

Venke Knutson

"Kissing The Beast"

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Fixtures immensely beholding the force holy
benevolence deadly remorse
Tearing the lining and saving the flow dropping the
heartrate enclosing the soul
Lest we remember the deadly command hour upon us
and close at hand
Now in our coldness our heart has begun needing the
heat from the earth and the sun
Cold as ice trapped in the earth cold as ice needing the
sun
Kissing the beast as he lies underneath scratching your
heart with soulful belief
Awaiting the call to enrapture your life holding you still
as he's holding the knife
Nine bladed sword as the whore can recall dissecting
the innocent under the fall
Cracking the surface the air is still fresh only below us
the mad stench of death
Kissing the beast as he lies underneath scratching your
heart with soulful belief
Awaiting the call to enrapture your life holding you still
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the innocence under the fall
Cracking the surface the air is still fresh only below us
the mad stench of death
A prince or a pauper or lunatic king son of a daughter
shrouded in sin
His kingdom in madnness and sadness and shame
The song is still young and illusion's the game

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