

# Luxt, Turbulence

Abandon, what does it mean? Without a care, reckless, unclean.  
Boredom, pushes me there ramming of empty, pulling of hair.  
Damage, least just a bit the joy of not, giving a shit.  
Face it, straight to the ground a touch of violence.  
Loving the gagged and bound.  
Fucking, blind to the self what had seemed dry, springing with wealth.

Liar, deep in your form all of these thoughts, that you have scorned.  
Never, forced to agree rip out a path, disregard the debris.  
Breathing, shows in the cold with every thrust, against the folds.  
Distort, second to next no love or hate trapped in turbulent sex.  
Drop all, obstacles here swallow your shame, choke down your fear.

Visions of damnation deep.  
This soul's abrasions,  
dark inoculations.  
Numb to abomination.

Bleeding, grinding to try just find the how and forget about why.  
Once the envelope's torn, out of these things, the demon is born.  
Dark inoculations numb to abomination.  
Denial and repression moral masturbation.