

Funeral Fornication "Mother Of Peril"

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Drowning in sepia, she faded her world
And wrenched at the threads of solace
Blood flow thin, the elixir of passion
Teeming through poorly stitched seams

Empress of dismal, who inhales depression
With filed teeth, tore at stagnation
Woe was a blade encrusted in rust
Into her own black heart she thrust

The searing abyss that I saw in her eyes
Whispered betrayal, a contagion of lies
You are in danger, she said unto me
Escape from this place, set yourself free

Suicide was the portal, void of distress
A weary voyage into my oubliette
Forever in darkness, together we are
Sweet deprivation, most cordial emotional scar

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