

Danse Macabre "Sacred"

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Perversity, lust, decadence
Mankind's prior frustration
My mind hardly can comprehend
Mating the sole destination

This decline of romanticism
I do regret indeed
Replaced by forms of fetishism
It makes my heart bleed

Born in a wrong century
A label that I gladly wear
For there should be room for mystery
And to touch a soulmate's hair

Eroticism a fine form of art
But why share it with the world
For I care for matters of the heart
In this 21st century world

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