

## Justine

Akercocke

Beauty is a virgins pinch  
Beauty is blasphemy  
Beauty is a sick rose  
Beauty is truth  
Lips always cool  
Thin, hard tongue  
Beauty is the beginning of terror  
Beauty is a circle  
She likes me to stand  
While she sucks me  
I searched all over the abbey  
Justine now gone  
Her soul free, to be  
Distinct in my mind  
As i see you  
Disencumber skin of darkness  
Bleeding into  
The structure  
Essence of unholy form  
To kill the persona  
To supress the lies of mind  
The opinion is distortion  
In perfection of void  
Destroy false self  
"Thus does your master  
Cure the bind, crucified?"