

## Behold the Harlot

### Within the Ruins

I see the river of lies  
you hide under that stone cold surface  
proudly, shrouding yourself.  
Your malicious intent was masked  
with a pleasant smile, vicious beauty  
and an aura to match.  
The perfect recipe for any fool's demise,  
demise, any fool's demise.

Yes I miss the caress of her tender skin  
and demon eyes.  
I breathe no more  
Yes I miss the caress of her tender skin  
and demon eyes.  
I need no more

Like a virus with no agenda  
an addiction with no reprisal.  
What a tangled web you weave.  
Give as much as you take,  
but the taking has just begun.

Knowing this all good and well  
I can't stay away  
'cause I can still smell you  
on my fingers.  
I still see your face when I close my eyes.  
Your face.

Lust has turned into obsession  
and I want out.