

Antiquary to Mediocrity

Misanthrope

Birthright named osurtiers
That only God has the power to judge
Versailles' parasite
Antiquary to mediocrity We are Versailles' parasites
Using blunted weapons
Diluting our poison into the
Miraculous healer Champagne glass Their compassion for Marivaux's habits
Bleed to white our gold-dust skin
Of our drunkard vices attraction
For the reversed side Retarded child of dishonour
I had the utmost difficulty
Of my mortifying rank
Expose against flattery Human life passes far from humiliation purpose
Under the desires of a fickle eaglet,
Inaccessible to pity Introduce me
Been in favour to the court
Antiquary to mediocrity
Paying my court to my loved queen Enter the high society
Where words grate Appollon's smiles
Dismissed mirror of our obsession
Cruelty on the surface of flesh Even with the the head on the block,
I will kiss languishly
My brother the executioner, offence to mediocrity Draw my nails one by one
Tear out the carapace lair
Re-echoing under point) lace underwear
Of a wild baroque baroness Wounds under the breast
Suffered of spanking bu mondaine
Let me hope in a ripe fruit
Blossom out from a rotten bough Marie Antoinete, I miss you so
As a bleeding distress flow
Heartlessness towards my love
Usher in the high world Divine mistress of my chaste night
Libertines reception in the floral park
Shocker at the sight horsewhip my body
In silk damp sheets

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