

# The Lusticon

Silentium

"In these times, passion hath become more than any spirit, haunted or divine; flesh hath become the image; and our lust as the sacrament of it all..."

To feel lust for  
For her innocence  
Loins hurt for lust denied  
Just by the thought of her  
Betrayal in my eyes  
Just by the sight of her

Come drown him with your naked skin  
First to my god then into your grace

The more you want her  
More dismay more slander  
She will be crucified  
For your desires  
The seven sacraments  
Of pleasures of the flesh

Oh come to me  
-Who is this woman  
Please touch me  
-Deity of lust

Oh, kiss me  
-She is your god  
Just lay with me  
-She is everyone