

THE BLACK WIDOW

Words and Music by
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Leaving Lepidoptera—
Please don't touch the displays, little boy.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, how cute.

And moving to the next aisle we have Arachnida—the spiders.
Our finest collection!
This friendly little devil is the Heptathelidae—unfortunately harmless.
Next to him is the nasty *Lycosa raptoria*.
His tiny fangs cause creeping ulceration of the skin.

And here my prize: the Black Widow!
Isn't she lovely? And so deadly!
Her kiss is fifteen times as poisonous as that of the rattlesnake.
You see, her venom is highly neurotoxic;
Which is to say that it attacks the central nervous system,
Causing intense pain, profuse sweating, difficulty in breathing,
loss of consciousness, violent convulsions and finally death!

You know, I think what I love the most about her is her inborn need to
dominate, possess.
In fact, immediately after the consummation of her marriage to the
smaller and weaker male of the species,
She kills and eats him.
Oh, oh, she is delicious. (And I hope he was.)

Such power, dignity unhampered by sentiment.
If I may put forward a slice of personal philosophy,
I feel that man has ruled this world as a stumbling, demented child-king long enough.
And as his empire crumbles, my precious Black Widow shall rise as his most
fitting successor!

*These words he speaks are true.
We're all humanary stew
If we don't pledge allegiance to
The Black Widow!*

Moderately

Tacet

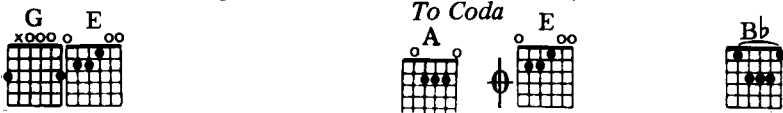
The musical score is written for piano and features a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score begins with a 'Tacet' instruction for the piano, indicated by a rest symbol on the grand staff. The music then begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano part consists of a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the vocal line (represented by the upper staff) contains the lyrics. The score is divided into three measures, with the first measure containing the 'Tacet' instruction and the subsequent two measures containing the musical notation.



The hor - ror that he brings, the
 sits up - on his throne and
 thoughts are hot and crazed, my



hor - ror of his sting, the un - ho - li - est of kings, the Black Wid-ow. Our
 picks at all the bones of his hus-bands and his wives he's de - voured. He
 brains are webbed in haze; mind-less, sense-less daze, the Black Wid-ow. These



To Coda

minds will be his toy, and ev - 'ry girl and boy will learn to be em-ployed by the Black
 stares with a gleam, with a laugh so ob-scene at the vir - gins and the chil - dren he's de -
 things he says are true, we're all hu - man - ar - y stew if we don't



Wid-ow. } "Love me, - yes, we love me." "Love him, - yes, we

A A#07 B

love him." "Love me." "Yes, we love him, ah."

E G D E F E

F 1. E 2. E

D. S. al Coda

He My

Coda E Bb Tacet E B C G A

pledge al - le - giance to the Black Wid-ow!

f rit.