Abigor

Inopia

O most luscious cenobite,
you wield your whip
as though it were another appendage;
Favor me with pleasure-pain,
rip me with your claws
Chew me with your saw-toothed cuntDead eyes alive with darkness to match their sockets,
they blaze with unmatched cruelty
Leave those long thorns embedded in your scalp,
They look stuck in far enough to hurtHell's polyhedron has blessed you
Your peerless beauty drips of sin
In this time of configuration,
blessed order shall prevail
Two sides to the war on flesh
Leviathan, who can't smile, beamsEncased in leather as it is,
I can't drink from your neck
It shall remain its soft, cold, blue-white:
I'll bind your pround breasts with barbed wire
I wish to partake of their nectar... Is it pus?I might breach your zippers
and open your face
I might gag you with an urchin
I long to hear a quiet sight escape
your lovely lips as I bite your fettered, smooth thighsLove subverted, lust perverted
Bitch-goddess Abigor

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