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