

On Gorgeous Grounds

Defleshed

"Do you come form London or perhaps from Lyon ?"
As she consumes my eyes I stand paralyzed...
...froze like eyes...
Don't want to know her name, disappointed I might be
So I ask if she's real, her flesh she let me feel...
...which I might steal...
I walk on gorgeous grounds...
She tells me without a sound
That we are the only ones
Yes, I walk on gorgeous grounds
Absorbed by darkblue eyes
Parted in half
This all I could sacrifice
I cannot comprehend from where luck rose
Nor can I recall when she lost her charm...
...and me my arms...