

# Graven Idol

## Primordial

Her scent comes to me  
As the night breathes  
Her countenance grave  
A waxed pallor, that lays every tomb  
open to the sky  
So she sees and ever watches  
The stars revolve and dance for her  
A velvet dream of crimson revolt  
The rites of all... deliver her kiss to me  
I ascend... erotic miseryWe are blood to the bloodless  
We are honour to the honourless  
and We are gods to the godlessThe cruel day hurts my eyes... it is night I ever long forIf sorrows sweet gifts  
have offered me thus  
I am all that has been and cannot refuse  
As her smile has ushered in the night  
So many countless times before  
I hear a foot on the stair...  
I turn and she is there.  
With all the gifts of the grave to offer me

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