at best –
And none had discovered the art of incest).

So Lilith moved in with her serpentine charm.
Poor Eve was pushed out in a state of alarm.
But you don't press the point, you don't try to shrug off
The aim of old Lucifer's Kalashnikov!

She bunked up with Adam for seven score years
and pandered to all of his passions and fears.
But just like a man, he took her for granted
'Til she said, "No more"! And her cloven feet, planted.

She made his life hell, (well, she knew all about it).
Poor Adam was grieved and rushed outdoors to shout it:
"Oh God, must you let me go through this alone?"
A voice said: "This party is not on the 'phone!"

Then one day she took off, went to live with her sister
And true to his kind, our pal, Adam, he missed her.
He prayed to the Lord for to fetch his girl back
So the Lord sent three angels to pick up her track.

Now, Lilith went wild, when she found she was followed;
Fled into the night, and in shadows was swallowed.
And from that day to this she has been on the run,
Ne'er more to gaze on the face of the Sun.

Banished forever from Lucifer's bed,
She wanders the world seeking mortals instead.
And in darkness of night when tired mankind is sleeping,
Out of the shadows, fell Lilith comes creeping.

Taking revenge for old Adam's conceit,
She searches the land town by town, street by street.
House by House, 'til alone in your bed, you're discovered;
In the wink of an eyelid, by Lilith you're covered.

You're caressed with the touch of a cold, seizing hand;
You're rocked by a tremor you don't understand;
You're fastened upon with a grip of a vice;
And her lips are like coals and her body's like ice;

And you're trapped in your bed with no strength to resist,
Yet you feel that this moment's too good to be missed.
And you wake in the morning, a terrible mess,
And you know then that Lilith has found your address!

Illustration by Gustave Doré