

Balaam Wore Black

Deinonychus

My words fell with such silence, as I watched the blood slowly
weep from open wounds.

A still rose bled into a sunset, while the red dragon waited to
consume the midnight sky.

A dead snake nailed to the wall, coiled and started to feast up
on himself.

I'm paranoid! Insects were really angels in guise, and my lover
; she was a whore.

I cry an ocean deep azure blue.

One more injection to try to forget you.

Siddhartha, sits staring into the reflection in my eyes.

As a sullen funeral procession gathers.

To dance around my dead heart.

Like Lucifer; I fell into the night.

Venus star so bright in the mourns light.

A laid faith in a whores well.

So warm was the caress, how could i resist; to take of one kiss
.

Black devil; under your white sun of darkness I was lost.

But now it's time to ride the red dragon one more time...