

Funeral For A Friend "Counterparts"

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I hear vile whispers
Conjured from the lips of she who is damned
Vampire, desire
Her somber words are like a blight on the land
Pale lover, I suffer
Like a fly in a spider's web
Shallow cries, night skies
Open up causing stars to ebb

I felt her cool breath upon my twisted neck
With her frail hands on my skin,
We indulged in wicked sex
Annoyed with sickly joy,
A chill had gripped my spine
DeSade said I should worship pain
And happily make it mine

She is the other part of me

I placed a dagger in her hands
As she strapped me to a rack
She took the blade and with sexual fever,
Cut and carved my back
She unbound my arms and kissed me once,
My pale vampiric whore
She spread her legs as if to the devil,
To slide her cunt onto daggers and swords

She is the other part of me
From a darker reality

Here we lay on the floor
Sprawled about in our own blood
Distortion, abortion
Abomination in the eyes of God
True lover, no other
My flame burns warm for you
Please have me, please hurt me
We can keep our scars out of public view

