

Perishing Passion

Disharmonic Orchestra

The seventh heaven
On the thirteenth floor
I hear you knock
Upon my door
My attitudes are platitudes
I surrender to your love
Surrounded by your smell
A snapshot like twisted veins
No more thoughts to tell
Devotion up to this gains
Delicious smooth warm sin
Fingerprints on your soft skin
In deep devotion
I end in tears
Like a setting lotion
For all my fears

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