

In Hell Is Where She Waits for Me

The Black Dahlia Murder

I watch the bitter tears slalom down grief stricken faces for a
moments time I feel I am the god of
which they speak under the guise of anonymity I masquerade in t
hrilling mockery an erection
juts begrudgingly from twixt my silken sunday pleats the coffin
is sealed face to go unrevealed
but I dare know what lies underneath two bloodless halves of a
dark flower dead whose dream
turned the nightmare that dwells beneath our darkened beds how
pathetically I broke her like a
doll of porcelain I found her primed for a raping that could ne
ver be in wanton fallacy the
temptress played deceiving taunting charming fools like me her
silhouette an hourglass whose
sands of time would empty fast