



Eighteen

GothicTempress

Copyright Page

This book was automatically created by [FLAG](#) on May 31st, 2012, based on content retrieved from <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/6283100/>.

The content in this book is copyrighted by GothicTempress or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved except where explicitly stated otherwise.

This story was first published on August 29th, 2010, and was last updated on August 29th, 2010.

Any and all feedback is greatly appreciated - please email any bugs, problems, feature requests etc. to flag@erayd.net.

Summary

Black night against perfect light, a circuit of touch and reverence inspire a countdown to seduction, the darkness awakened one lace of a corset at a time. Get ready to lose your breath...

Chapter 1

Sea of Sin by Depeche Mode

Sea of Sin I'm swimming in and I'm taking a dive

My mind's in need so my body feeds and it keeps me alive

It gets better and better as it gets wetter and wetter

Sea of Sin know where you've been but *I don't care*

Sea of Sin through thick and thin for better or worse

My mind's in need so my body feeds and it quenches my thirst

You look cheaper and cheaper as we sink deeper and deeper

Sea of Sin know where you've been 'cause I've been there

Here under God's sky

His watchful eye

And all of the lies

My consolation prize

Sea of Sin my second skin my home from home

When I'm in doubt my hands reach out and I'm never alone

It gets wetter and wetter as it gets better and better

Sea of Sin know where you've been and I'm prepared

Sea of Sin know where you've been *yes I'm aware*

Sea of Sin know where you've been 'cause *I've been there*

Sea of Sin know where you've been and *I don't care*

Sea of Sin know where you've been and I don't care

"Just hold your breath the next time you sense your orgasm building. You won't need further explanation, Bella. Your other senses are heightened when you take one away. Apply that same principle to sex, or to one of these, and your release will be like nothing you could ever possibly imagine."

Bella looked at her friends in astonished silence as they both nodded in agreement. She knew Alice spoke from first-hand experience, but it was hard to come to grips with what she was trying to say.

The idea of losing one's breath was just so ... frightening.

And *kinky*.

They all turned to redirect their attention to the variety of corsets lining the wall. The smell of the leather was overpowering when they first entered the small shop, but now the only thing permeating their nostrils was the smell of her obvious hesitation.

Stop being a pussy Girl. You know he'll love it.

"Bella, imagine the sensation of being bound, feeling the constriction of it against you as you constrict against *him*. So *tight*. Do you think we would lead you astray? That we would lie about this? I see you hesitating. You doubt us?"

"No Rosalie, I don't *doubt* you. I just don't know if it's for me ... "

"It's for every woman. And I'm telling you, it's especially for *him*. You knew that already. Try one on at least. You won't believe how good you feel in it. I'd wear mine every day. I'd *live* in it ... "

Her speech drifted off into a pregnant silence as her eyes drifted over to one garment in particular.

"That one, with the metal rings. Try that one. I swear to you. Bella, you will thank us later."

Alice began to bounce up and down excitedly, the enthusiasm in her voice cutting through Bella's doubtful demeanor.

"Angela, can she try that one, please?"

Bella looked at her friends in disbelief. She could not deduce how they managed to methodically hijack her Saturday morning so thoroughly.

"I can't believe you bitches. You lie about going to brunch and I end up ... "

They grabbed the corset from Angela and pushed Bella in the direction of the dressing room at the back.

"We can add a few extra O- or D-rings to the front or back if she needs it!" called Angela.

Rosalie laughed aloud as she yelled back in response, "These would be enough, don't you think? She's not hanging from anything ... yet ... "

"Yet ... "

Bella looked on in confusion as Alice and Rosalie continued to share some kind of understanding, finishing each others sentences cryptically.

"Yet?"

Her voice was shaky, unsure of their meaning.

"Yet. You are going to love this, Bella. Edward will *die* when he sees you in this. We swear it."

The door shut, the lock slid into place, and the smell of the leather corset filled the air of the small, enclosed space. A few minutes later, as she stood with her friends admiring her image in the mirror, she *understood*. It was not just the scent of leather or of her hesitation, but of sensual seduction. It was the scent of a secret, a scent of a life she had yet to experience.

Edward *would die* ... of pleasure.

She knew that before her, he had many lovers. His tastes and experiences, prior to her relationship with him, were decidedly darker in nature. He swore that he was content with her relative lack of experience prior to meeting him a year ago, but she

understood she was his *different*. He claimed he wanted it that way, but she was never convinced.

