

Enslavement Of Beauty, Something Unique

The desert vista gleams with hysteria, impossible to foreordain
Glamourized, these common waters, exposing her virginity in most frustrating
vain

The ship of discipline sink without trace, disappears with the change in the
air

Suddenly cold in its hurried nakedness, so many faces but none of them this
fucking fair

This monochrome desert collapse, tangled in a vortex of movement

...Still I weep

Out of sight, dreaming her presence, I listen to the wind

Spasm of brilliance, plunge into the outside, forced to tears by the sight

The twinge of desire, possessed by its darkness

Yesterday beguiled by the slop of my exhausted tide

...Is this something unique

Oh, when I sit alone at night and wonder far and wide

I succumb to the sound of her heart...