

The Seventh Gate (The 7th 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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