

Dainty Delusive Doll

Enslavement of Beauty

Lyrics: Ole Alexander Myrholt

Music: Tony Eugene Tunheim

Already wounded...I wonder if I would dare to be stabbed by the
thorns of virtue
Such a sight, petite and illegal...a specimen of beauty in shap
eless splendour
Haunted by her image in blank dismay, I kiss and embrace the dr
eaming adventure
of the dainty, delusive doll...
Seeping into the tunnel of reality...

The savage beast of lust mock-manly rearing its deceitful head
With 666 tattooed upon its bleeding chest
Virtue seems like a sheer waste of flesh, I smoulder like a fuc
king cigarette
She bestow me the poet's beauty of phrase, oh, I ejaculate...

The vortex of addiction is out of square
There are imaginary catchwords everywhere
The vortex of temptation gently blows
The ego-dolls reap the meadows...

...of megalomania...

Profoundly wounded...I still wonder during my frequent strolls
to this rendezvous
Such a sight, so pristine...a specimen of beauty in sheer fucki
ng grace
Haunted by her image, spread eagle on my bed, I need some pills
to kill the pain
I need some pills to absorb the impression of the dainty, delus
ive doll

...sleeping into the coma of reality

The savage beast of lust mock-manly rearing its deceitful head
With 666 tattooed upon its bleeding chest
Virtue seems like a sheer waste of flesh, I smoulder like a fuc
king cigarette
She bestow me the poet's beauty of phrase, oh, I ejaculate...