

My Passion

"Horrible Pain"

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I invoke him...
And he comes to me in my dreams dressed in black.
He speak in a language only I can understand.
His hands are warm, his breath is hot
He is the horrible pain within my heart
My religion, my sanctuary, my church, my sacrifice,
My profession my exorcism...
My worship in progress
I have no other lover...
Now until forever
He is magic and when he kisses me I can taste him on
my lips like an elixir
Far from innocent he is pure evil, a sinners prayer...
A saint's desire.
For him I would walk through fire for him...
I have walked through fire.
To draw him I want so bad...
One gift I'll never have.
He drives a stake into my soul makes me bleed,
Makes me whole, drinks me, devours me, intoxicates
me...
With his love
Hate devotion faith as beautiful as Jesus Christ
He is as brutal as the depths of hell.
In my dreams I press my mouth agains his and I feel
Heaven... horror... terror.
He looks at me with that look I call his serial killer look
Like he wants to fuck me and kill me all at the same
time.
It scares me..
It turns me on, his eyes are brown his stare is intense...
Meaningful, powerful, maybe that's why he is so
fucking scary...
Because he means it.
Sometimes he tells me he loves me as he looks at me
with that look.
Sometimes he doesn't have to.
I've never felt a man look at me with that look,
It's almost freaky... uncomfortable.... sexy.
I guess I know he could never really chop off my hands,
or could he?

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