The Story (...of a Murderer)

Panychida

Abominable but gifted man Smell of the city, disgusting realm The name forgotten now Lived in its age in the domain of scent

Amongst the sweat of bodies and putrefaction smell The stench of sulfur rose from chimneys The stench of rotting flesh from the wells Beneath the gloss of blooming age, a whiff of loathly humans An era when the scent was all the rage, a lack of morals

The air brings slightly a breath of her A tender image of her body with red hair Stroking her cheeks, feel the splendid smell The edge of a knife flashes mighty in her cell

The name forgotten now Lived in its age in the domain of scent

A power stronger than thousands of men, the air was heavy A pleasure terror in his hands, and him standing steady Whimpering human beasts, loud cries and moans Beneath the gloss of moral age, it was infernal