A Welcome Displeasure

And Hell Followed With

It was in tragedy of reflection that is, oh purest of nights was to drink incessantly from these veins. Beauty in comparison to no other. A standard made in flesh will in sickening glory run feverishly upon the razor's edge. Admiration, this night shall end. How she loathes the sight of herself. And with every frantic thrust, her pallid supple veins (showered in orgasmic tides of crimson) have quivered at their very sight. What once was desired is now a mere sickening depiction, a face so macabre. Convulsions induced by vomiting. No more a seductress, no less a queen. In detest of her mere reflection, her youthful complexion once adorned. The paths carved through arterial fabrication at the hands of herself. You disgust me, she cries with hoarseness in her throat. The razor, its soliloquy silences all; how beautiful its merciless sway. Her eyes, they close for one last time. All impurities unwashed in this filth and dishonor.

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