

Coram Lethe "Textures Of Delight"

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From the cosmic swarm of cryptic movements
It sounds like a weird call, the melody: no sense at all!
I'm the creator of a drug and I pledge nothing!
But the nothing corrodes me!
When does the skin will be liquefied?
When can I sleep with my bones in ecstasy?
And I? Am I the result of logarithms?
I'm the sacrilege, the fear, the words I can't hide
The hope for a future without blood that draw my
jitters!
When the flesh will conjure decisions?
Embrace, corrupt and follow blood, infected...
Just another chapter to erase me with...
Texture of delight, conform to my own mind...
Just another chapter to erase me...
Little pressure on these hands with the fear I cannot
hide...
Another loss for my behaviour and you erase me with...
Texture of delight... conform to my own mind...
Overthrowing stability - is my reactor
And the light energize these fingers.
With your strength save my weak mind
I am my worst enemy!
Texture of delight... conform to my own mind...
Just another texture of delight,
Conform to my own mind...
Chapter to erase me...
Little pressure on these hands with the fear I cannot
hide...
Another loss for my behaviour and you erase me with...
Texture of delight... conform to my own MIND...

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