

Flesh and the Power It Holds

Obscura

I told you once but I will say it again
when you live the flesh it is the beginning of the end
it will take you in
it will spit you out
behold the flesh and the power it holds
passion is a poison laced with pleasure bitter sweet
one of many faces that hide deep beneath
it will take you in
it will spit you out
behold the flesh and the power it holds
touch, taste, breathe, consumed deja-vu
already knew from the first encounter
but know I know to let go of words to speak no more
like a wind upon your face you can't see it
but you know it's there, when beauty shows
its ugly face, just be prepared.

Passion burns like fire carried by the wind
the end of a time, a time to begin
it builds you up one way and tears
you right back down, a time to begin the end of a time.

Touch, taste, breathe, consumed.