

## **The Seventh Gate**

### **"Eyes of an Angel"**

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i take this gun out of mouth and point it right at you  
licking warm blood - off of soft lips  
caressing the cold - stiffened idea of love  
inhaling her beauty - her encompassing scent  
soft rain - drowns out the light  
lightly pressing - lustful fingertips  
upon her lips  
ice cold lips - that seem to whisper back  
sweetened songs of seduction - stop  
shallow pools of paling blue reside in her eyes  
slowly fading, being washed away by warm tears  
so slow, so quiet  
wash away the dried blood on her lips  
wash away the memories of his cold embrace

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