Especially lately, when things seemed to be slightly dull even by her standards.

That is why it ultimately took little convincing once Rose and Alice got her into that dressing room. She couldn't wait to surprise him with this. Her friends were convinced that this would be a worthy \$400 investment in her relationship and she hoped they were right.

Deep down, she was certain of it.

She held the weighted leather in her shaking hands, the metal rings rattling as her nerves seized control.

The black lacing had been loosened by Rose and Alice back at the shop, readying it for the first time she wore it.

Something *unexpected* for him to enjoy, and her too, if those bitches were being honest with her.

What had also been unexpected, a short while ago, was his helping to unpack her things while she was washing away their travel in the shower. She exited the bathroom minutes later to find him holding it up reverently, his eyes darkened with lust and stance stiff in surprise.

He lifted his head to stare at her, the licentious plea written clearly on his face.

He held it out to her.

"Please."

His voice rasped with lust, the corset's rings vibrating with his uninhibited want.

"And Bella ... I want to tighten it. Leave the laces to *me*."

She took it in one hand as she grasped her towel to her body with the other, a knowing smile on her face.

She placed the the corset beneath her arm and reached down to grab the bag

near the door. It contained what was meant to be worn with it.

That is how she now found herself back in the bathroom, nervous and contemplating how she would proceed. She had brought it on their weekend getaway, but wasn't sure she'd have the courage to put it on.

No time like the present, Swan. Find your inner Vixen and make the slores proud.

She reached into the bag to withdraw its contents, slipping the small black lace panties on and sinking her feet easily into the black heels.

She placed the corset on the vanity counter, undoing the zipper quickly. Lifting it and wrapping it around her flank, she brought the base of the zipper below her belly button, slipping it into place.

The teeth bit loudly as she pulled the zipper up with resolve, enclosing herself in the cool, tight casing.

She stood in awe at her reflection in the mirror. Even without the laces along her back pulled taut, the corset did amazing things to her waist and her décolletage. Her body transformed before her eyes, just like it did in the shop.

She could not wait to witness his reaction.

She opened the door quickly, the sound of her heels snapping in accompaniment to her pounding heart.

His chest rose and fell visibly as he watched her stalk towards him.

His trembling hand reached behind her neck, gripping her hair at the base of her head and dragging the length of it over her shoulder.

"Turn around and lean forward, Bella. Place your hands on the bed."

She followed his instructions, spreading her legs to easily balance on her heels as she leaned down.

He stood behind her, his hard length pressing into the curve of her seat.

She felt his fingertips scorch her shoulder blade, dragging his touch down her exposed spine to pause at the top of the lacing where the corset met her skin. She felt him trace the grommets and the laces, the leather slipping under the

determined pads of his fingers. She felt his veneration of the craftsmanship as he fondled the fine lamb skin reverently.

She could feel his breath on her exposed back as he wordlessly descended her spine.

Slowly. Deliberately.

"Eighteen."

She turned her head to look back at him, her expression questioning. She had counted the grommets too, but she wondered why it would matter to him. She worried that it was an annoyance to him and she wondered if she should have purchased the one without the lacing.

"Eighteen. There are eighteen, Bella. I get eighteen chances to wrap up the perfect present, to cover your multitude of virtues in this heady piece of sinful perfection. Are you ready?"

His whisper overflowed with promise.

She nodded her head in agreement, her excitement beginning to seep between her legs.

"One."

He pulled the lacing through the top grommets, his hands gripping the firm black strings tightly where they crossed, as the top pulled together as closely as it would go.

Her ribs were gripped by the cool leather, pushing her breasts up further.

"Two."

The tightening increased as she was pulled inwards.

"Three. This is going to limit your diaphragm. Do you think you will be able to breath when you wear this, Bella?"

"Yes."

"I will pull it tighter as I work my way down to your waist. If that's what you want

... "

"What is it that *you* want, Edward?"

He leaned forward, dragging his tongue up her spine until his chin was resting on her left shoulder. She could feel his hardness press into the crack of her lace-covered ass. She pushed back into him to gain more friction.

He hissed, gripping the fourth X with the hooked fingers of his right hand. His large, hard dick rubbed against her rounded bottom, awakened and pulsing.

