Enslavement Of Beauty, Seven Dead Orchids

The vortex of addiction is out of square there are imaginary catchwords everywhere The ego-dolls reap the meadows of megalomania and we crave the spotlight

An ephemeral prostitute in the centre of attention my deserted space needs another case of intervention celebrity is my speciality glamorised in fashion I am the mannequin to be

Oh, sweet seventeen...her unblemished face clad in the tint of juvenile flesh seven dead orchids lay trampled and beguiled like the lust that died She sits astride

The pictures my crayons painted xeroxed and airbrushed to fit admiration disguised in trivial pursuits animated to death...

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