

Nocturne, The Final Hour

(Music and Lyrics by Lacey Conner)

We meet just past sundown
Hands clenched, tempers flared
Two frail figures doused in hatred
An intimately vile affair

The sound growing louder
The beating won't abate
Now lies our initiation

These bones break like matchsticks
And then we all fall down
Rolling, scratching in the dirt
This encounter is so perfect

A sudden rush begins our siege
Your eyes fill with a seductive rage
For one quick flash I feel you stroke me
Then the pain is re-engaged

You throw me up against the wall
For one quick flash I feel you want me
And then everything goes black

These bones break like matchsticks
And then we all fall down
Writhing, fighting in the dirt
This encounter is so perfect

Your lips caress my neck
For one quick flash I feel you hate me
Your nails dug in my skin
But your hate is what intoxicates me

As I gain redemption
Your hate turns to fear
One final blow concludes our act
I leave you there with one last kiss