

## **Enslavement Of Beauty "An Affinity For Exuberance"**

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A wounded soul leaps highest  
I've heard the poet tell  
'Tis but the ecstasy of death  
And then the breath is still  
As I lay, defeated, I'm dying  
Longing to have you near  
As I lay, defeated, I'm dying  
Longing to have you here  
The smitten soul that gushes  
The trampled heart that springs  
A wearied ghost that keeps running  
From where the torment stings

Mirth is the prelude to anguish,  
And laughter is it's final aim  
Lest some fucker spot the wicked  
And do not fail to exclaim!  
As I lay, defeated, I'm dying  
Longing to have you near  
As I lay, defeated, I'm dying  
Longing to have you here  
Success is counted sweetest  
By those who never succeed  
To comprehend a fame like this  
Requires sorest need

Not one of all those fuckers  
Who rose the flag today  
Can even tell the definition of fame  
So pure, of victory

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