"Is there a question about what I *want*, Isabella? Four ... "

The corset was slowly closing in on her skin. She looked back at him in response to the sensation, offering a knowing smirk in return.

"Five."

He slowed his descent, allowing her time to become accustomed to the new sensations of constriction.

"I was already a slave to the siren's call of your curves ... but none of my dreams of doing this to you compare to seeing you like this now, in reality. You are driving me insane with want. Suck in, Bella ... Six ... "

She moaned loudly. The grin on her face indicated it was not due to discomfort.

"When I pull this tighter, what do you feel?"

"I thought I would feel bound, too constricted to breathe properly but ... "

"But?"

"... I *don't*, not in a limiting way. I feel control over my breathing, over my posture ..."

"Over *me*, love. Over this part of me that wants in you so desperately at this moment that I'm not certain I'm going to last ... Seven."

She could feel his hands tremble with excitement.

"The fantasy of you wearing a leather one like this was provocative enough.

Seeing you bent over before me is fucking breathtaking ... Eight."

"Your curves made even more tantalizing, rounded and begging for what I want to give you ... Nine."

She moaned again, excited by the fact that she was turning him on in this way.

"Promise me that you will wear this again, during your day, under your clothes. You can wear it all day, feel my presence surrounding you tightly all day long. I'll see the hint of the boning beneath your clothes, whispering a promise, taunting me, begging me to ... fuck, Bella, just thinking about it ... Ten."

"Listening to you now, Edward, I understand for the first time the visual power a lover holds over another ... the boring fig leaf is so tedious compared to seeing you worked up like *this*."

"The memory of you splayed before me like this is going to haunt my dreams. You realize that I'm going to beg for this again, don't you, Bella? Eleven ... "

She arched her back into the tension and lifted her hips toward him.

"I think I'll be counting on that. This is making me feel alive, Edward. I'm so turned on."

"I can almost inhale your lust, your flesh burning and begging me to breathe in my other half. Twelve ..."

His voice was becoming less firm as each second passed.

"Can you imagine what you are doing to me, Bella? I want to *drown* in you. You are driving me mad, seeing you like this. It's making me want to dive even deeper with you. Can you take all of me, Bella? Will you? Thirteen ..."

"I love you as you are now, Edward. *All* of you ... even your dark parts, the shadows I don't understand yet."

His grin was feral, her admission sealing her fate as tightly as the laces frozen in his constricting, unforgiving pull.

"The longer I don't do something I want to, the harder it is for me to stop once I start. Does that frighten you, that I love you in this corset *that* much? Fourteen ... "

She laughed loudly, forcing him to still as her chest heaved against the taut leather.

"I'm not afraid. Right now I'm ready to beg you to hurry up, to *show* me, to let me show *you* what it's doing to me ... "

She felt his large erection twitch against the back of her thigh at her teasing, his left hand slipping between her legs to drag his fingers against her soaking vortex. He pushed the material into her slit, the lace dragging against her most sensitive skin.

"Bella, never underestimate my appreciation for delayed gratification when it comes to you. The delicious torture of moving slowly ... Fifteen."

His breaths were uneven, his wildly erratic heart beat detectable through the leather against her back.

"The sum of the stars in the sky could not equal the ways I love you, Bella. But the reality of this leather against your pale skin, black night against perfect light ... your chiaroscuro is immaculate ... the play of light and dark mercilessly taunts me ... your curving lines are a feast for my starving eyes, and my fucking hunger for you is barely controllable. Sixteen ... "

He paused, his voice dropping even further.

"When I let go, Isabella, when I end this torturous delay, it will be deep inside you, seeping out of you ... Seventeen."

His voice was barely a whisper, his breath teasing the back of her neck.

"I will be dripping down your thighs, the trail of my torturous release and my unimaginable lust for you. Eighteen, Bella."

His thumbs pulled the two remaining laces out, cinching her in as far as her waist would allow. The laces hissed through the metal grommets as he brought them together quickly and secured his handiwork with a tight bow. The pale skin along her spine peeked out from the pattern of crossed black laces and leather, forcing a growl from deep within him.

She turned to look over her shoulder once again and he leaned completely into her back, meeting spine to chest as their breathing escalated.

His hands moved to her hips, where he brushed against the metal rivet and O-ring on each hip, the sound of rattling metal overshadowing their labored breathing. He gripped the rings with his index fingers, pulling her hips back into the juncture of his thighs.

