Catherine Blake

My Dying Bride

So vile men's torment was truly a pleasure
A plain that would change mankind for ever more
Catherine Black slept fitfully in thesummer night. In the heat.
She murmured gently and moved smoothly,
this way and that. Oh, the beauty.
Catherine smiled. Took a fabulous breath
Her luscious eyes, delicate fingers,
clawed at her sodden bed.
of summer air and tasted death.Die Erorians' visit had been successful rewarding.
With night of female screams of whimpers,
lustful dreams.
delicate soft gasps.
Night followed rampant night of
The ultimate attack on Heaven and it's glories.
Seduce them as they slept, oblivious to
their midnight tryst.
Phantom raped in their dreams.
The sad ones take their own lives.
The seed of doom was planted.Slay their men night after night.
Catherine Black dreamt of a horror.
Of passion too and of terror.
Over her silent breast, shadows swept,Motherhood was destroyed by the seed
shades caressed.
and laid to waste.
A great rift was born. Men and the
The daggers went in deep, vile and sickening.
world were torn.
Women swept awat all infancy from their wombs.
And still the Lord God remained silent,
no utterance, no movement, no tears.
The earth became red.
Disgust and hatred for the lives of woman.
The butchery, the savagery,did spill
The cutting machines of man.
unto themselves.
A chorus of agony from Heaven and Rain poured
The creature of all sins. The lord of the
In a colossus of angels tears.
bleakest abode.

Did wonder at the silence.
All Hell did fill with the screaming souls
What did the Almighty know?
Hoping our lord would unleash them all.
of dead men.
The mighty army of God did stand and wait,
The great fiery pit. Hordes ripped apart.
Chaos ensued, screaming from the dark.
corners of earth
Observing his darkened child, in the miserable
The Lord watched as his beloved slipped silently
The great heart of God will heal up the earth.
Back into the darkness below.

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