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Asmodeus

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She is the fulfillment of carnal desire.
With each thought of her, her roots grow deeper.
To dwell on her in thought, is to be consumed by her entirely.
Just past her lips lies a bottomless pit, a lying tongue.
Deep inside her lies a void of hollow souls.
Damaged hearts and shipwrecked lives to those who never overcame her.
She clothes her darkness of addiction and
Loss of sovereignty in beautiful robes of passion.
Charm is her perfume.
She justifies herself as natural desire,
To expect her presence and accept her as normal
Is to grant her all power.
She is possessive in personality,
For she divides us from true love and keeps us for herself.
She is like fire, burning intensely and consuming all.
At the right distance the warmth feels pleasant, but
With a soul made of tinder, proximity is risky.
Her touch is bliss and her flesh is soft.
Her smile welcomes and her embrace is desired
By all on this earth.
She is no harlot, for a harlot is merely human as I.
She is like wine in the belly of an alcoholic.
It is Lust, who resides in the hearts of all men.