

## Mirror Souls

### Enslavement of Beauty

I awake on the verge of tears  
from horrid dreams feeding my fears  
I awake from the taste of my tears  
from horrid dreams feeding my fears

...the conclusion is that the track is lost for ever  
and the twilight is severely severed...

Do you remember the rose I held in my hand  
as we defiled virtue with a vile intent  
we shared the cold night and a Kodak kiss  
mirror souls, mirror bliss...

I descend...