

## **Enslavement Of Beauty "The Venial Blur"**

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Lyrics: O.A.Myrholt

The promised land of joy leads me quite a chase  
shaping the vortex moonshine into another daemon  
aeon

Caught in a crossfire of lust, a dream of strange  
ambient fusion  
dying in the valley of death,  
as in the essence of the Shakespearian Conclusion

As I dream of that night, dazzled by its charm  
and as I dream of you nestled here in my arms

It's only when I weep, only when I reach to touch you  
it's only when I nourish the (ultimate) paranoid  
grandeur

it's only when the venereal notion unfolds  
I see more devils than vast hell can hold

You breathe in sharply when I bid (you) to join the  
trance  
to wheresoever the (polychrome) devils may dance  
the gleaming utopia (suddenly) casting shadows of  
sadness  
and there is beauty in all its madness

When I come down it seems to me, that I am  
desecration  
and touching you seems like a revelation...

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