

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