

Demoniac

"Deflowered In Paradise"

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Lo, the moon hangs aloof 'midst dark, fatigued clouds
A provocative vista where my yearning for Her
resounds
Throughout, cold solitary nights
When desires burn bright
I, a languid lone Lord long for a consort renowned

So as to but not for love
I fall to the grace of luxuria's impulse
That voyeurism hath brought to me from up above
So below the trees are ravished cumming sap,
repulsed

And I plead to the skies
Of this plight I despise
That She exalted my cum for me
At dusk evermore sacred
She disrobed naked
And 'twixt Her thighs I licked Her flesh to eat

Beneath a binding dawning morn, She-wolf lies in
sexual aftermath
Wearing Her accord and his darkened blood spattered
across Her arms
His monumental cloak is drawn across the Earth as in
our pall
As is our burning infatuation to drown them all...

And as of the breeze
That whispers Her name to me
In a sacred overtone of debauched carnal rites
Through Her lengthening silhouette
That casts dispersions distressed
Upon a wintry bouquet of withering
Poisoned Ivy creeping to cold threats

Ravished like the night in my dark equation
Ruined like the heavens to my dank eruption
As animalia whimsical grunts to debauchery
She weeps for nights on end within dreams of sodomy
She weeps tonight to dream of delightful

Disgusting carnal lusts, and sodomy

How sharp the choreography
Thick taints of callous arts
In dreadful melancholic hearts
That mourn therein to shades of pregnant
Ballet rehearsed to a tragic verse
Of wet-dreamt Succubi that drew the hearse
To twisting harmonies to feel the welling crescendo
A rhythmic tragedy of dolce allegretto
Whence from Her splintered tears
As spied the crying eyes thrice seers
He fought back anthemed throug
That sang Her song upon deaf ears

Stalk thee my prey, to take within vein
To feast from the throat of thee dying would grace
Me, as winds sing softly, soothing my pains
A dead distant vista holds thy dying gaze
Therein phantomed hallucinations
Segregate this phantasy
Wanton Lilith, I have wanted Sirah,
For seductions to enthrall this heresy

Drowned like pawns, where rooks would scorn
A mute at Pentecost to blaspheme our lord
And thunder cracks, shaking the loins
Paving the way for celestial deities to be destroyed

Taste of that these branches yield
The forbidden fruits that angels might gild
Tempting me to what god must shield
From scorched bloody landscapes upon the frontier

"Attack" was the cry though esteemed warriors were
afraid
To justify the lawlessness that Mistress Eve had
portrayed
Lying upon a stone cold marbled alter as Her sparkling
tears rained
And then She cried:

"I am Eva, I am forever
Eva, forever the Majestic Demon Lord's Queen"

Time has no taking, yet I quicken your time
The heavens crumble to nothingness
As we reign together transcending mankind

