

## Perishing Passion

Disharmonic Orchestra

The seventh heaven  
On the thirteenth floor  
I hear you knock  
Upon my door  
My attitudes are platitudes  
I surrender to your love  
Surrounded by your smell  
A snapshot like twisted veins  
No more thoughts to tell  
Devotion up to this gains  
Delicious smooth warm sin  
Fingerprints on your soft skin  
In deep devotion  
I end in tears  
Like a setting lotion  
For all my fears