

Demonic "Sorrows Of Charming"

Visit "[Sorrows Of Charming](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A diva, She sings for me
Sarahnading me to sleep
Her song profound, how sweet it sounds
I am enthralled as I listen and weep
She sings of Her romanticistic ideals
As my tears fall like rain from black storm-clouds
above
This melody treats a starving insomniac to a musical
feast
And this is from where I drew my misconceptions of
love

In Her palatial room asleep, I'd watch Sarahccubus
dream
Bearing witness to Her slumber, always brought me to
such peace
Whilst I beheld the Sarahnity of my beloved Sleeping
Beauty
Simple delights in a paradise that I thought would
never cease
These walls encased our carnal raptures;
the pleasures that lovers see
These simple delights in a paradise
that unbeknownst to me
would shortly cease...

What entwining tides of time shalt suffer unto fortune's
swine?
That She would grace a pedastal that I would exalt in
the dead of night
Why doth thou flaunt thy femininity with another that
might
Whither in these same tragic blights that plague this
despondent heart of mine?

Thus; hear my obsession...
"A twisted curse is what thou lives
A fable of love, with folklore 'twixt
Out of adoration thou cannot be blissed
So soon thou seeks remission from an empty kiss"
Thus; hear my obsession...

What wondrous ornaments were torn down from the
nighting skies?
That graced a twinkling, glowing aura behind those
bewildering eyes?
Her splendour, an elegance to which the higher
echelons subsided

An exquisite magnificence that graced the Earth in the
magick
that Aphrodite provided
This majesty, my Princess with swan-like grace and
eloquence
Drowned with me in wonderland where the regal would
perform their awed obeissance
But what becomes of yesterday, as tomorrow's shores
lie dimmed?
Would She break the man inside the beast, and take
away his
grandeur from him?

When worshipping Her was the only love that He ever
knew
An ardent affair He would acclaim but ensnared
passions wouldn't subdue
My archangelic enchantress roams nonchalant, abliss,
abroad
But somewhere the symphony of life hath struck a
deafening
foul chord...

I nearly died, attempting suicide
Under the same zodiac and in the same vain
But I would not chide this ill-fated rhyme
For love-sickened sorrow swallowed for me a bleak
bane
My love was in vain

Conducting the symphonies that these illustrious
orchestras play
But why doth dirge infiltrate music this way?
Slowly suffocating, suffusing the air with my mourning,
tragic song
With solemn words I Sarahnade my enthralled throng;
thus

"This romance has died to an ill-fated fear
That this love would flourish eternally abundant
throughout
echoing blissed years
But poets haven't verses to convey my pains
Only now that dusk falls, the memory of holding thee

returns again..."

And then it fades

As I realise what game thou doth play...

Visit [Demonic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.