

Withering Surface "Black As I"

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You Are The SALT
In SICKNESS
I Am The WOUND
In SICKNESS And HEALTH

The Music Ceases
As Your NOBLE Touch Pleases
Your PREDICTABLE Touch Ceases
As The Tirering Music Pleases

You Are The WATER
In SICKNESS
I Am The FLAME
In SICKNESS And Health

Maybe, I Want To Cherish
Your Sensual VIRGINITY

Maybe, I Want To Cherish
Your Sensual INABILITY

Maybe, You Ask Why
Why You Are, BLACK AS I

And Sorrow Fills The Moon
As I KISS HER Faithfully
And Shadows Fill The Room
As The BEAST Take Shape To Win

You're Black, You're Black
You're BLACK AS I

When Our THRILLS Cease
I Leave The World Behind
A DELIGHTFUL Feast I Wish
Oh, Lord, You Know I Tried

Like Blood, A SCENT In The Sun
So Special, Maybe THE ONLY ONE

And HER Flaming LIPS
Swallow My Endless Mess

And HER Lovely HEARTLESS Soul
I Soon Have Torn - IN TWO

"All black souls should look
For white elements in themselves"

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