

Enslavement Of Beauty, C17-H19-No3-H2o

I beweeep my foolish prudence, I beweeep thy sick reluctancy
chaos disguised as nought, accusing acquaintance of sodomy
Sometimes I just stare blankly for hours
wondering how it could have been
interrupted only by the blur of sight from the tears I shed in between

C17-H19-NO3-H2O...

I crawl my way through morphine days
anodyne at least, in opiating grace
I knew it was killing me
but the apple seemed so sweet
and I still, sometimes, dream of thee...

I am the tranquil king, I mirror cupid in all these phrases
there's a sadness in our eyes, dancing stars and trancing faces
I am the faithless mainstream of poker puss mannequins to be
these days everybody smiles and all the cameras are circling me

In forvid energy...I still extol thy image to the sky (and beyond).
Thou art petite, thou art pristine...
(and) my superlatives are not just words
The humid energy (of passion) granted us the wings of hell
we are drifting aimlessly (on) our way to somewhere

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I waive my attempts to smile, I waive my attempts to care
tinged with bizarre implicit violence
I mimic the expression they expect me to bear
I am the pretty, pretty sex machine, when we come is when we die
deceit is a pill for us to share, leaving an all time high...