

Late Night, Red Wine Blight

Enslavement of Beauty

Lyrics: O.A.Myrholt

Music: T.E.Tunheim

Craving hands carved in my back
If love was present I'd make it crack
Cynical tripping from here to there
It'll turn out less painful if I don't care

Sweetest dearie
Mother Mary
ramble, rumble
the sanguine stumble

Discipline
disciple queen
smell the pyre
death rate dire

I trance in a cynic snakepit eden
The apple of sin seems so easy to sell
I need no love to define this climax
All I need is pure Hollywood hell...

Love is dead and hate ruins the set
Eve goes down on the fair Juliet
Date rape dogma and hell supreme
I am the artist that paints the extreme...

Rapping simmer
always shimmer
scent the quibble
always nibble

Solve the quiz
with a kiss
kiss the hustle
solve the puzzle

Taste the mire
lust, desire
rape and struggle
finally snuggle...

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kiss the hustle, solve the puzzle...