

## **Vendetta Red** **"Banshee Ballet"**

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Shame rests in the hollow circles under all of our eyes.  
You stole the living air from me and payback is a bitter banshee.

At the site of my grave performed thier bitter biopsy  
diva and deviant dichotomy.

Sleep came in a vision of beauty,  
she hovered over my bed,  
she had her holy way with me,  
and made me cum like the clergy.

She led me through a cluttered gallery,  
took me by the hand and she said, "Come here boy,  
stick your head between my legs and start praying."

At the site of my grave she had her holy way with me  
for her benevolent biography.

The earth stood still, and the air fell ill,  
and they sky bled acid rain for days.

Suckles, sincere, and crystal clear like the sound of  
failing dirt upon the lid of my coffin.

At the site of my grave she had her holy way with me,  
and hung a halo on a hard harpy.

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