

Enslavement Of Beauty, Prudence Kept Her Purity

Prudence kept the sun from shining bright
prudence kept the animal from revealing in the night
narcissistic raving, nihilistic craving
and she became the torment of my heart

Prudence was the context of distress and complaint
prudence kept her purity when that old moon waned
mischievously gleaming, derelict and dreaming
faithlessness is highly rated art...

Green eyed, deified, envious jewels gleaming
drugfumes, childish tunes, Juliet was dreaming
sinful trifles, improving my discography
rejoicing with the deed that is making me celebrity

Oh, well, obliged to hell, deviltry and sadness
waylaid by chaos, mirthfulness and madness
Feeling, falling, taunting gods creation
oh, so lief yielding fluency to temptation

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There were few lucid moments in the dead midsummer madness
we withdrew from joy of the ultimate kind to sickening sour sadness
we wasted our dark passion, we wasted our complexion
prudence kept our purity and my art is the grand reflection

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But if I dream of moonshine, if I taste the (devils) vintage
if I dream of wastelands, if I stroll through deserts
if I behold autumn, if I reach to touch her cold face
I realise our hours draws on apace...