



"I, Vampire."

by Obituarium & Dreamcatcher

I, Vampire

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Up the lattice and down the stairs my Scarlet awaits midnight kisses, as she sleeps beneath satin sheets, until waking to an eternal dusk. I Vampire, Lord willing me my thirst, in shadow of the pale moonlight as an ensemble of cellos bow, strings of resin snow. Touching your warm breasts with my lips of cold magenta, a frozen December, my love, as your eyes fear not me. Come fly with me beyond the face of mortals in poetic animation, soaring to new heights for those thirsting lust.

