

The Dying Buds Of May

Enslavement of Beauty

Blister'd be their envious tongues, cut 'em well like a cunt ye
t to be satisfied

Had I only the poison mixed, the sharp vengeance knife, the sui
cide

Whilst dry sorrow drinks our blood, the torture still roars in
dismal hell

The mortal paradise of such sweet flesh became the purgatory, (
indeed) the (very) hell itself

Cut me out of the tragedy, exhibit me as I wear thy lunacy
Can heaven be so envious, as to keep me in absence fro' thee...

Whilst dry sorrow drinks our blood, the torture still roars in
dismal hell

The mortal paradise of such sweet flesh became the purgatory, (
indeed) the (very) hell itself

I desecrated the disgusting cross upon which the prince of lies
apparently died

Once upon a November cold when I cunningly committed my suicide
...

Everyone was bored with love
-and God was never more distant

Affliction is enamoured of thy lovely parts, and thou art wedde
d to calamity

Luciferous serpentine, hid with a flowering face, appearing eve
rywhere

I was infected with thy poison, my tongue profoundly possessed
by affirmatives

All slain, all dead, the tragedy was woe enough, if it had only
ended there

Exhilarated to death in bondage unison, filling the soulvoid wi
th hate

Love laid in exhile's chains, so what the hell is there to cele
brate...

Faretheewell, faretheewell... one kiss and I'll descend into th
e blooming pits of hell

The darling deeds of autumn
The dying buds of May
Cupid painted dour with lust
Raining energy as we decay...