

do not be deceived;
most they act like bosom friends
you're least to be believed.
Claws are cased in velvet, friend,
their teeth are wreathed in smiles,
to betide the innocent
they drop into their wiles;
when they've singled out the prey,
on honey on the wing,
they give the sweetest kind of hug,
and plant the fatal sting.
They wash their hands in innocence,
and blurb the stain,
gentle, dove-like cannibals
meet in Scandal Den.

