

## Prudence Kept Her Purity

### Enslavement of Beauty

Prudence kept the sun from shining bright  
Prudence kept the animal from revealing in the night  
Narcissistic raving, nihilistic craving  
And she became the torment of my heart

Prudence was the context of distress and complaint  
Prudence kept her purity when that old moon waned  
Mischievously gleaming, derelict and dreaming  
Faithlessness is highly rated art...

Green eyed, deified, envious jewels gleaming  
Drugfumes, childish tunes, Juliet was dreaming  
Sinful trifles, improving my discography  
Rejoicing with the deed that is making me celebrity

Oh, well, obliged to hell, deviltry and sadness  
Waylaid by chaos, mirthfulness and madness  
Feeling, falling, taunting gods creation  
Oh, so lief yielding fluency to temptation

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There were few lucid moments in the dead midsummer madness  
We withdrew from joy of the ultimate kind to sickening sour sadness  
We wasted our dark passion, we wasted our complexion  
Prudence kept our purity and my art is the grand reflection

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But if I dream of moonshine, if I taste the (devils) vintage  
If I dream of wastelands, if I stroll through deserts  
If I behold autumn, if I reach to touch her cold face  
I realise our hours draws on apace...