

Akercocke, Justine

Beauty is a virgins pinch
Beauty is blasphemy
Beauty is a sick rose
Beauty is truth
Lips always cool
Thin, hard tongue
Beauty is the beginning of terror
Beauty is a circle
She likes me to stand
While she sucks me
I searched all over the abbey
Justine now gone
Her soul free, to be
Distinct in my mind
As i see you
Disencumber skin of darkness
Bleeding into
The structure
Essence of unholy form
To kill the persona
To supress the lies of mind
The opinion is distortion
In perfection of void
Destroy false self
"Thus does your master
Cure the bind, crucified?"