

Magic in Atmosphere

Barathrum

magical light in her eyes
in her eyes, in her eyes
abloom beauty in her eyes
mistress with deep dark hair
arose from the mist of night
rose with her thorns
impaling sharp fingernails
nailing look with sparks in her look
ankles like swan's neck

temple of her face with curls of hair
obscures the surrounding world
inheritance from the ancients
venom and nectar at the same time
infinite by her traits
a sight for sore eyes

I live my life of leisure, for her
never ending journey, a trip to insanity
ecstasy and angel dust
naked, untamed
this is my conclusion
I'm driven to insanity

my life runs far too fast
afraid to be alone
never comfortable in crowd
tormented by myself
terrorised, horrorised
infernally mesmerised

reborn by that chantress
angel of ecstasy
tamed by her powers
angel with the seed
seed of blooming race