

Symphony In Peril, The Whore's Trophy I

You try to allure us in scarlet.

A killing time for the disposable and deceived.

From this cup is the blood tainted by the formation of depravity.

Dieting on our new wine.

What a mystery you have become.

Captivating us by the savor from the golden cup.

We are left drunk with a new doctrine.

Your prostitution will collapse that which makes us your harlot's embrace.

I decline this bitter taste.

Our lamps lie half empty, yet we will refuse and watch you burn.