

A Study Of Love And Metaphors

Enslavement of Beauty

When you fall asleep in the evening, sans fear for the
rigid darkness
You go horseback riding through your dreams right to
the meadows of esteem
When the hunger sweeps the night
In another red wine blight
All my grief (and all the believes that I never had
And the liberty of not even giving a fuck,
The collusion between yours truly and the quill and the
drink
Will be the main subject in my autobiography)
Wake up to the sight of damaged skin
You feel the sting of my knives,
It takes you way beyond the twilight skies
I'll make your head spin baby,
You'll be there in the blink of an eye
I'll make your head spin baby
You'll be:
Dead-dead! Dead-dead!
You'll be there in the blink of an eye
Make a final wish; you'll be there in a swish
Your sweet, sweet heart leaves such a cute little stain
I know it hurts, hurts, hurts, when we're drained of
life
It's the sweet deal, the greatest high, the sovereign
vain, champagne!
I'm all wired, wrapped up in cellophane
You woke up to the sight of damaged skin
You felt the sting of my knives,
I took you way beyond the twilight skies
I made your head spin baby,
You were dead in the blink of an eye
Dead-dead, dead-dead, in the blink of an eye
Dead-dead, dead-dead, dead in the blink of an eye
I woke up to the sight of my damaged skin
I felt the sting of your knives,
You took me way beyond the twilight skies
You made my head spin fucker,
I was dead in the blink of an eye
Dead-dead, dead-dead, in the blink of an eye
Dead-dead, dead-dead, you were dead in the blink of an
eye