

Avenue of the Queen

Ana Kefr

In her porcelain eyes I see the movement of decline,
Her lily flesh flushes with the colors of desire.
Sick unto death with love, the muse pours into me,
And now I bury my darkness inside of her.

She is dead in the water,
I hold her hand and I watch her drown.
Her signs of life will diminish to nothing,
I watch her eyes as she's sinking down.

[She is dead in the water,
Dead weight like a lead anchor.
Chained to nothing but the
Memories that are holding her down.]

The silent, perpetual night spills
Out like a fecal fountain of youth.
And we kiss where the water comes to greet her,
And takes her thereafter.
Tangled like bodies impassioned,
The reeds are a halo about her head.
Her mouth is an open grave -
Follow the rushlights to where I must bury my dead.

In the gray of her eyes I see our brutal fall from grace,
Her lips, as blood, receive the sacrament of suffocation.
Sick unto death with love, the muse floods into me,
And now I bury my darkness with her.

[Asphyxia, my beloved.]

The silent, perpetual night spills
Out like a fecal fountain of youth.
And we kiss where the water comes to greet her,
And takes her thereafter.

And now the silent, perpetual night spills out like a fecal fountain of youth.

Lyrics submitted by Rhiis.

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