

A lady, cold blooded, dressed in tight fitting white
She possesses a mansion
Her home better known as the lair of the white worm
Her eyes, a deeper green, glowing light in the dark
And at night she's a snake
Dwelling in the pits of the lair of the white worm

A secret well preserved
She's lurking in the dark
No-one ever made it back alive

No-one knows it is her
Monstrosity in a human form
She's a thing of the night
She transforms in a snake in the lair of the white worm
The pit in her house goes down to the bowels of the earth
Pray God you'll never meet this creature from the deep of the lair of the white worm

Blood stains on her neck, her breasts
Her eyes show she's aroused
The bodies in the pit, ripped apart, mangled hard
The screaming of the souls everlast
In the lair of the white worm

Lady Arabella dressed in white
She has diabolical cunning
She's moving about in the form of a snake
Disappearing into the impenetrable gloom of the mysterious orifice

Then a man came around, trying to solve the mystery
Stories became legend became myth and forgotten in the course of history
Secretly, carefully filling the pit with dynamite
Waiting for the moment to blow out the pit in the lair of the white worm

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On a night in a storm, thunder and lightning lit the sky
Then the storm, coming near
Lightning hits the heart of the lair of the white worm
With a bang the house explodes
A roaring scream sounds below
Venom blood, snakeskin pus
A bloody mass splatters from the lair of the white worm
Lead: Sattler

Leviathan is gone
The white worm is dead