

The End **"Her (Inamorata)"**

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The whites of her eyes, porcelain.
Her voice so ambient as I release
We loved her Once.
In her mouth, in her mouth.
She lives in the peripheral and listens.
She kills in the peripheral and glory speaks her name
Glory cuts her face.
We are drenched in sin.
We are the infinite.

Infinite.

Lost in abstract wounds
Drink from abstract wounds
The whispers distract from the cutting.
Lost in abstract wounds
Drink from abstract wounds
This small sense of pride.
This can't be! no stop. NO STOP!
Solvents soaked in her blood.
Solvents soaked in her blood.

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