

Enslavement Of Beauty, Be Thou My Lethe And Bleeding Quietus

I drift into luciferous darkness
And kiss the blithesome aeons of quietude

A wounded cupid passes saddened by, dead in the winds eye

O, blood, blood, blood...

...I bath in the sea of vengeance
And conquer cupidity by making the leviathan bleed

I am the wraith in the woesome guise... lost in the reverie
I mock mortality and as I open my eyes, Ah... I behold thee

The aeons of prophanity annihilates the mournful impact
I kiss the woesome flesh goodbye in life's final act

Oh, exquisite star in the passionate darkness
I love thee... fair temptress