

# Delight, Sombre Wine

When he kisses without doubt  
He dances at the edge of desire  
He is silent when his warm mouth  
Are subjugating her conscience

Afterwards unbidden thoughts come back  
But he's already gone  
Like a beast of prey  
Like a master of chase  
It's the nature of rapacity  
Frolic with her sensuality

I still believe in people who think  
Love is something more than desire  
Although it flavours our life  
With a taste of sombre wine

When she walks the air becomes so heavy  
Underneath the naivety there's her silent slyness  
To fall a victim to you is only a delight  
Often the Beast is the Beauty  
The wolf can be eaten by the lamb

Afterwards unbidden thoughts come back  
But he's already gone  
Like a beast of prey  
Like a mistress of chase  
It's the nature of rapacity  
Frolic with her sensuality

there's no divinity  
Which can't be sold  
Please don't talk about love  
Until I believe in it

But I still believe  
Although I see rivers of lies  
Which have taken possession of us  
So please don't tell me  
That true love is what she's searching for  
Because it can't be found  
Through the perdition in following arms