

Vehemence, She Never Noticed Me

"Sitting alone, staring blankly at the floor, my thoughts turn to her...."

What to say? (she is so beautiful, she'd never want me)

Who is she? (she says nothing to no one perpetually)

-Back of the room, her face in a book, her skirt riding high on her thigh

Number one student, top of the class, she exists to no one but me....

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Who is she? (she says nothing to no one perpetually)

I sometimes notice the bruise on her face, or the swollen lip

And most often I gaze at the cross which hangs between her breasts....

'So soft and gentle...so beautiful..."

I dream of her....Playing out scenes in my mind...

I dream of her....Kissing me gently, caressing...

I must kill her....She doesn't want me, she'll die...

I must kill her....She can have no one but me! (Here I come!!)

Venturing into the street....

I know where she lives....

I know where her bedroom is....

I know everything about her...

She'll see- I'll show her

She'll see- I'll show her

-Her light is off, but her bedroom door is open, I can see her...

Legs spread, I can hear her moans through the window....

"But there's something wrong,"she gazes at a picture of Jesus....

Watching her in that room, I am in love with her....