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

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