

Octavia Sperati, Below Zero

Feel your pulsation
As her thoughts penetrate your will
Isn't it?

The throb is truly fractional
Her control is your dependence

For what is the intention
With no will, my will
Nevertheless must you deny
The spirit within

Can you hear the enchantress
As her voice lubricates your mind
Doesn't it?
How will you escape it?

You sink into a coma
To discover; her tones comes from my mouth
Isn't it?
How will you erase it

Feel your pulsation
Black lake is calling
Appear slowly as we hide

For what is the intention
With no will, my will
Nevertheless must you deny
The spirit within

Can you hear the enchantress
As her voice lubricates your mind - your mind
How will you escape it erase it?