

Be Thou My Lethe And Bleeding Quietus

Enslavement of Beauty

I drift into luciferous darkness
And kiss the blithesome aeons of quietude

A wounded cupid passes saddened by, dead in the winds eye

O, blood, blood, blood...

...I bath in the sea of vengeance
And conquer cupidity by making the leviathan bleed

I am the wraith in the woebegone guise... lost in the reverie
I mock mortality and as I open my eyes, Ah... I behold thee

The aeons of prophane immortality annihilates the mournful impact

I kiss the woebegone flesh goodbye in life's final act

Oh, exquisite star in the passionate darkness
I love thee... fair temptress