

The Poem Of Dark Subconscious Desire

Enslavement of Beauty

All dressed with horror but still so fucking beloved
The queen of darkness, the empress of thoughts
All swept in tears I awoke and beheld
She was indeed a sight for sore eyes

The raven painted my heart with a daemons blood
I fell asleep in a cradle of immortal art
Though I saw an angel flee from the high tower of God
Curiously I beheld the darkness ripping the heavens apart

Then I subconsciously left this world
Another journey through a point of bliss
A darker landscape filled with horror
Horror dissimilar to the one I used to know

The raven painted my heart with a daemons blood
I fell asleep in a cradle of immortal art

She embraced me gently as we drowned in flames
And chose to burn beside me
We were the darkness forever
The dagger in the holy inquisition's hearts
...We were the darkness forever

Though I saw an angel flee from the high tower of God
Curiously I beheld the darkness ripping the heavens apart

We were the darkness forever
The darkness forever
The dagger in the holy inquisition's fucking hearts...
Fuck you!!!

Then for the final night of this dream
A witch came forth from the dark
She swallowed my lust, my desire
And fed my soul with unspoken pleasure
And as I awoke, seared and forgotten
Conscious and forlorn
I paused for a second and thought:
What the fuck... I'll leave this world for good