

# A Poetic Retelling of an Unfortunate Seduction

## Bright Eyes

The language in the dimmer rooms  
Seems to represent it's light source well  
How soft they speak and seem to be at peace  
With the movement of the music and the madness  
That's pulling me into this And the shades of the lamps are woven red  
The light, it stains and consecrates  
Anointing all forgotten forms  
That swirl and smoke and haunt this place The girls in gowns all nurse the dark  
Pulling it near to their swelling breasts  
And watch as it seeps to their hearts  
And beats within their virgin chests  
And here I know seduction breeds From wanton hearts that would seduce  
And grows and spreads its vines and leaves  
Embracing those who might have moved  
But now remain to drink the night From vials black and thick with steam  
With intoxicating delights  
Would leave you drunk inside this dream, dream  
And you watch them take the light from you And you find yourself on a velvet couch  
Tasting the skin of a foreign girl  
Her eyes are black and wet like oil  
And she ties your hands with a string of pearls  
And you tremble like a frightened bird As she closes in and captures you  
To place you in a silver cage  
Deep within her poisoned womb  
So once you're safe inside, she might let you out  
To fly in the circles around the room But it's always night and there is no moon  
And you wonder if you are alive  
And you're not sure if you want to be  
But you drink her sweat like it was wine  
And you lay with her on a bed of blue  
And it's awful sweet like the fruit she cuts and feeds to you

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