"That's what those are for ... "

The sense of wonder in her voice made him chuckle.

"Among other things. I plan on using them for their special purpose."

He used his thumbs to push her forcefully away from his hips, only to use the the rings to bring her quickly back again, his hardness pushing into the flesh of her ass. They both moaned at the contact.

She leaned back with her hips, the corset pushing her breasts out as she tried to right herself in her heels, her legs still spread wide to support their previous position over the edge of the bed.

She reached her left hand backwards, snaking between their bodies to grip his length beneath the fabric of his pants. His hiss in response made her bones ache in anticipation.

His lips and teeth began nipping at her bare shoulder as she unzipped his trousers, his right hand letting go of the ring to slide against the leather, tracing the exposed swells of her breasts.

"Look at what this does to you. Look at how it pushes you up and grips you tight. You're a fucking goddess like this, Bella, your body wrapped up in this decadent casing of leather and seduction. The fig leaf is great too, but this is just ... sin ... perfection ... "

She felt his hard, bare cock brush against the back of her thigh and then he was rubbing against her center through the lace between her legs. She moved her legs farther apart as he gripped the laces, pushing her forward once more.

"Put your hands on the bed and arch your back. Just wait ... "

She felt him slip the crotch of her panties to one side, the cool air of the room noticeable as it laved her exposed center.

He pushed into her with extreme care, tenuously inching forward until he could go

no deeper, his hands posed over the leather at her stomach.

They remained still, adjusting to the depth of the new position.

He was deeper than he'd ever been, and the garment held her in a position that allowed him to penetrate farther still.

She did not want to move, the pleasure too exquisite. The sound of the rivets clinking against the metal rings alerted her to the fact that *he* had.

She thought it was impossible for him to get any deeper until he pulled the rings toward his hips and up, instigating a connection she thought might short-circuit her sanity. Her entire perception of his *depth* was transformed in that moment, her waist constricted and her insides packed tight, the fire within asphyxiating her already tenuous control. He pushed and pulled on the rings, driving into her with precision and out of her with the desperate need for friction, the back and forth of lovers about to realize their goal.

He used the strength of his forearms to drag the rings towards the ceiling, lifting her hips up and her heels off the floor, his thrusts pushing into a spot inside that sent her uncontrollably onward, the building, the building, the pounding *there* sending her chest out and her head back, back as she melted into his hips, his thighs and forearms trembling with the exertion and then they were spinning, ecstatic, slipping *free* of the tension, seeping out of their bones as their souls sang, wept, rejoiced through the aftershocks.

Her chest was heaving, the pressure on her diaphragm preventing her from regaining her breath. Her mouth opened wide, trying to grasp for much-needed air.

He registered what was happening through his fog of euphoria, his fingers leaving the rings quickly to pull the knot free from her waist, when her hand reached around her back to grip his wrist, stopping his movement. He looked up at her face to see her eyes closed, her open mouth set in a wide smile, her screams renewing as a second orgasm ripped through her body, violently gripping his still encased cock.

There was no time to replenish, nothing left for him to give, and yet her body still *craved*. He pushed out and in as best he could, trying to draw out her sensations until she came down.

When she released his wrist and placed her hand back on the bed beneath her, he pulled at the knotted bow, the laces freeing easily up and down her spine, giving her leeway to regain her breath. He reached around her breasts and found the top of the

zipper, pulling it down quickly, the teeth chafing and releasing loudly with the alleviated tension.

He pulled the corset from around her body and threw it on the floor beside the bed, his fingers immediately going to the red indentations of the laces and the leather casing on her perfect flesh. He bent down, pulling out of her slowly as his lips began kissing the reddened proof of the garment now laying on the floor.

Her hands were on the bed, her breaths still labored, her shoulder blades flexing with each draw from her lungs.

He continued to kiss the indentations on her back, working his tongue up her salty skin, his nose flaring in recognition and appreciation of the lingering scents of her sweat and fresh leather.

He realized that the smell of the leather on her skin was making him hard again.

She breathed deeply and mustered enough strength to climb onto the bed, her heels and drenched panties still clinging to her trembling body as she turned beneath his gaze.

The red soles of her shoes were clearly visible in the dark room, the heels dragging on the soft comforter beneath her as she slid up.

