

Behold the Harlot

Within the Ruins

I see the river of lies
you hide under that stone cold surface
proudly, shrouding yourself.
Your malicious intent was masked
with a pleasant smile, vicious beauty
and an aura to match.
The perfect recipe for any fool's demise,
demise, any fool's demise.

Yes I miss the caress of her tender skin
and demon eyes.
I breathe no more
Yes I miss the caress of her tender skin
and demon eyes.
I need no more

Like a virus with no agenda
an addiction with no reprisal.
What a tangled web you weave.
Give as much as you take,
but the taking has just begun.

Knowing this all good and well
I can't stay away
'cause I can still smell you
on my fingers.
I still see your face when I close my eyes.
Your face.

Lust has turned into obsession
and I want out.