

Lord Gold Throneroom

HORSE the band

the lights are on
the tvs off
the floors are flesh and silk
both sinfully soft
skin glides over silk
and silk glides over skin
the penthouse is alive tonight
theres people writhing in its veinssunken in the masters chair
lord golds facea blank survey
women pleasure men at the wave of a golden hand
and turn to receive when it waves againthe wine is fire
the whiskys full of stars
theres a deaf mute in a bunny suit
working the bar
the lovers FUCK
they pulse and moan
passion paying tribute
at the foot of a porcelain...sunken in the masters chair
lord golds facea blank survey
women pleasure men at the wave of a golden hand
and turn to receive when it waves againSTILL HIS EYES ARE LIKE AN EMPTY CAROUSEL
PROMISING PLEASURE BUT OFFERING NONE!
...she feels him,
WATCHING GAZING LEERING BLANKLY VACANT WORTHLESS GOLDEN PERFECTbeyond these
walls nothing exists
here theres flesh + gold and blood in the wine
outside theres barren emotional landscapes
here we drink, dream + cum inside
here theres no pain
HERE... SHE... COMES
WASH OFF THE FILTH AND BRING HER
shower her body with julep and incense
fill her with jewels covered in cum
sacrificed in HIS alter of passions
the golden day ahas comethe lights are all off now
and the love growing louder
the pink, throbbing and filling the room
indulging the inner, denying the outer
shes brought before he

his empty gaze it lingers...
...he beats a cats paw- against a toy drum
his GOLDEN WILL be done.(FIN)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>