

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
Consementate 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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