

A Sutra Of Wounds

Code

There's something in here
Choked, pleading, turning on a tournique
Leather bound witches skin dolls sway

Long lithe naked faceless bodies slide
And the pain
Is sensational

And in the dark
Your succubus
Is gibbering
And hungry

Scream your elegy to me
I'll christen you with scars
Follow me beyond
The measure of fatigue
Scream your elegy to me
And I'll christen you with scars
I'll break you on the shores of fatigue

Close tight and caged
Tumbling, cascading
Arms and mouth restrained
Numb limbs a nimbus of pain
And the heat
Is sensational
And as you fall
Almond eyes turn
And the heat
Is sensational

And within you fall
The distance
Is vertiginous
And hungry

Scream your elegy to me
I'll christen you with scars
Follow me beyond
The measure of fatigue
Scream your elegy to me
And I'll christen you with scars
I'll break you on the shores of fatigue

Irradiant fires
I desire oblivion
Across our eyes is enscribed
Dominion
And will these wonders end

Irradiant fires
I desire oblivion
Across our eyes is enscribed
Dominion
And this wind hastens night

And in the night
On the borders of fatigue
Here flesh is a language and through
It you speak

On succulent blades
You are crippled and maimed
Walk with me
On the landscape of pain
Chain yourself to desire
And I'll christen us with scars