

Enslavement Of Beauty "Dainty Delusive Doll"

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Lyrics: Ole Alexander Myrholt

Music: Tony Eugene Tunheim

Already wounded...I wonder if I would dare to be
stabbed by the thorns of virtue
Such a sight, petite and illegal...a specimen of beauty
in shapeless splendour
Haunted by her image in blank dismay, I kiss and
embrace the dreaming adventure
of the dainty, delusive doll...
Seeping into the tunnel of reality...

The savage beast of lust mock-manly rearing its
deceitful head
With 666 tattooed upon its bleeding chest
Virtue seems like a sheer waste of flesh, I smoulder
like a fucking cigarette
She bestow me the poet's beauty of phrase, oh, I
ejaculate...

The vortex of addiction is out of square
There are imaginary catchwords everywhere

The vortex of temptation gently blows
The ego-dolls reap the meadows...

...of megalomania...

Profoundly wounded...I still wonder during my frequent
strolls to this rendezvous
Such a sight, so pristine...a specimen of beauty in
sheer fucking grace
Haunted by her image, spread eagle on my bed, I need
some pills to kill the pain
I need some pills to absorb the impression of the
dainty, delusive doll

...sleeping into the coma of reality

The savage beast of lust mock-manly rearing its
deceitful head
With 666 tattooed upon its bleeding chest

Virtue seems like a sheer waste of flesh, I smoulder
like a fucking cigarette
She bestow me the poet's beauty of phrase, oh, I
ejaculate...

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