

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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