

Enslavement Of Beauty

"Traces O' Red: The Fall And Rise Of Vitality"

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"No kind of sensation is keener and more active than
that of pain
Its impressions are unmistakable"

Prithee... charm me fro' mine mortal guise
I fear, by my throth, the evenfall o' youth
May I succumb to thee and claim thy most vital kiss...

So what are you waiting for...

"What lack of movement! What ice!
Nothing stirs me, nothing excites me...
I ask you, is this pleasure? What difference on the
other side!
What tickling on my senses! What excitement in my
organs"

Fro' Aurora's bed, of gods eyesight lost, a sick man
shed his tears
Did I live dead or did I live at all when I knew nought but
mortal fears

The fume of my sighs draped the soil
Intertwined with the fresh morning dew
I bedevilled my name and succumbed to thy seductive
flesh

In hope to remember the view

I taunt thee... daughter o' seraphs
Oh, I beveil thy loss of innocense...
I will write, by my troth, a sonnet to thee my beloved

Haunting... I wander through the crowded streets o'
London
Dressed to kill and live and let live and leave traces o'
red

I think I'm kinda falling in love with you

Oh, fair virgin... spread thy angelwings and crown me
for being a madman

Innocence and fear, mirrored in the savage eyes of
lechery
Sweet sixteen, sweet innocent colleen
I crave the sweet, sweet taste of thy naked vulva
Sucking, sucking... and so on and so forth 'til I besmear
thy innocence
Mesmerized by thy poisonous wine
Ah, I fall in love...

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