

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