

## **Vendetta Red** **"Shiver"**

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fear in a frame? or the picture of a girl?  
with a gorgonesque stare her scale covered hair  
has got a snake in every curl.  
with her forked tongue and those ash colored eyes get  
you down on the naked and sore  
first you shiver then you die  
cut your fingers on the page where those old wounds  
run deep.  
still the taste of the sand, rosary in her hand haunt you  
in your sleep.  
shiver, you'll shiver through the night  
i'm delivered, vapid vulture to the light  
gonna shiver and shiver and shiver and shiver  
you'll shiver through the night  
deceived by the sound the pitter patter of little feet,  
was the rhythmless rave of your cloven hooved babe  
calling to you from the street.  
she taunts you as she dances your genitals in the dirt.  
your eternal heart aches, your bones bend and break  
but the beating barely hurts.  
so desperate to love but you just can't pretend that her  
hands weren't claws.  
your madonna was medusa in the end.  
it's too late to keep your tongue from sliding round the  
scales of the snake.  
ride the snake

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