Barathrum, Magic in Atmosphere

magical light in her eyes in her eyes, in her eyes, ablooming beauty in her eyes mistress with deep dark hair arose from the mist of night rose with her thorns impaling sharp fingernails nailing look with sparks in her look ankles like swan's neck

temple of her face with curls of hair obscures the surrounding world inheritance from the ancients venom and nectar at the same time infinite by her traits a sight for sore eyes

I live my life of leisure, for her never ending journey, a trip to insanity ecstasy and angel dust naked, untamed this is my conclusion I'm driven to insanity

my life runs far too fast afraid to be alone never comfortable in crowd tormented by myself terrorised, horrorised infernally mesmerised

reborn by that chantress angel of ecstasy tamed by her powers angel with the seed seed of blooming race