

The Darkling Homage

by Wormwood Folly

Self-Mutilation
A teens interest in darkness and death
Love

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The perfect red ruby jewels
Appear with your caress
They shimmer softly as they fall
In homage of my death.
The rapture of my exquisite pain -
Is an addiction – it feeds my heart.
The whispering ache of a wound –
Is my lullaby for long nights.
Tools of the trade haunt me
Their icy fingers choke me –
Whilst I dream of blood-soaked lands.
The tools paint their nails with my pain –
The precious ruby jewels I horde.
They laugh at me, for my dependence –
On pain, and blood ad twisted things. –

Dark things, dark pleasures of my mind.

Death cradles me in iron wrought arms

And soothes me with a bite of fruit –

A poisoned apple, maggot invested –

Embodiment of necrotic sin.

I kiss his alabaster skin –

It tastes like my decaying breath.

He sings to me a song of lusty woe –

And shows me the fires of Hell down below.

Pain and death and carnal harmony

Dance with me under the pearl moon,

As I chant a chant of my twisted endeavours.

My Gods, my queens, my shadowed muse –

They called upon my soul tonight.

I pray to my beloved deities,

As they slaughter all my woes –

And call my name on the wind.