

# 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