

Enslavement Of Beauty "Nostalgia Grows"

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Gazing at what could have been
A lethal doze of her fertile pose
What will all these inklings mean
If I reveal how deep the spiral go
Crystal fecund fancies flew
Emerged through blood-red veils
Sky-blue yet dead grey - the winds blew
Forced my lofty head to lean
Is this lass a fevered rose?
Is she not sinless and pristine?
Is it not always gold what glows?
She hides her hideousness in evergreens
But be cautious her blade is keen
When held down by an angel pose
Her talons can't be foreseen
When the nightmare initiates from a rose
And this hale nostalgia grows...

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