

Liar Of Golgotha, The Soul Above All Others

Deducting waves of existance, of being, of life itself, obtained
by a simple spell of brightness covering the dark contours
of Her iris'. Her charm engulfing me as flies around a continious
lightning bolt, luring me into a fatal temptation. Leaving me
lifeless in an anesthetic trace of vulvic scent,
Her most precious magic potion, amorously pungent.
But as we linked Her draining curse metamorphed into
a mutual exchange; Her energy as inspiration covering my fingers.
She had caught a slight draft of underestimation,
when She approached me under the intention of perforating
holes in my aura. I have the soul above all others, which
lessens my vulnerability. So when She performed Her task on me
I fed upon Her radiance. Proclaimed the whore of Satan,
this radiance was pure blackness, perversion of the wildest shape,
pulling me towards this black hole in Her mind. Now knowing
my lifeforce pierces Her luscious organic structure I have
closed a chapter of spiritual desolation and I will nurture every
strain of Her life I stole that night in the hope our souls
will join once more. In whatever spacial frame.
Only this can be true vampirism.