

Blood Red Throne, Eye-Licker

Dark walls, black drapery, bloody mural artistry.

Self provoked insomnia.

The Mescaline is wearing off, teeth grinding, lights flashing.

Pseudo-psycho kaleidoscope.

Stiff grin, nervous finger-tricks.

Subconscience overload.

Chained to the floor, ragged filthy doll, savagely beaten, repeatedly raped.

Disorientation strikes, fucked from inside again and again.

His perverted desire, Iris on tongue, lions like a burning fire.

He hides his shame.

She screams higher and higher.

His vision flickers and locks, sinking in a mental mire, saliva drips from his jaw.

Muffled cries devoured by choking, eye licker is a shadow by night.

Lives on fears, feeds on horror, sucks the juice from your sockets.

Desolate memories of childhood in rancid human decay.

Stripped of flesh, bled dry.

Human taxidery crossdresser.

Cold steel on temperate flesh reveals magenta pleasures within.

Not a sound, just suffering.

Eye licker is born from sin.

Such sights to see, so many eyes to taste.

Rise to atrocity, fall from disgrace.

Decades later, in a shattered mirror he catch a glimpse of his molester.

She whimpers skinless on the floor, chains rattling, no light through the door, moment of truth appro

Euphoric amputation, barren lips reveal the slimy probe.

Once again abomination strikes, to look in the abyss.

A taste of the soul.

Incoherent maniac drivel, ramblings from dementia - "Eye licker fuck her", "I lick her mother".

Farewell to sanity, welcome reality.

I dreamt a dream within a dream.

Post-cognitive slow motion.

A mind is a mind is a mind.

Blood Red visions of Aphrodite, acrid smell of rotting flesh.

White walls, fluorescent lights.

Mind fucked without Thorazine.

He closes his eyes and drifts inside, where now meets then and dark meets light.

Don't look if he's in your sight.

Eye licker!