

Le Grand Guignol, Madness And Her Thousand Y

Oh no, she's awake!

As a pristine cupido she dwells in her abode
A repellent nimbus secures her scarcely uncouth brains

Thither goes my sanity !

The narcotic deluge leaves me in parched dismay
Whilst I realize the nigh vortex only from afar

Led astray to dance like a wincing spasm,
I am trying to elude the roaring maelstrom, drawing nearer

I tumble and fall into my unfathomed mind

Thus it has finally arrived,
My reckoning moment of truth
And I am willing to do penance

In every wish you speak,
In every thought you think they hide
On every move you make,
On every breath you take they ride
They are the pupils of Great Mistress Nausea
They are the children of dementia,
If children they are ?

Her unhinged kinship entices my abysmal zest
As with diligence I ascend the close apex

She will harass again!
mother ?