

# Kissing the Beast

Venom

Fixtures immensely beholding the force holy benevolence deadly  
remorse  
Tearing the lining and saving the flow dropping the heartrate e  
nclosing the soul  
Lest we remember the deadly command hour upon us and close at h  
and  
Now in our coldness our heart has begun needing the heat from t  
he earth and the sun  
Cold as ice trapped in the earth cold as ice needing the sun  
Kissing the beast as he lies underneath scratching your heart w  
ith soulful belief  
Awaiting the call to enrapture your life holding you still as h  
e's holding the knife  
Nine bladed sword as the whore can recall dissecting the innoce  
nt under the fall  
Cracking the surface the air is still fresh only below us the m  
ad stench of death  
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A prince or a pauper or lunatic king son of a daughter shrouded  
in sin  
His kingdom in madnness and sadness and shame  
The song is still young and illusion's the game