

## **Funeral Fornication "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

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