

The Rape

Aura Noir

Merry, you may be.
For I am the flesh in your tounge.
Create to yourself, images of these
glass-eyed figures,
and expose to me, your skin -
whorish as ever.
They speak to me, your pores, your veins,
in a rush of melancholy.
In a stream of misanthrophy. Remove the carpet, so I may be
united with the shades of these. Blind my eyes,
still I will see - presence, visuality.
I grant you my pale hands,
still I will feel - shape, contoures. Please leave.
In me you wont find any pity,
as the dog that howls for the light in my eyes -
the stench or your nakedness, no smell for a mourner like me.
So, please leave.
In here you wont find any pity.
Tour kisses were as hell itself. Be silent, for I am the flesh in your tounge.
Only I can wear vast costumes of time, and still be present.
"So, hereby I rape thee."

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