

## 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...