

## Path Of Golconda

### "Foul Winds Through Utopia"

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Back on the track with a slithered attack of grief  
We are  
Side by the side with the night as a voyeurist thief  
We awake...

Trodden to the floor, rotten to the core  
My sultry eye seeks more  
Windows to boudoirs, tongues that force encores  
And darts to the arts that are  
Rotten to the core, trodden to the floor  
My lipless mouth seeks more  
Kisses from the corpse, necromantic thoughts  
And darts to the arts that are  
Grave, windswept

Blow! Blow our name  
Set the world aflame in covetous games  
And the  
Pain pours as rain to regain what they stole  
From us

Glad to gladiate the damned...

And he throws his inner sanctum  
Into this vast arena  
Fodder to the saints and lions  
That as in fever

Deflesh, obsessed  
By bestial savageness  
And crash the crest  
Of waves of appetite

And I, one of them  
Would die to pleasure them

Cold hands writhe for prayers  
Mock in colder stone  
Weaving lay and layers  
Frenzied, alone  
Whetting thy dear brushes

Paint the pack's town red  
A phoenix from the gashes  
Heal this gangrene

Trodden to the floor, rotten to the core  
Decline's ambassador  
Hymns to the bizarre sounding from afar  
Bewinged by the winds that

Blow! Blow our name  
Set the world aflame in covetous games  
And the  
Pain pours as rain to regain what they stole  
From us...

There's so much beauty that was sown  
The fruits of heaven reaped by carnal autumn storms  
There's too much beauty to prolong  
The chants of virtue when vice could rise this pleasure  
dome

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