Shiver

Vendetta Red

fear in a frame? or the picture of a girl?
with a gorgonesque stare her scale covered hair
has got a snake in every curl.
with her forked tongue and those ash colored eyes get you down on the naked and sore
first you shiver then you die
cut your fingers on the page where those old wounds run deep.
still the taste of the sand, rosary in her hand haunt you in your sleep.
shiver, you'll shiver through the night
i'm delivered, vapid vulture to the light
gonna shiver and shiver and shiver and shiver
you'll shiver through the night
deceived by the sound the pitter patter of little feet,
was the rhythmless rave of your cloven hooved babe calling to you from the street.
she taunts you as she dances your genitals in the dirt.
your eternal heart aches, your bones bend and break but the beating barely hurts.
so desperate to love but you just can't pretend that her hands weren't claws.
your madonna was medusa in the end.
it's too late to keep your tongue from sliding round the scales of the snake.
ride the snake

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