

Sadistic Intent

"Act Iv - Opal Vault"

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I turn around a last time in this big sinister street, my
god,
the fog insmoothes the tear that slowly drifts down
along your cheek.
From the windows, dull and dirty,
dozens of white and macabre looks scrutinize us as if it
was to
announce that this time will be the last..
And I think of you again, crouched on myself,
where the drops of sad water of an October rain tricjle
on my face,
I think of this langorous smile again,
more precious than your nudity, this carnal smile,
ecstatic,
that projects me for an instant again in a fantastic whirl
of desolation.

I'm the angel of desolation, the angel of my own loss,
the angel of a shattered
life on the wild flanks of a smile.

And I pour a thin and sad tear that shatters itself
in a thousand pieces on the streets form
where your look haunts and kills me.
(Forget me), ravage me and kill me.
Oh drink my life in a carnal impulse of desire,
dream and fly me away on a peak of despair,
because I'm the angel of desolation.
Yes, I'm...

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