

# Late Night, Red Wine Blight

Enslavement of Beauty

Lyrics: O.A.Myrholt  
Music: T.E.Tunheim

Craving hands carved in my back  
If love was present I'd make it crack  
Cynical tripping from here to there  
It'll turn out less painful if I don't care

Sweetest dearie  
Mother Mary  
ramble, rumble  
the sanguine stumble

Discipline  
disciple queen  
smell the pyre  
death rate dire

I trance in a cynic snakepit eden  
The apple of sin seems so easy to sell  
I need no love to define this climax  
All I need is pure Hollywood hell...

Love is dead and hate ruins the set  
Eve goes down on the fair Juliet  
Date rape dogma and hell supreme  
I am the artist that paints the extreme...

Rapping simmer  
always shimmer  
scent the quibble  
always nibble

Solve the quiz  
with a kiss  
kiss the hustle  
solve the puzzle

Taste the mire  
lust, desire  
rape and struggle  
finally snuggle...

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kiss the hustle, solve the puzzle...