

Enslavement Of Beauty, Ye That Tempteth, Ye T

Imagine the starry eyed audience
chasing us through (the cold slop of) reality
exhibited as mannequins (in a menage a trois),
our design would be their wounds
we would never follow the script, never pass them but a fake smile
and every movement would be motley, dispelled from morals

And in the sky there would never be any trace of angels
the virginal air would be vaguely transparent
yet it would always be somewhat bright
the wind would carry us
(through enormous roars of enthusiastic applause)

ye would herald the age of immorality, vividly,
ye would bequeth me the most precious jewellery
ye seem like such lovely girls, in a most sinful limbo of dreams;
we should be an oblique part of the opaque scene...

And in the sky there would never be any trace of angels
the virginal air would be vaguely transparent
yet it would always be somewhat bright
the wind would carry us
(through enormous roars of enthusiastic applause)