

Vio-Lence, Pain Of Pleasure / Virtues Of Vice

Pain Of Pleasure / Virtues Of Vice

Your sweet soul comforts me
Your eyes show the desires of a whore
To touch your flesh on my skin
To feel the heat that you bring

You'll serve my purpose tonight
Your sweet lips will scream out through your tears
Accept my pain on to you
Your sweat beads through your pure vanity

Feel me - on shivering skin
Feel me - on the lust of their flesh
Feel me - on their broken eyes
Feel me - the pain of pleasure

Come now to partake
On broken souls and flesh that bleeds of chastain
This misfortune that breeds
The lack of lustre, the lack of vice to concede

Feel me - on shivering skin
Feel me - on the lust of their flesh
Feel me - on their broken eyes
Feel me - the pain of pleasure

Spine arching, she is screaming in lust
Hair pulled back, eyes filled with lust
Of a dominant, persuasive high
Feel desire piercing deep inside

Overwhelmed by quivering vigor
She reaches out to grab a hold of what's in her
Love, lust, desire, all that she needs
Strong fisted soul, she drops as she screams

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VIRTUES OF VICE

Righteous impurity, the unwicked slip
Immoral wrong doing takes its grip on you
It's bitter sweet, sour, pungent taste
It leaves its smile on your wicked face.

Bleed for me
Bleed for me
Bleed for me
Virtues of vice

You need it, you feed it,
All of your soul,
Your yearning, your passion fed,
As it takes control
It's ripping and clawing tears you apart
Virtues of vice breeds in all of our hearts.

Bleed for me
Bleed for me
Bleed for me

Virtues of vice