

St. Just (A Doll's Bleak House)

Speakzodiac

The crowded stairs, parisienne surreal,
Sniff'em snow to clear this wanderlust mind,
Bridging what leads a splendid isolation,
Longing for the waiting charade.

Alas, the state I'm in, as
Picasso, Van Gogh, and Gauguin,
Were always forever succumbed,
Within limbo dreams,
There's something here nobody dares,
To question what's behind the scene.

Stuck on a leash, tied along,
Watch as she bleeds till her story gets told,
Cannot breathe the night here is long,
No, no, no, no,
Scream your lungs out, but you can't leave,
No relief here.

Desire whatever you want,
Repeat the crimes, the patterns familiar to none,
Passed through a fine grey line,
Choose to render yourself, not surrender to die.

Get out we're in for a ride,
No, there's no easy way out,
Shaking and teasing,
The silence, it's not real,
Wrapping eyes, concealing minds, consolation pride,
A great tribulation for those, who dare not try.

Stuck on a leash, tied along,
Watch as she bleeds till her story gets told,
Cannot breathe the night here is long,
No, no, no, no,
Scream your lungs out, but you can't leave.

Finally, you're tied up along,
Till you bleed, will this story be told,

Cannot breathe the night's too long,

Hear your screams dancing free,
Into the void.

Keep feed this disease, not foreign indeed,
Till the blood on the cracks, there's no trace of me,
Long knives swirling in the dark,
Treacherous love,
Pleasure and lust,
This wild inflicted rage.
Cannot self-contained.
Any mortal.

Kiss the flames and choke them,
You wretched dame, wicked game,
A rendezvous, ended with all cards being preyed.

No, it never fades away,
Wait, for eternal night,
To devour all relics of light.

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