

The Scent Of A Screaming Woman

Black Countess

You are hidden in the basement of a deserted house
Your body, your feelings, your screams in darkness
And only in your thoughts you still see daylight
In your perpetual thoughts you plead for mercy...

You remember your lonely way through the night
Walking in silence with vacant stare
With the burden of worldly troubles
You notice a creeping ugly shadow but it's too late

And now you are here - among rusty tubing
Among disgusting purling of sewage
In the incubator of moss and mould
In the domain of slowly approaching insanity
You lie bound to a rotten table and choke with fear
Naked, frozen and weak
Trembling at the thought of what
IT will do next time

IT visited you twice by now
An ugly crooked figure
Every time the creature came up to you
And sniffed up something between your spread legs
You tried but could not see HIS (HER) face
It scared you even more, giving way to shrill screams...

You live in hope that someone could here it
Before IT will come again smelling your scent...