

## Holy Martyr

### "Dungeons And Drag Queens"

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Oh, loathsome midnight dreary throught pit and bog, a forgotten road tis thee I fear of old. Hark! Thither a chateau! With hunting forbode it filled me. Yet it ruins. I hastened to it bleakly, reasons unclearly. Though still as death whilst my heart it beat with terror at this profound mystery I stumbled upon error. Swirling blackness crept up on the midnight spirits's woe the sould of a love lost to the grave, from hence came a scream! And what is this that I perceive in the rotted wainscotting? Why a passage to a hidden staircase! Candlelabrum lit' in the tunnels down to a cold and slimey crypt below. Suddenly a bloody hand seized me. What a grip! From behind a black veil two lips uttered in a lisp: "Noble night! I shall launch my lance into thine innards.... How 'bout a change? Art thou not a beginner? Now bend over swiftly you artful beginner!" My , such feelings overcame me, such phantoms in my head! I turned swiftly to kiss my new love only to see a skeleton of the dead!

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