

## **End**

# **"The Scent Of Elegance"**

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Brother! Sister! There is sin in sincerity. But our goal is clear. Warm me with the touch of your flesh. We are divine. We can't be torn apart by any means. The ladder binds us to each other. Breathe in an expectant gasp. Exhale me into you. The Ladder Must Grow On. To truly love is to love one's own self. To love your own is the path to righteousness. Can you smell it? The scene is ripe with the scent, the scent of incest sweet and wet. It's in every pore of yours. We are nothing more than the creators of beings so pure. Will into being the cause of our ancestry. I will carry it away.

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