

Chapter II

Estatic Fear

Sengi amoris

A mere passions fraud disgraced and to disgrace,
In pacis quentis,

With bewitched charm seduced my every days
Begone my burdened past, wont's these treasured
Dreams be freed from your bounds at last?

Tvemor inogeng

Makes the truth dilute the mirrage last

Osculum pudens

Makes my shattered present caught

My buried past lured into my angers bed

I pured my raging lust

And touched these fairy eyes instead

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