

Acryptylyse "Enslaved To Damn"

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Created before times of gods,
She, a whore, kiss of death,
Plaguing sex to spawn.

Deadly dominatrix,
Lures men with sinful sex,
Mortis Meretrix!

Deep cuts in her arms,
Her lips are red, her eyes hollow.

She, a slave to all damned souls.
Cursed, punished.
A creature of desperation,
She must do as she is told.
The Devil's Whore, his pet of travesty.

She glides across the moonlit night,
Hoping hungering for blood.
In search of a man, A man of eternities.
She'll find him, seduce him, kill him, and feed from
him.
Yet, will she not love him? After all, she bears his
offspring.
She, this creature of evil, can she still not love?

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