

Why Hyenas Laugh

Most Precious Blood

There's not a prayer in the world
In any sect or any tongue
Holy enough to be answered
To undo what's been doneThe urge to recoil and strike
Swell like the tide
This classic position
A beginning which looks like the endIt lingers to sting
Abcess and canker
Swollen decay
Lusting foreverThe most wretched of flypaper thoughts race
Across the mind as the moan like a whore
Their only love is to linger and sting
And swell by feeding on the hurt they bring
You won't live through this

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