

Marc Almond "Unborn Stillborn"

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In the pulsing of the womb
Waits the unborn prince of evil :
Eyes ablaze with the light of unchained anguish
seething
Waits and bides timeless time to rip open vibrant
stillborn
Crying, help me to tear free like the wolf
In the night bays hungry.
Slides is tongue across grim and greening teeth
He moves in the night
With shadows,
Smiles as friend
Touch a lover too

He takes him the child to kiss him.
There's a curtain coming down over memory
And silent, the stage glares empty ;
And the blood tide, on the bitter shore,
Sweeps over the mind till morning.
I will never love again
I will never ever
Love again.

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