

Sabaoth

"The Nails"

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...nails grow for a fortnight
... a child with no hair yet on his upper lip
... eyes wide open
... to pretend to suavely stroke his forehead
... one's long nails into his tender breast
... one drinks the blood
... licking the wounds
... the boy cries
Haven't you ever tasted your blood?
... tears of your true love
... those hoarse shrieks of death
What shall become of me on the Day of Judgement?
Forgive me child!

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