

Justine

Akercocke

Beauty is a virgins pinch
Beauty is blasphemy
Beauty is a sick rose
 Beauty is truth
 Lips always cool
 Thin, hard tongue
Beauty is the beginning of terror
 Beauty is a circle
 She likes me to stand
 While she sucks me
I searched all over the abbey
 Justine now gone
 Her soul free, to be
 Distinct in my mind
 As i see you
Disencumber skin of darkness
 Bleeding into
 The structure
 Essence of unholy form
 To kill the persona
To supress the lies of mind
 The opinion is distortion
 In perfection of void
 Destroy false self
 "Thus does your master
 Cure the bind, crucified?"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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