

## **Demonic "Rotting Sleeping Beauty"**

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(I found) my gilded forest archangel but wounded  
upon the forest floor  
And with Her gasping last breath bore the love that she  
swore forevermore  
I climb the haunting winding staircase With intent to  
plunge deep into the fathomless abyss, whence upon  
the precipice  
But alas, a vengeful thought lures me away to savour  
thy lovelorn kiss

Dark taints of lustrum, an amorous covet wrought  
Through thick tales of warfare, through which my loyal  
serpents sought  
To mutiny thereafter, for eternity in sweet Tyranny's  
arms  
Thus I tailored away to blacker pastures and  
philosophical psalms  
And as She led them astray, through orgiastic foreplay  
Each in vanity to display their likenesses per se  
'Twas it not for Her beauty, a slicken goddess that they  
sought  
For if he couldn't have Her, then god would surely  
forfeit Her soul

Kissing Her smouldering burnt black lips for the last  
Time beats no relevance in my languished morning  
tonight  
I hear my angel singing briskly  
She gleams as mind's opera screams  
Like starving voyeurs unto my coming  
She appears as if in my dreams

I am the face of pain that lingers in the dark  
Upon the gloomy misanthropic tears  
That thou once shed underneath casket glass  
When the skies were benighted, and I returned the  
masses to Earth  
I owe these horrid fates I've sewn to a quenchless  
sanguine thirst

From which my race was born in illustrious bridal  
gowns

For a taste of immortality I licked Her lips with passions  
as yet unknown  
Toward a myriad of forbidden lusts and midnight  
overthroes  
To languid anguish of thee and sodden woe

Then from the shadows such a hideous crone  
The sight of which left me green faced and sickly  
prone  
To convulsive plague whereby the dozens died in  
droves  
And christ waved his flag of truce, begging mercy to  
be bestowed

What triumphs may come? Tyranny in his arms  
Fighting back the tears of fear for the dagger at Her  
throat  
Biding my time, I let come what may  
Then 'twixt suspenseful disarray I watch Her fall from  
grace  
Like severed orchids, trodden to sodden Earth  
Terror and tragedy immerse the cognitive horse-drawn  
hearse

The heavens lie in ruin at the mercy of devastation  
A picturesque portrait of hell as in midnight chimes  
damnation  
And effigies stand enthroned of sweet graceful  
Tyranny  
A sombre monument She stands so proud in its irony  
But eternity lengthens without thy sweet embrace  
Or the beauty of thy face  
Mortals drown in misery, in despairing mournful tears  
For fallen regal icons that they once held so dear

I smell Her scent upon the gentle whispering breeze  
Alas my soul, wilt thou not come back for me...?

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