Magma

Cordovan

I construct a mechanical smile
And face the solid wall, with pride
Loosing, falling, tears in our eyes
Swirling like diordered fliesCeased and torn
Ravaged and forlorn
Ten times the horror
A thousand times the scornPleaasures of the flesh
Are left behind the door
We rise in deadly lust
Our flesh is on the floor

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