

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 the summer 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 its 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,

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