

## Faceless, The "The Ghost Of A Stranger"

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Infatuated with the corpse  
An exact image of what it was just a moment ago  
A ball gag suppresses the last breath that it ever took  
My body is bathed in the warmth of blood  
Never thought that it would  
Have kept me warm on this very fateful night  
But now I know that those screams were not of pain but  
they were my ecstasy  
Its white skin is illuminated under pale moonlight  
Reminiscent of fresh snowfall  
The patterns formed by shadows and its hair make  
each square inch unique  
My lips still burn from the last time that I uttered its  
proper name  
Those thin wrists seem to melt in my hands  
My flesh on its flesh with gravity on my side  
I should, but wont, tread lightly on it  
My garments lay in shreds with the last of my humanity  
Brushing the hair from its face I am locked into a dead  
stare  
Its open pupils act as a mirror and they a reflecting  
back at me  
Not who I am but, what I have become  
I pledge allegiance to this husk, giving it all that I've  
got  
Pushing my power in  
And absorbing its life as mine, becoming one with it  
I unclasp the ball gag and inhale its death

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