

Ill of an Imaginary Guilt

Agathodaimon

Come to my bossom, at night
I'd like to tuck you in
To show you my devotion
I'd live your fright
I wanna be the infamy - I wanna wound your caprice
I need to try your malice - My dark, poetic extasy
I'd like to lick your beauty
I'd wish to scar your sweetened wounds
To reap your rotten fruits
Your loving gotta suit me
Oh, let me be the one - Who will you free
See how love unveils her - Incomparable mystery
I wanna feel your hungry skin
I wanna touch the sacrificed
To make you the holy praised
Whore... of my radiant sin
I wanna see you sacrificed
I wanna be your wet skin
To share with you the greatest sin
My angelic, capricious whore!
I'd wish to ruin death and violate... life
Together stay on a heavenly day
My dark, sinister angel
How sweet it must have been
To be your hungry, velvet skin
To both rejoice in thrilling dreams
I need your loving as I need to be
Did we see our other face
How it'd ghastly fall from grace
Well, I was the dead you played with
And you... the angel I raped
"Darling, you used to suck dry me creed
Spit out my seed... I used to play and win
I adored you struggling, idolized your everything
But honey, guess, I've always been...
Loving you...