

Nicodemus

"Harlot"

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Drenched in fashions of solace.
O'er oceans of such pale passion burn.
What motives lay in her decisions?
Open eyes are clouds greyeth as skies turn.

With mine own weakness...being best acquainted.
How sweet thou shalt maketh my shame.

Fairest of angels, how drift I too thee.
Heaven hath played with mine heart.
His face such sweet survey of passion and grace.
Hallowed be his name I hark.

...and shall I cast towards his better judgement?
A smile which shall render him weak and here.

Seeping in from the ether, for her skin is thusly
stained.
e'er drowning eyes from whence sorrow was shed.
[- -]
Shall I with natural inadequacy, healeth her aching
heart.
For when I to her proffered, she shall draw hence
blithering words.

Behind her locks of har, and locks upon her doors.
Chasms and gaping wounds, yet blessed by her
consequence.

If once there shall be such design in these shadows.
Whilst they doth fall over me?
A pattern of child like drama and purity, charming in
spite.
Oh here I protective shall be.

But I...I'm not you conscience and you're not my faith.
Yet why must you then hold thine heart in wait?

