

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...