

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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