On Gorgeous Grounds

"Do you come form London or perhaps from Lyon ?" As she consumes my eyes I stand paralyzed... ...froze like eyes... Don't want to know her name, disappointed I might be So I ask if she's real, her flesh she let me feel... ...which I might steal... I walk on gorgeous grounds... She tells me without a sound That we are the only ones Yes, I walk on gorgeous grounds Absorbed by darkblue eyes Parted in half This all I could sacrifice I cannot comprehend from where luck rose Nor can I recall when she lost her charm... ...and me my arms...

Defleshed