

# Akercocke, Axiom

Believe in what you can see  
Believe in what you can feel  
Reveal yourself unto me  
Show yourself unto me  
Believe in what you know  
Believe in what you can touch  
Legs agape, stretching slow  
Show yourself unto me  
The soft wet kisses  
To the mouth of the vagina  
Taste exquisite to me  
I believe that when I die I shall rot  
And nothing of my ego shall survive  
(Bertrand Russell)  
The glamorous beauty  
Once the blood dries on the contract  
All debts must be paid  
Once the blood dries on the contract  
You can never go back  
All debts must be paid  
We form an unmoving tableau  
Of adorer and adored  
Unsure briefly which is me  
Every thought I ever had  
Dissolves into nothing  
When you take me in your mouth  
Staring into my eyes  
Stretched skin, mesmerizing  
All debts must be paid