

Expressionism: Razorblade

Ethereal Pandemonium

Vesper sweet...
The charity that the devil only gives
Limbo deep...
As he hides the blade inside the tongue of priest
Deliver me in vanity and promise me you'll never let me back
Else vulture 'til the end...

The throat into the nowhere, the dark demonic wisp
A chamber rather fragments whose creatures charming hiss
The curves into beginning, a lunacy beveled
A poem of empty phrases, as bloody as I spell
The rapture and the choking, a rope on timber faith
The syringe and the angles in pale syphilitic taint
I crave those motherfuckers, the Jesus' children choir
Illuminating tiled walls all splattered with the gore...

The slumer in return
A long still sleep of fiery craving
Can't resist the sense enslaving
A bliss to yearn
Oh
A play of dream in somber theatre
Princess and rats beneath her
A bliss to burn...

Awaken with tide of the pain
Like cumming the serpents...

There must be a way out of this!
There must be a way out of this!

Shattered in grief we shall mourn one another
And sooner we find our spirits together
A chamber of limbo, arms tied Akimbo
A twosome like single when slaying themselves...

Who's wearing the treachery then?
When soaking on flowers we lay
Tenebri omnium pacis abbas

A message drawn with the bleeding wrist
A fettered pass of Adonis
Lines of finest crimson shade
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Poetry that the demons read
Opium and the jimsonweed
The limbs of dying weak by thirst
A blossom yearning not to burst

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