

Unholy Dance

Sear Bliss

As the hour comes
She opens up
Like beautiful rare flower
Blood offered, desire taken
She looks through blue glass
A white witch of my spirit
Bathes in the black river
Of her blood.
I feel sacrificed
She feels only the night
That turned into a dance.
The key to immortality
Falls into my hand
My whole existence
Is taken by this scene.
Unfulfilled souls gather
To watch as she bites
My feeding hand.
We unite in the sweet
Tasting dream of enlightenment
Dawn find this world quiet,
Cold and unbearable...