

# 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  
and turn to receive when it waves again

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)