

Lord Kaos

"Under The Darkest Shade"

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Black velvet the milk film
Skinful of dust, abominable vapour within me
My soul drowned mistress
Flowers of virtue the force majeure

Razors trickle my breath of life into hers
Sweet rainfall the unknown destination
Clank of the chain, eroded seamstress
Trail of tears from under the darkest shade
Hollow surroundings, a vulture in a fountain
Draped in crimson cloth
The haze burned away, harking to inner voices

Sweetened to my tongue,
She of lotus blood of her twilight,
Undressed the gaiety of morning
A deep sleep prophet to come, haze of grief
Cold darkened mud, I scream for the beast
Virgin blood, tasted sweet fruit

Angels pouring out the vial of wrath
Gnawing their tongues for pain
Women arrayed in purple scarlet
Groaning for the pain melancholy

For they under your power
Let me spill your wine and taste the fruits
So deep within your skin
For uncut jewels are yet to be caressed

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