

Kiss Of Serpents

Black Funeral

Between her legs, the blood covered whore embraces
to sip from the vein pulsing hard in the night
like wings of shadow can she hear it
blackened beast colored fur, talons to walk upon
night brings a cloak of flight
she drinks from her wound, fresh blood of the moon
biting deep in her veins, drinking in pure ecstasy
obsession soon follows
Between her legs, now she is aroused by a forked tongue