

# Liar Of Golgotha, My Spirit in the Web of Purity

Most precious glowing candle's fire, warmth and cold eternally rejoined as one: now more than just an unreachable glimmering through the veils of my soul's barred windows. You are; as I am. And we are the same! Our minds linked and our souls embraced the mystical twilight of thoughts, both pure and wicked.

My prophetess of doom and disaster, casting the azure zodiac lights of Sagittarius into the infinite blackness of my eyes. She is the archangel of my religion, with wings of blinding velvet, embracing the moon, the cosmos; embracing me. And in return I grant her my undying worship, my mental sacrifice, chained to her body with the hooked claws of adoration and admiration, my pure devotion. And into eternity we will walk. I have shown her the palace of my mind, build from human flesh and solid steel. She owns the second key to my dominion. My entire kingdom I have laid into her hands; these frail hands of my beautiful private goddess. For she owns my heart besides my inner shadow.

Defile me, Princess! I am caught in your webs of purity. Caress me in your pale arms of soothing deathlike rest and protection. You are the phantom goddess of my dreams, transposed into reality. I bow to thee, I worship thee!

Together we will summon the demons of love and hate. Spirits of times ahead and bygone will appear on our commands. Linked from birth to death, as one we will decay, spitting our souls into solar orbit, leaving this earth once and for all to spend eternity between the stars where we belong.