

Horse, Lord Gold Throneroom

the lights are on
the tvs off
the floors are flesh and silk
both sinfully soft
skin glides over silk
and silk glides over skin
the penthouse is alive tonight
theres people writhing in its veins

sunken in the masters chair
lord golds face"a blank survey
women pleasure men at the wave of a golden hand
and turn to receive when it waves again

the wine is fire
the whiskys full of stars
theres a deaf mute in a bunny suit
working the bar
the lovers F**K
they pulse and moan
passion paying tribute
at the foot of a porcelain.....

sunken in the masters chair
lord golds face"a blank survey
women pleasure men at the wave of a golden hand
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STILL HIS EYES ARE LIKE AN EMPTY CAROUSEL
PROMISING PLEASURE BUT OFFERING NONE!

...she feels him,
WATCHING GAZING LEERING BLANKLY VACANT WORTHLESS GOLDEN PERFECT

and outside of these walls these walls nothing exists
and inside of these walls theres flesh + gold and blood in the wine
outside theres barren emotional landscapes
here we drink, dream + cum inside
here theres no pain

WASH OFF THE FILTH AND BRING HER
shower her body with julep and incense
fill her with jewels covered in cum
sacrificed in HIS alter of passions
the golden day has come

the lights are all off now
and the love growing louder
the pink, throbbing and filling the room
indulging the inner, denying the outer
shes brought before he
his empty gaze it lingers....
...he beats a cats paw- against a toy drum
his GOLDEN WILL be done.

(FIN)