

A Stargazer. In the dim shades, sense erotic angels or devils (or whatever they may be) circling you. Aura? What fool am I?
I do not need guidance to find my way to my dear friend:
Temptation. Self-Infection. Has a deadly hold of me. Melancholy.
Alike the latter. A lone knight of my own wooden,
round table. What pleasures do misery and chaos hold inside! Tiny, little
rebellious creature is a fierce enemy now. Worry not.
I wore a revenue of faith in us and all of a sudden it proved to be my
passage to the sickest of love and lore. Thus:
Morals have weakened to bits, eyes casted towards the whore Oh perils, what
Eldorado before me! Heave myself into ebony.
Once I finish the revolution of doubt - allow me then to hate the air and wish
for those clouds with LATEX linings to RAIN all my hell.