

Carpathian Forest, Pierced Genitalia

The toes that you step on today may be
connected to the ass you'll be kissing tomorrow.
These feelings are left from you.
Like a vast burning field
and then you submit yourself to me.
Perversion of the flesh.
With needles in thin skinned places.
The warm blood of life poured on the floor,
but who gives a shit when your life is a plague.
A rollercoaster ride of pain.
I saw the white in your eyes.
Beat me, she said.
Cruel, violent shotgun love.
I kill you, point blank range.
I drank too much of the midnight wine,
disregardless of whatever I claim my throne.
Your voice kept ringing in my ears
like little echoes from yesterdays.
I did not want,
I did not feel.