

Unborn Stillborn

Marc Almond

In the pulsing of the womb
Waits the unborn prince of evil :
Eyes ablaze with the light of unchained anguish seething
Waits and bides timeless time to rip open vibrant stillborn
Crying, help me to tear free like the wolf
In the night bays hungry.
Slides its tongue across grim and greening teeth
He moves in the night
With shadows,
Smiles as friend
Touches a lover too
He takes him the child to kiss him.
There's a curtain coming down over memory
And silent, the stage glares empty ;
And the blood tide, on the bitter shore,
Sweeps over the mind till morning.
I will never love again
I will never ever
Love again.