

# Soilent Green, Lips As So Of Blood

Remove The Smiling Masks From Upon Unhappy Faces  
Unrelease Their Strain Of Discomfort  
Let The Feeding Of Lust Be Drawn Upon  
An Integral Part Of Essence Which Gives Pain  
Leaving The Withered A Scent Of Hope  
Eyes Lowered  
Teach The Whore To Queen  
And The Queen To Whore  
Bruises Around The Neck As The Draping Of Flowers  
Consement The Meuse For Adoring  
A Discolorment  
Of Pale Sight  
She Is But A Whore  
Contrasting The Lips, As So Of Blood  
Playing The Part Of An Angel...Take Her In  
Slice To The  
Throat  
She Must Learn To Obey  
Pain Is Conducive To Pleasure  
So No Harm Would Come To Her  
I Care Not To Make Desire  
Known  
Touch Of The Lips That Seduce  
Little Obsessions Make Skin Crawl  
Sweat-Stained Scrapbooks  
The Connoisseur Of This So  
Called Art  
Black Silk-Stockings On Covering Knees  
Lying Between Her Two Burned Legs  
Dark Rings Around My Eyes  
Cannot  
Bear To Accept This Beauty To The Body Show  
Cannot Face Her Lips As The Turning Flows Of Blood Grow  
Fierce Scream That Came  
Deep Within Her Throat  
Tears Trickled Down Swollen Eyes, Force Open  
Cover The Body With Fond Kisses, The Sight  
The Smell Of  
Wet Linen Stained  
The Resulting Stench Of Blood, Mixed Urine  
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Their Strain Of Discomfort  
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