

Enslavement Of Beauty, Dainty Delusive Doll

Already wounded...

I wonder if I would dare to be stabbed by the thorns of virtue
Such a sight, petite and illegal...
a specimen of beauty in shapeless splendour
Haunted by her image in blank dismay,
I kiss and embrace the dreaming adventure
of the dainty, delusive doll...
Seeping into the tunnel of reality...

The savage beast of lust mock-manly rearing its deceitful head
With 666 tattooed upon its bleeding chest
Virtue seems like a sheer waste of flesh,
I smoulder like a fucking cigarette
She bestow me the poet's beauty of phrase, oh, I ejaculate...

The vortex of addiction is out of square
There are imaginary catchwords everywhere
The vortex of temptation gently blows
The ego-dolls reap the meadows...

...of megalomania...

Profoundly wounded...

I still wonder during my frequent strolls to this rendezvous
Such a sight, so pristine...
a specimen of beauty in sheer fucking grace
Haunted by her image, spread eagle on my bed,
I need some pills to kill the pain
I need some pills to absorb the impression of the dainty, delusive doll

...sleeping into the coma of reality

The savage beast of lust mock-manly rearing its deceitful head
With 666 tattooed upon its bleeding chest
Virtue seems like a sheer waste of flesh,
I smoulder like a fucking cigarette
She bestow me the poet's beauty of phrase, oh, I ejaculate...