

Marc Almond, The Stars We Are

In a Byzantine harem
Where, seeking paradise,
I'd disguised myself as a dog,
A slave told me:
Me, I'd like heavy pearls
Enamelled black pearls
To be dumb, and almost deaf
So that you'd soothe me with words
Words which resemble the sea
Words that one sees through
Words of bitterness and love
Tender words, severe words
Me, I'd like crowded rooms
Where stretched out naked on all fours
Encircled by dogs and chains
Tasting mysterious liquors
Drinks of life and drinks of death
Cups filled to the brim
I place my moist and eager lips
On the kneeling stools therein
Me I'd like a black slave
With the white teeth, strong and cruel
Who'd split my shackles wide
And who'll take me to the sky
In the damp languor of evening
Me all white, and he all black
He'd bite my body, sliding
With a serpent slow...attack
Me, I'd like to be a young woman
Behind glass and iron bars
As pleasure takes my every breath
Until sleep, until death
Beneath my purple-blue eyelids
You know, I have only one thought
To be a woman, yes, it's true
To be a real woman
God.....please...please