

Lord Gold Throneroom

HORSE the band

The lights are on
The t.v's off
The floors are flesh and silk
Both sinfully soft
Skin glides over silk
And silk over skin
The penthouse is alive tonight
Theres people writhing in its veinsSunken in the masters chair
Lord gold's face, a blank survey
Women pleasure men at the wave of a golden hand
And turn to receive when it waves againThe wine is fire
The whiskeys full of stars
There's a deaf mute in a bunny suit
Working the bar
The loves fuck
They pulse and moan
Passion playing tribute
At the foot of a porcelainSunken in the masters chair
Lord gold's face a 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 there's flesh+gold and blood in the wine
Outside there's barren emotional landscape
Here we drink, dream+cum inside
Here there's no pain
Here she comes
Wash off the filth and bring her
Shower her body with jewels covered in cum
Sacrificed on his holy altar of passions
The golden day has comeThe lights are all off now
And the love growing louder
The pink, throbbing and filling the room
Indulging in 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

Songwriters

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