

Passion stains the godless taste
The human eye now raped and dazed
Our marks of shame soon worn away
The spider's trapped in a web of clay

Naked in the desert of delight
Banish the thoughts into the night
Scarecrow servant of demise
Parting the honey from the flies

What's in the veins is what to keep
Still the floods of raptures sound a sleep
Visions fade and die at ease
Inferior slaves are ours to please

The last of shadows shapes the end
From mountains high it all descends
One single dagger unleash the doom
Creation falls in my closed room