

Veritas

Avrigus

Wounded by pleasure in flower of youth,
Measure for measure, torture for truth. Passion is my highest good.
Flesh and blood am I, my lord. Lost to plan now, lost to purpose,
Won for better or for worse,
Lady-in-waiting for you am I,
Watching moments of glory pass us by. Passion is my highest good
Flesh and blood am I, my lord.

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