

Enslavement Of Beauty, The Dying Buds Of May

Blister'd be their envious tongues,
cut 'em well like a cunt yet to be satisfied
had I only the poison mixed, the sharp vengeance knife, the suicide
whilst dry sorrow drinks our blood,
the torture still roars in dismal hell
the mortal paradise of such sweet flesh became the purgatory,
(indeed) the (very) hell itself

Cut me out of the tragedy, exhibit me as I wear thy lunacy
can heaven be so envious, as to keep me in absence fro' thee...

Whilst dry sorrow drinks our blood,
the torture still roars in dismal hell
the mortal paradise of such sweet flesh became the purgatory,
(indeed) the (very) hell itself

I desecrated the disgusting cross
upon which the prince of lies apparently died
once upon a November cold
when I cunningly committed my suicide...

Everyone was bored with love
-and God was never more distant

Affliction is enamoured of thy lovely parts,
and thou art wedded to calamity
luciferous serpentine, hid with a flowering face,
appearing everywhere
I was infected with thy poison,
my tongue profoundly possessed by affirmatives
all slain, all dead, the tragedy was woe enough,
if it had only ended there

Exhilarated to death in bondage unison, filling the soulvoid with hate
love laid in exhile's chains, so what the hell is there to celebrate...

Faretheewell, faretheewell...
one kiss and I'll descend into the blooming pits of hell

The darling deeds of autumn
the dying buds of May
Cupid painted dour with lust
raining energy as we decay...