

## 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