He began tracing the exposed skin on the top of her foot, letting his fingers dance around her ankles and slowly up her calf muscles, returning to the leather of her shoes once again.

He noticed that her breathing was calm once again, her body boneless in a state of post-orgasmic bliss.

He continued to touch her stilettos, the skin on the top of her feet, her calves ... a circuit of touch and reverence.

She opened her eyes and watched him silently, noticing the intense look on his face. Her eyes traveled farther down to see that he was hard once again. She shook her head silently in disbelief at how lucky she was to have this man as her lover.

The slores *were* right. She'd call to thank them later.

He cradled her left foot slowly in his hands, the heel of her stiletto digging into his bare thigh, but he did not flinch.

She contemplated his reaction to discovering her new corset at the beginning of their evening, and how that discovery transformed them both, steering their emotions and desires in a multitude of new ways. She used to consider the corset a torture device for the unlucky women of generations long ago, a sexually objectifying, evil garment that confined a woman's movement and negatively restricted them socially. She didn't understand Alice or Rosalie's insistence that it could be anything else.

But there was something visceral about what had happened just now, something primal about his reaction to it, as well as her own. She reacted differently to the constraining nature of the corset. Instead of uncomfortable pressure, she felt sensually embraced. Instead of focusing on restricted breathing, she found herself enraptured by the idea of self-control to manage that restriction. She even came a second time while not being able to gain her full breath ... not something she had ever expected. She stayed his hand at her laces and released in a literal and indescribable flood of satisfaction at having the control...of having *him* pant as he he laced her up, as *he* caressed the leather like a second skin.

She would have to buy more like it to surprise him in the future, regardless of the expense. Looking at him now, caressing her shoes, made her smile and dragged her from her reflections.

A new Edward seemed to be resurfacing this evening, inspired by the vision of a corset, heels, and the insinuation of a little *more*. The *unexpected* had gotten them both off exceedingly well. She had glimpses of him along the way, knew that he used to exist and thrive prior to her relationship with him...and here *he* was reverently touching her obscenely expensive shoes like they were a direct gift from God.

She wondered what he was thinking and feeling as her heel dug into his thigh.

She could not wait to watch him come to pieces this time around. She would watch him fall apart, fall deep into her willingness to take all of him, even his shadows ... *especially* his shadows. They made him Edward. They made him *real*.

She'd been avoiding that part of him for too long. And she loved Edward's darkness now more than ever.

And he was *very* real and willing now, erection at attention, ready to chase the passion into her own warm caliginosity ... her willing receptacle of life. She yearned for his flame to follow her fire.

She was suddenly very excited about the prospect of discovering a few personal

shadows of her own. With his hands on her skin and his willingness to explore, she was certain never to be disappointed. She hoped her ombra would intertwine with his, their merging shadows chasing them into future sexual explorations, giving them many mind-altering afterlives as their mating souls reverberating in post-coital bliss . They could succumb to the darkness. They could celebrate it as they danced in the shadows, welcoming the edifying shade and intensity as they enjoyed luscious little death after little death. They could, and they *would*. Death would never be so sweet.

"I'm never going to hear a countdown again without remembering what just happened, you pulling each lace deliberately, the sound of your voice cracking as the lust began engulfing us both ... "

His gaze was dark and pleading.

"And what do you think will happen, should you hear one again?"

She lifted her head off of the bed to look him straight in the eye.

"I'll come, Edward. The anticipation was so overwhelming, the want ... I'm sure I would have a physical reaction. *That* was beyond my wildest imagination ... "

The smirk on his face gave away the fact that he was indeed looking forward to his new challenge.

"Then let's test that theory, shall we?"

He began lifting her stiletto-covered foot in the air. She knew that *this* path would not take him down her spine, but rather draw him up her entire body.

She was ready for the *taking*.

She began to tremble in anticipation when he looked her square in the eye, his voice unwavering and filled with promise as he kissed the bare skin where the top of the stiletto ended and her foot began.

"One ... "

Long Ass End Notes/Refs/Stuff most readers skip over anyway (I don't blame 'em LOL!):

I dedicate this one-shot to Sebastien Robichaud, the University of Edward Masen Slores, and to everyone who has ever participated on the UoEM Twilighted thread. You all have turned discussing this story into something beyond a simple fic conversation. It has become a fun, thriving community of fans who have bonded and formed meaningful friendships. SR, there is no way for readers to adequately thank you for all you have given us through sharing your extraordinary story with us. What I decided to do, in thanks for all of the learning and fun times in Professor Masen's Carrel, is take Dante's use of the Italian word *ombra* (*Purgatorio*, Canto 25.85-108) and combine that concept with my favorite article of clothing ... the corset.

