

Beautiful Carnage

Semblant

Bright is your scythe
Searching for the heart of pain
Blood is divine -
You laugh between flesh and despair - and despair

Cruelty can be a perverting virtue
Such as the instinct that control your soul
Desire burn like fire on her essence
Seductive sense of domination above all innocence

The smell of despair
Leeches the air
I lick all your fear
You know you're condemned
The mask of your soul
Is a lacerated flesh
The beautiful carnage -
Goddess of the damned

Agony is the fountain of your art

A downward path to the darkest side of men's heart
She turns a messiah into a pariah
Dancing with their knives

Through the hands of a sadist preacher
Nemesis, I saw your genesis
Offering the hand of doom to death comes to full bloom
A hopeless illusion of a doorway to survive
The smell of despair
Leeches the air
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