

Enslavement Of Beauty, Traces O' Red: The Fall

"No kind of sensation is keener and more active than that of pain
Its impressions are unmistakable";

Prithee... charm me fro' mine mortal guise
I fear, by my throth, the evenfall o' youth
May I succumb to thee and claim thy most vital kiss...

So what are you waiting for...

"What lack of movement! What ice!
Nothing stirs me, nothing excites me...
I ask you, is this pleasure? What difference on the other side!
What tickling on my senses! What excitement in my organs";

Fro' Aurora's bed, of gods eyesight lost, a sick man shed his tears
Did I live dead or did I live at all when I knew nought but mortal fears

The fume of my sighs draped the soil
Intertwined with the fresh morning dew
I bedevilled my name and succumbed to thy seductive flesh
In hope to remember the view

I taunt thee... daughter o' seraphs
Oh, I beveil thy loss of innocence...
I will write, by my troth, a sonnet to thee my beloved

Haunting... I wander through the crowded streets o' London
Dressed to kill and live and let live and leave traces o' red

I think I'm kinda falling in love with you

Oh, fair virgin... spread thy angelwings and crown me for being a madman

Innocence and fear, mirrored in the savage eyes of lechery
Sweet sixteen, sweet innocent colleen
I crave the sweet, sweet taste of thy naked vulva
Sucking, sucking... and so on and so forth 'til I besmear thy innocence
Mesmerized by thy poisonous wine
Ah, I fall in love...