

Enslavement Of Beauty

"The Paradox Of Two"

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With you I sleep undistracted, but when daylight dyes
our room...

These walls start to bleed; they drip venom in our
words

And I spew the unthinkable out:

This should not be, there is no last attempt
It ends now, the clash of two rivals; passion and
contempt

Wake me up and leave a rose before you go
It's fragrance will charm you again when it withers
beside your stone

In the wake of this madness I feel reborn,
Revived by the air I share with no-one
But is this my deliverance or your revenge?

Now each day brings a deafening silence

And when colours fade to one, they attack; yearning
and remorse

Tear me down from the trail I walk alone
Without direction, without control

In the wake of this madness I feel reborn,
Revived by the air I share with no-one
But is this my deliverance or your revenge?

My lungs burn with your breath and yet my sould
suffocates without
It's the paradox of two...

In the wake of this madness I feel reborn.
Revived by the air I share with no-one
But is this my deliverance or your revenge?

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