

Kiss of the Succubus

The New York Room

in the silence of my empty bed
I sleep with your voice and the things you said
but all of your words seem to lose their meaning
when I am left alone here dreaming
of all the dying cold, blue flowers
and all the lonely silent hours
I have spent without you here
in isolation and silent fear in the corners of my empty heart
I keep your bones where your love held a part
and left to die, drowning slowly
like all the words that you once told me
about the sadness in your painted stare
I looked into it but found nothing there
except desire and your burning need
of desperation and selfless greed in the stillness of my empty room
I see your ghost in a shrouded tomb
you lift your burning hands in the air
you fall to your knees in your despair
you cry in sorrow, you shout their names
but your dry tears are lost in the flames
and when it is over and your body dies
your pain is eternal and you're left with your lies

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