

Silentium, The Lusticon

"...in these times, passion hath become more than any spirit, haunted or divine; flesh hath be

To feel lust for
For her innocence
Loins hurt for lust denied
Just by the thought of her
Betrayal in my eyes
Just by the sight of her

Come drown him with your naked skin
First to my god then into your grace

The more you want her
More dismay more slander
She will be crucified
For your desires
The seven sacraments
Of pleasures of the flesh

Oh come to me
-Who is this woman
Please touch me
-Deity of lust

Oh, kiss me
-She is your god
Just lay with me
-She is everyone