

Traces O Red The Fall And Rise Of Vitality

Enslavement of Beauty

"No kind of sensation is keener and more active than that of pain
in
Its impressions are unmistakable"

Prithee... charm me fro' mine mortal guise
I fear, by my throat, the evenfall o' youth
May I succumb to thee and claim thy most vital kiss...

So what are you waiting for...

"What lack of movement! What ice!
Nothing stirs me, nothing excites me...
I ask you, is this pleasure? What difference on the other side!
What tickling on my senses! What excitement in my organs"

Fro' Aurora's bed, of gods eyesight lost, a sick man shed his tears
Did I live dead or did I live at all when I knew nought but mortal fears

The fume of my sighs draped the soil
Intertwined with the fresh morning dew
I bedevilled my name and succumbed to thy seductive flesh
In hope to remember the view

I taunt thee... daughter o' seraphs
Oh, I bevail thy loss of innocense...
I will write, by my troth, a sonnet to thee my beloved

Haunting... I wander through the crowded streets o' London
Dressed to kill and live and let live and leave traces o' red

I think I'm kinda falling in love with you

Oh, fair virgin... spread thy angel wings and crown me for being a madman

Innocence and fear, mirrored in the savage eyes of lechery
Sweet sixteen, sweet innocent colleen
I crave the sweet, sweet taste of thy naked vulva
Sucking, sucking... and so on and so forth 'til I besmear thy innocence
Mesmerized by thy poisonous wine
Ah, I fall in love...