

The Gothic Archies, Your Long White Fingers

Your long white fingers
Slither and glide
No gloves will hold them
They cannot hide
They frighten children and
They make dogs howl
They glow in darkness and
Fill the faithful with doubt
Your long white fingers
Passion and grace.
Gesticulations
From some dark place.
They look unnatural
Faintly obscene
They loom large in
All the strangest of dreams.