

Magma

Dismal Euphony

I construct a mechanical smile
And face the solid wall, with pride
Loosing, falling, tears in our eyes
Swirling like disordered flies

Ceased and torn
Ravaged and forlorn
Ten times the horror
A thousand times the scorn

Pleasures of the flesh
Are left behind the door
We rise in deadly lust
Our flesh is on the floor