

Lux Occulta

"Turbulence"

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Abandon, what does it mean? Without a care, reckless,
unclean.

Boredom, pushes me there ramming of empty, pulling
of hair.

Damage, least just a bit the joy of not, giving a shit.

Face it, straight to the ground a touch of violence.

Loving the gagged and bound.

Fucking, blind to the self what had seemed dry,
springing with wealth.

Liar, deep in your form all of these thoughts, that you
have scorned.

Never, forced to agree rip out a path, disregard the
debris.

Breathing, shows in the cold with every thrust, against
the folds.

Distort, second to next no love or hate trapped in
turbulent sex.

Drop all, obstacles here swallow your shame, choke
down your fear.

Visions of damnation deep.

This soul's abrasions,

Dark inoculations.

Numb to abomination.

Bleeding, grinding to try just find the how and forget
about why.

Once the envelope's torn, out of these things, the
demon is born.

Dark inoculations numb to abomination.

Denial and repression moral masturbation.

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