

Compos Mentis, My Suicidal Valentine

She aches like she's sinfully untamed in chains
Like a wicked destroyer of our sedated world
Humming deformed bullet songs from her darkened chamber
Dancing like a possessed madman on fire
She looks like a six barrel shotgun
Adorned with furs that blindness caresses
An endless reptile collage of displaced repetition
That speaks a foreign language of unknown exits
Embrace me in your misery
She wants to take you higher
Towards the burning desire
She wants to draw you near
Towards her evil beauty that you fear
She dares to hear the whispers of stagnant motions
Like a wooer to our prostituted bulk of flesh
Her poor riches can't be forced by law
She's unconjured magic that haunts our dwelling
I embrace you in my misery