

An Affinity For Exuberance

Enslavement of Beauty

A wounded soul leaps highest
I've heard the poet tell
'tis but the ecstasy of death
and then the breath is still
As I lay, defeated, I'm dying
longing to have you near
as I lay, defeated, I'm dying
longing to have you here
The smitten soul that gushes
the trampled heart that springs
a wearied ghost that keeps running
from where the torment stings

Mirth is the prelude to anguish,
and laughter is its final aim
lest some fucker spot the wicked
and do not fail to exclaim!
As I lay, defeated, I'm dying
longing to have you near
as I lay, defeated, I'm dying
longing to have you here
Success is counted sweetest
by those who never succeed
to comprehend a fame like this
requires sorest need

Not one of all those fuckers
who rose the flag today
can even tell the definition of fame
so pure, of victory