

## The Medusa

## The Haunted

She is a saint  
Her womb is a place of rejection  
She washes her perfect skin quietly  
and hates me for being real  
Kill the lights and listen for noises to give you away  
Sanctuary  
I need a place where I can feel...  
John James Hewitt (1931-1969) The Orchard: "It feels like we're  
all locked up in little cages"  
"The ceiling is closing in, and the walls...  
The walls are closing in - Can't you feel that?"  
I will turn my eyes away  
I will not turn into stone  
No more accusations and lies  
She's spreading her self  
Flesh giving way to flesh  
I watch her bones  
I'm being eaten alive  
Remove the eyes  
Remove the eyes  
Remove intentions and kill the lights  
Her love is a blinding line of fire to where I stand  
Her love is as cold as her desire  
I'll never be free