

Enslavement Of Beauty, Late Night, Red Wine Bl

Craving hands carved in my back
If love was present I'd make it crack
Cynical tripping from here to there
It'll turn out less painful if I don't care

Sweetest dearie
Mother Mary
ramble, rumble
the sanguine stumble

Discipline
disciple queen
smell the pyre
death rate dire

I trance in a cynic snakepit eden
The apple of sin seems so easy to sell
I need no love to define this climax
All I need is pure Hollywood hell...

Love is dead and hate ruins the set
Eve goes down on the fair Juliet
Date rape dogma and hell supreme
I am the artist that paints the extreme...

Rapping simmer
always shimmer
scent the quibble
always nibble

Solve the quiz
with a kiss
kiss the hustle
solve the puzzle

Taste the mire
lust, desire
rape and struggle
finally snuggle...

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kiss the hustle, solve the puzzle...