

Enslavement Of Beauty "The Perilous Pursuit Of Volition"

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The heart seeks pleasure first
And then, excuse from the deeds;
And then, those awkward moments
Where the suffering exceed
The wow echoes with the gust
And the wretched silence wail
The minutes turn to hours
As the tint of mischief turns pale
The demise of all emotions
And the search for tranquil seas
The filthy heart restored
As the suffering now recedes
And then, to fall again
And then, if there should be
A trace of will to succeed
It'll last for eternity

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