

## **Left Hand Solution**

### **"The Futile Passion"**

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In the gallery of lost hopes  
We stand as mortal shells  
In this futile passion

Let the whorish smile seduce you  
In this sickness we all carry  
Let the insects crawl you through  
On this sweet and sickly day

My soiled hands dig in the mould  
Where all beauty lies rotting

In the gallery of lost hopes  
You pass between my memories  
As morality dies in my heart

Let the whorish smile seduce you  
On this sweet and sickly day

White sheets drenched  
With bodily fluids that dry on my skin  
Experience the infection I bring  
I cling to you in fever and lay myself into your sea  
And let the nausea wash through me

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