

Most Precious Blood "Why Hyenas Laugh"

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There's not a prayer in the world
In any sect or any tongue
Holy enough to be answered
To undo what's been done

The urge to recoil and strike
Swells like the tide
This classic position
A beginning which looks like the end

It lingers to sting
Abscess and canker
Swollen decay
Lusting forever
The most wretched of flypaper thoughts race
Across the mind as the moan like a whore
Their only love is to linger and sting
And swell by feeding on the hurt they bring
You won't live through this

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