

Penitent

"At Feasts Full Of Warm Blood"

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Good and high.
The sky darkened.
The sweet blood coming on.
Dark and deep.
A grey anvil of clouds.
Thoughts spinning away.
Broken by a hollow whistling sound.

The life on blood.
I was back in the woods again.
An awesome piece of work.
Sparkling like frosted flakes.
A delicate one.
Sugar to my vampire eyes.
Sparkling like a spider web.
I stop on the path sprinkled with dew.

Alive on blood a grey shadow drops.
Like a stone. Rises with beating wings.
Over a thin chattering sound.
Flickering torches.
A graveyard at dusk.

The soft glow of a cavern.
The lore of vampires.
Other things are good in their ways...
...but give me blood.
Darkness in latitudes falls swiftly.
At feasts full of warm blood.

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