## My Dying Bride "The Blue Lotus"

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Under the darkened, Ancient oak
Gentle in the nights breeze
I stop and stare, rest a while
With hands upon my knees
Through jades leaves, bush and scrub
I spy my journeys end
Black it looms, silent gloom
The castle called Avend
On I trot, past forest eyes
Past horrors of the night
Through the dark, I see a sign
A gently glowing light

Upon reaching the castle I ascend the ivy
Towards the golden window
My heart pounds and my breath is rushed
As I fight both brick and branch
The ledge is mine and over I sweep
Silent like the falling snow
Quiet, I slip across the polished floow
Tonight, I will dine with chance

The Blue Lotus, a legend, I thought a myth Old poems and stories gone A beauty of unimaginable lust Both men's hearts, and Gods, were won Skin like milk, an angels face They say her smile could kill Her hair the blackest of all black Stories I thought though, still So there she lay, sleeping upon the bed Half covered by fantastic silks Her breast I see, moves with her dreams A sight I will always recall A single candle that showed me the way Through forest, river and hills Glows upon that lovely skin Shadows dancing around the walls

Closer I creep, toward my prize The Blue Lotus lies before me Her lips are full, red as blood Moist as they invite me
Stoop I did to kiss those lips
In that glowing room
When suddenly, she did awake,
Her eyes filled with doom
From silks, her hands wer round my neck
Escape there was no hope
A brief flash of teeth is all that I saw
And gone was my throat
Her bloodlust deep, she swallowed me
Red was all I saw
She drank her fill and watched me fall
Gently to the floor

A league away my death is found By locals who tend this land Who lay me down in shallow earth A single Lotus placed in my hand.

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