

## Marguerite & Gretchen

Akercocke

And it is the thrash of limbs, in my bed  
That keeps me from sleep, if I could sleep  
It is the musky scent of their sex  
Bodies intertwined, that beckon me  
With identical smiles, they said nothing  
But unsistely kisses  
In the torchlight, in the halflight  
I listen to them come

"oh, Marguerite, we'll have to submit to his will..."  
"we'll have to submit..."

Beckoning me, seducing me  
Hand in hand, body on body  
Moist to the touch  
The sweat soaked back that writhes in my hands  
The bottomless eyes, cold grey eyes  
That stare as I come

And the rasping, ragged breaths and  
The entanglement of limbs  
Trace the bead of perspiration  
That hypnotises, mesmerises  
I inhale the sweetness of  
The innocence that I destroy  
My shadow rises and falls  
To the dance of the torchlight

Pleasure - delight - domination - damnation