

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...