

Cold Flesh

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Life and Death

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Like the Winter and the Night you engulf me and refuse to leave until the experience has ended leaving the trauma of ordeal and delay. Such misdirection and overwhelming blindness, my eyes they cannot see the way. You touch and soft my warm, tender life and fragile desire of wanting you to touch me deep inside and give me dream but you do not want the same. You bite and suck and thrust for gain, I fear I do not satisfy what you truly need is life I have not left to give. You thirst for flavour of blood that moves within my young corpse it cannot feel such need for things you choose to hide. I touch your cold, dead body with hands that freeze from the lack of warmth a living woman would have. My dark needs can come to some arrangement with your blue body of ice, if only for some signs of life you would be a real delight. Now choose to join together for pleasures you can no longer comprehend with body so lifeless and cold. These moments of horror never leave my mind that cannot control you fail to communicate as I touch your cold breasts and your legs wrap around my waist as I thrust deep within your frozen body. Oh fragrance so cold like death. Your tongue like dead meat still enjoyable to a gloomy freak as I.

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