

For Her Pleasure

Tiamat

erase the pictures from my mind
eliminate the presence of your kind
unloose the strings of instinct laws
just to fall into some other jawsin pounding afternoon I rise
for the pleasure of dying twice
a wingcut anges in decline
breathe my air and I'll be fineput your teeth in me
carve your name in me
I don't care if there is something
that I'm blind to seeinvite yourself and feel free
to pick up splinter of debris
it's in your sys. ex
subdues all that's delusive

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