

El Diablo

Lycia

see the serpent twine
wrapped around her spine
coils inside her mind
bleeds her eyes so blind
she is killing time
casting pearls to swine
trapped beneath her crime
burnt, her skins seeps wine
moons turns red
silence speaks... she is dead
monster dreams... she is dead
see the serpent twine
crush her alibi
intoxicating lie
devils sing their lullaby
caught up in their schemes
drops down to her knees
begging baby pleas
serpents have their needs...
devils have her...

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