

Porphyria's lover

Mental illness is in control and is personified as a generous sweet woman, the lover tries to rid himself of the hallucinations and this is his struggle.

Porphyria,

I am. This is the name

Many call me.

Known around for many things,

The sweet gentle voice leaves a

Sour taste in many acquaintances mouths.

Found fondly in an institution

Eyes so blue as the deep ocean

Luring sailors to their deaths like sirens.

In a mirror I'm understood as a fellow.

In the eyes of women I can

Not be distinguished

And in the heads of men I am precious.

Elevated in life descending of gents

Men love me too much

That reality is lost too quick

Jittery butterfly's

Is the first stage of my enchantments

Subsequently jelly legs is alongside

Nausea, confusion and disorientation

Are effects of my love.

Heart break is terminal and

Might awake you

Once you and I are intertwined forever

The only escape is

Death

Strangle me no pain feel I

Lethal dose of my passion

Will eradicate me forever

And you're alone once again

Forever.