As we've learned in our UoEM related studies, Dante uses *ombra* (literally "shadow" or "shade") in *The Divine Comedy* to relate life to the afterlife. It reflects the correlation between how we live our lives and the state of our souls after death ... the shadow that follows us to the ever-after, so to speak. Perhaps it can refer to the "shade" we cast on someone else. I am taking that latter context and running with it in a completely slore-ish, perverted and non Dante-ish direction. *wicked grin*

This idea of *ombra* as it relates to human beings - fictional or otherwise - fascinates me. Our darkness peeks out from time to time, from some of us more than others. In real life, one partner may be the *raggio di luce* while the other basks in that light from shaded corners ... and the shadow someone casts on others can be an imposing one.

To make a short explanation very, very long, I wanted to take the corset out and play, using the context of *ombra* as an inspiration. SR, you wrote a masterpiece and you inspired us to think about situations and topics deeper than the shallow story waters in which we often choose to swim. Thank you for allowing us the opportunity to learn under your masterful instruction at the University of Edward Masen. While you took us out to sea with its depth, the depth of *this* water is about as shallow as one can get. Ankles, *tops*. This was a fun way I could think of to thank you for the journey ... in true Slore fashion, anyway. ;)

A very special thanks to JustDuckie for beta'ing this on such short notice, and to Anais Mark, Adamanta Banks, Elliedgasmsworn, Isabeausink, AquariumJenn and MentalistECBM for helping a fellow Slore in need of extra sets of eyes.

Three references that influenced the direction of this one shot in terms of Edward's darkness and the desire surrounding the corset (especially her desire to seduce by wearing it) ... inspired by the University of Edward Masen's course of study, of course:

"Io venni a tanto per la vista di questa donna, che li miei occhi si cominciaro a dilectare troppo di vederla."

Dante Alighieri, *LaVita Nuova*, edited by G. Gorni, (Turin: Einaudi, 1995), 26.1.

Translated:

"The sight of this lady brought me to such a point by that my eyes began to delight too much in seeing her."

"sì tutto l'appago!" (*Purgatorio* 19.22-24)

Translated:

"Yes all the satisfaction"

The siren lures Ulysses from his intended course by exhibiting her sexuality and appeal. Her proclaiming "sì tutto l'appago" indicates that she leaves men sexually satisfied. The erotic connotations of this statement have been widely explored and dissected by many in books and online resources. See what happened in the Carrel when I was in the corner wearing the dunces cap? Leave it to a naughty Slore to focus on the more erotic elements in Dante. *rolls eyes*

"Fig Leaf:" Dante uses *perizoma* to convey how the inner bank of circle 8 covers the lower half of the Giants' bodies like an "apron" (*Inf.* 31.61-2). It is an unusual word (of Greek origin) likely familiar to Dante's readers from a biblical verse describing the shame of Adam and Eve following their disobedience in the Garden of Eden: "And the eyes of them both were opened: and when they perceived themselves to be naked, they sewed together fig leaves, and made themselves aprons [*perizomata*]" (Genesis 3:7). This explanation was taken directly from dante worlds . laits . utexas . edu/circle9 . html In this one shot, the corset is something very different than the proverbial "fig leaf." I am using that term in *that* context.

Finally, the song that owned me while I composed this (who am I kidding? Anything Haujobb/Daniel Myer related *owns* me), playing on continual repeat and influencing pretty much everything about this one-shot, from the cadence of counting the laces to the tone of the piece (remove spaces, no images so it's work safe) [www . youtube watch ?v= ED7m5mnknz8:](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ED7m5mnknz8)

Moral

by: Destroid

It cuts right through my skin
in pleasure it makes me scream
the only thing that is human
is the brain inside this head

Let me feel

Let me fall

Let me walk

Pondering

Moral

It cuts right in my soul

the breath of modern control

but something's still running through my veins

my mind is not the same

Let me feel all those tortures

let me fall into pieces

let me walk these flames before you

pondering if I still have a soul