

Severely Flawed

Enslavement of Beauty

All good books have one thing in common
they tell you that these dreams are not just dreams
thus confirming the extent of our depression
and the sole intention...

All my dreams are truly wicked
if I cannot destroy it I have to defeat it
the high road obscured in the blink of an eye
as I pour myself another drink...

I've been chasing the dragon for such a long, long
time...
I keep flirting with the devil, the primeval muse of all
my rhymes

All my wicked deeds are but suppressed needs...
my vile endeavour is grace under pressure
I pour myself another drink
and close my eyes...

I've been chasing the dragon for such a long, long
time...
I keep flirting with the devil, the primeval muse of all
my rhymes
if you' chase the dragon with me, we'll be soaring
through a fucking vacuum
we'll have a blast, we'll laugh and glow
it'll be a woo ho-ho with vast amounts of blow