

Atrox, The Bedlam Of The Bedlam

A young man astride a rocking horse. His petticoats bristling. His eyes closed with pleasure enjoying
Facing him sits a filthy oldie shaking his dentures like castanets. Whistling through his nostrils, giggling.
The clattering of my teeth. Sometimes a cough, sometimes an achoo.
Heard a cry for help, but didn't pay attention. Thought it was only myself as usual - the beldam of the
A toothless hag moving eyeball-beads in an abacus. They stare so, they stare so on her rope of pearls.
The oldie chants the alphabet in an order he has fixed himself. Once he strode down the aisle with
His bride-not-to-be (anymore) in the soil right outside.
The youngster tells about how he once lay in a bathtub barely conscious in rusty-bloody-red water.
The bathtub tiptoed on lionpaws to the landing, tipped over and flung him down the stairs on a rusty
I'd like to tell them about a dragon with hiccups. Hiccuping fire in headwind, burning itself. But I'd be