

# Murphy Peter, Canvas Beauty

Here stands the canvas beauty at her door  
Calling beneath the blockade floor  
See him turn bedeviled and blacked  
For the canvas beauty had locked him back  
Away from the king of hearts so pure  
In with temptations alluring pour  
Away from her his compass mass  
The everglade the bonny lass  
The actress love that he mistook  
A siren for his aging look  
The actress love that he mistook  
A siren love for his aging look  
Her stands Dorian at her need  
In Hedonisms shaft like look  
He wears the id the painter mistook  
And with her flame he'll burn its flesh  
Burn the freeze transcend the mesh  
Riders wings you give me back  
The siren for his aging look  
The actress love that he mistook  
The siren love for his aging look  
Here stands Dorian at her need