

Enslavement Of Beauty, The Venial Blur

The promised land of joy leads me quite a chase
shaping the vortex moonshine into another daemon aeon

Caught in a crossfire of lust, a dream of strange ambient fusion
dying in the valley of death,
as in the essence of the Shakespearian Conclusion

As I dream of that night, dazzled by its charm
and as I dream of you nestled here in my arms

It's only when I weep, only when I reach to touch you
it's only when I nourish the (ultimate) paranoid grandeur
it's only when the venereal notion unfolds
I see more devils than vast hell can hold

You breathe in sharply when I bid (you) to join the trance
to wheresoever the (polychrome) devils may dance
the gleaming utopia (suddenly) casting shadows of sadness
and there is beauty in all its madness

When I come down it seems to me, that I am desecration
and touching you seems like a revelation...