

## **Demonic "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 thron  
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

