

## **The New York Room**

### **"Kiss Of The Succubus"**

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in the silence of my empty bed  
I sleep with your voice and the things you said  
but all of your words seem to lose their meaning  
when I am left alone here dreaming  
of all the dying cold, blue flowers  
and all the lonely silent hours  
I have spent without you here  
in isolation and silent fear  
in the corners of my empty heart  
I keep your bones where your love held a part  
and left to die, drowning slowly  
like all the words that you once told me  
about the sadness in your painted stare  
I looked into it but found nothing there  
except desire and your burning need  
of desperation and selfless greed  
in the stillness of my empty room  
I see your ghost in a shrouded tomb  
you lift your burning hands in the air  
you fall to your knees in your despair  
you cry in sorrow, you shout their names  
but your dry tears are lost in the flames

and when it is over and your body dies

your pain is eternal and your left with your lies

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