

Comus, Drip Drip

You dangling swinging
Hanging, spinning aftermath

Your soft white flesh turns past me slaked with blood
Your evil eyes more damning then a demons curse
Your lovely body soon caked with mud
As I carry you to your grave my arms your hearse

You stand before me defenseless
Your stare unchanging silent, cold, intense
Sears my brain

Drip drip
From your sagging lip
Liquid red
Down your body spread
Your soft breast glistens
Your deep navel fountains
Your shadow over chair
Like a plane over mountains

In a clearing
Where the sunrays dance amongst
Forest dense secrets
You will softly rest
Your pale beauty enshrined
By the sweet glade
Your body at peace
Even the earth will fill the crack
Where entered my blade

Yea shall I cut you down
Yea 'twould be your last physical communion
I'll be gentle
And not hurt you

Drip drip
From your sagging lip
Liquid red
Down your body spread
Your soft breast glistens
Your deep navel fountains
Your shadow over chair
Like a plane over mountains