

# Enslavement Of Beauty, Malignant Midwinter Murders

The artifice virginal air became the odour of sinful obsession  
we subsequently trespassed the boundaries of apt behaviour  
A midwinter night's gleam, almost bereaved of sympathy  
we drank from all those feeble hearts, we were the masters of deceit

Bohemian soulmates in violent rapture, way beyond the mortal surface  
The temptress and Mr Misery, a twosome of unhibited gracedays  
we traduced the world with a touch of havoc; fuck everything  
She painted the drifting cupid and crowned me; the tranquil king

I recall the glorious days of our malignant midwinter murders  
Oh, how benignly malignant we were...  
I recall the fragrance of our malignant midwinter murders  
Reh rebmemer syawla Iliw I...

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