

Cultus Sanguine "Defenestration"

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Oh what a gal!
She seems such a perfect victim:
This I can tell, for if beauty by guilt,
she's guilty

Ordinarily,
I'd not wish to frighten her or hurt her,
But such beauty inspires one
to give the gift of murder

She's the kind of girl you want to
run up and tackle through a window some floors up
and spatter you both to hell

«Come and get it;
your stuffed bunny's at the window,

But not that far out...
Reach little one! Reach!...»

Tantalized a child is want to
take a ill-considered
course of action; such is life:
is experience not bitter?

Leaning too far
out the open attic casement window,
baby plummets
to a messy death not so far below

Rend your flesh to ribbons
on shards of broken glass,
fading screams and abruptly:

Defenestration

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