

The Ghost Of A Stranger

The Faceless

Infatuated with the corpse
An exact image of what it was just a moment ago
A ball gag suppresses the last breath that it ever took
My body is bathed in the warmth of blood
never thought that it would
have kept me warm on this very fateful night
But now I know that those screams were not of pain but they were my ecstasy
Its white skin is illuminated under pale moonlight
Reminiscent of fresh snowfall
The patterns formed by shadows and its hair make each square inch unique
My lips still burn from the last time that I uttered its proper name
Those thin wrists seem to melt in my hands
My flesh on its flesh with gravity on my side
I should, but won't, tread lightly on it
My garments lay in shreds with the last of my humanity
Brushing the hair from its face I am locked into a dead stare
Its open pupils act as a mirror and they are reflecting back at me
Not who I am but, what I have become
I pledge allegiance to this husk, giving it all that I've got
Pushing my power in
And absorbing its life as mine, becoming one with it
I unclasp the ball gag and inhale its death