

Liar Of Golgotha

"The Soul Above All Others"

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Deducting waves of existence, of being, of live itself,
obtained by a
simple spell of brightness covering the dark contours
of Her iris'. Her
charm engulfing me as flies around a continuous
lightning bolt, luring
me into a fatal temptation. Leaving me lifeless in an
anesthetic trace
of vulvic scent, Her most precious magic potion,
amorously pungent. But
as we linked Her draining curse metamorphed into a
mutual exchange; Her
energy as inspiration covering my fingers. She had
caught a slight draft
of underestimation, when She approached me under
the intention of
perforating holes in my psyche and tumoring my aura. I
have the soul

above all others, which lessons my vulnerability. So
when She performed
Her task on me I fed upon Her radiance. Proclaimed the
whore of Satan,
this radiance was pure blackness, perversion of the
wildest shape,
pulling me towards this black hole in Her mind. Now
knowing my lifeforce
pierces Her luscious organic structure I have closed a
chapter of
spiritual desolation and I will nurture every strain of Her
life I stole
that night in the hope our souls will join once more. In
whatever
spacial frame.
Only this can be true vampirism.

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