

O most luscious cenobite,  
you wield your whip  
as though it were another appendage;  
Favor me with pleasure-pain,  
rip me with your claws  
Chew me with your saw-toothed cunt

Dead eyes alive with darkness to match their sockets,  
they blaze with unmatched cruelty  
Leave those long thorns embedded in your scalp,  
They look stuck in far enough to hurt

Hell's polyhedron has blessed you  
Your peerless beauty drips of sin  
In this time of configuration,  
blessed order shall prevail  
Two sides to the war on flesh  
Leviathan, who can't smile, beams

Encased in leather as it is,  
I can't drink from your neck  
It shall remain its soft, cold, blue-white:  
I'll bind your pround breasts with barbed wire  
I wish to partake of their nectar... Is it pus?

I might breach your zippers  
and open your face  
I might gag you with an urchin  
I long to hear a quiet sight escape  
your lovely lips as I bite your fettered, smooth thighs

Love subverted, lust perverted  
Bitch-goddess Abigor's pretty face  
can mask her suffering  
Make you worship both her and her needles

Subjugate it, perforate it,  
flesh reordered isflesh of use  
I now rededicate my life  
to what Abigor has shown me