

## Octavia Sperati "Below Zero"

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Feel your pulsation  
As her thoughts penetrate your will  
Isn't it?

The throb is truly fractional  
Her control is your dependence

For what is the intention  
With no will, my will  
Nevertheless must you deny  
The spirit within

Can you hear the enchantress  
As her voice lubricates your mind  
Doesn't it?  
How will you escape it?

You sink into a coma  
To discover; her tones comes from my mouth

Isn't it?  
How will you erase it

Feel your pulsation  
Black lake is calling  
Appear slowly as we hide

For what is the intention  
With no will, my will  
Nevertheless must you deny  
The spirit within

Can you hear the enchantress  
As her voice lubricates your mind - your mind  
How will you escape it, erase it?

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