

# The Lusticon

## Silentium

In these times, passion hath become  
More than any spirit, haunted or divine  
Flesh hath become the image  
And our lust as the sacrament of it allTo feel lust for, for her innocence  
Loins hurt for lust denied  
Just by the thought of her  
Betrayal in my eyes  
Just by the sight of herCome drown him  
With your naked skin  
First to my God  
Then into your graceThe more you want her  
More dismay more slander  
She will be crucified for your desires  
The seven sacraments  
Of pleasures of the fleshOh, come to me  
Who is this woman?  
Please touch me, deity of lustOh, kiss me, she is your god  
Just lay with me, she is everyone

Songwriters

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