

# Bright Eyes, A Poetic Retelling Of An Unfortunate

the language in the dimmer rooms seems to represent its light source well  
how soft they speak and seem to be at peace  
with the movement of the music and the madness that is pulling me into this  
and the shades of the lamps are woven red  
the light, it stains and consecrates  
anointing all forgotten forms that swirl and smoke  
and haunt this place  
the girls in gowns all nurse the dark  
pulling it near to their swelling breasts  
and watch as it seeps to their hearts  
and beats within their virgin chests  
and here i know seduction breeds from wanton hearts that would  
seduce and grows and spreads its vine  
and leaves embracing those who might have moved  
but now we're made to drink the night from vials black and thick  
with such intoxicating delights would leave you drunk  
inside this dream  
and you watch them take the light from you  
and you find yourself on a velvet couch  
tasting the skin of a foreign girl  
her eyes are black and wet like oil  
and she ties your hands with a string of pearls  
and you tremble like a frightened bird  
as she closes in and captures you to place you  
in a silver cage deep within her poisoned womb  
so once your safe inside, she might let you out  
to fly in circles around the room  
but its always night and there is no moon  
and you wonder if you are alive  
and you're not sure if you want to be  
but you drink her sweat like it was wine  
and you lay with her on a bed of blue and its awful sweet  
like the fruit she cuts and feeds to you