

Profugus Mortis, The Beauty Of This Form

I watch in wonder with racing heart and shaking hand
at the beauty of this form, so delicate a creation
But at the same time fragile and weak that all eyes can see

The illusion of strength is quickly dispelled
as it's all destroyed with whisper and breath
(repeat twice)

Light and rain creation awake to touch with hand and the pleasure it would bring.
I am in awe of the beauty of this form
No constrains in all it's shape and form

(unknown)

Light and rain creation awake to touch with hand and the pleasure it would bring.
I am in awe of the beauty of this form
No constrains in all it's shape and form

My flesh cries for it all and with it all my flesh would die
(repeat)