

La Curandera

Clutch

Did you not grant quarter to the daemon, giving treatment to its wounds?

And would you not consider it unnatural to be born outside the womb?

We eagerly await your response and your best defense.

La curandera is the young girl
In a linen dress of white.
She dances on black sand in the night
In her linen dress of white.

Let us vote to dunk the witch in the river styx and photograph the lye.

So in the shadow of cerebus her spirit will reside.

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In a linen dress of white.
She dances on black sand in the night
In her linen dress of white.

Bird in the fire, mouthful of sand
King of the briar, mouthful of sand
The scale and feather, the lock and key
The lord of weather, the beast at peace