

# 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  
Swells 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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