

## Ill of an Imaginary Guilt

Agathodaimon

Come to my bossom, at night  
I'd like to tuck you in  
To show you my devotion  
I'd live your fright  
I wanna be the infamy - I wanna wound your caprice  
I need to try your malice - My dark, poetic extasy  
I'd like to lick your beauty  
I'd wish to scar your sweetened wounds  
To reap your rotten fruits  
Your loving gotta suit me  
Oh, let me be the one - Who will you free  
See how love unveils her - Incomparable mystery  
I wanna feel your hungry skin  
I wanna touch the sacrificed  
To make you the holy praised  
Whore... of my radiant sin  
I wanna see you sacrificed  
I wanna be your wet skin  
To share with you the greatest sin  
My angelic, capricious whore!  
I'd wish to ruin death and violate... life  
Together stay on a heavenly day  
My dark, sinister angel  
How sweet it must have been  
To be your hungry, velvet skin  
To both rejoice in thrilling dreams  
I need your loving as I need to be  
Did we see our other face  
How it'd ghastly fall from grace  
Well, I was the dead you played with  
And you... the angel I raped  
"Darling, you used to suck dry me creed  
Spit out my seed... I used to play and win  
I adored you struggling, idolized your everything  
But honey, guess, I've always been...  
Loving you...