

The Darkling Homage

by Wormwood Folly

Self-Mutilation
A teens interest in darkness and death
Love

The Darkling Homage

Chapter 1 of 1

Self-Mutilation
A teens interest in darkness and death
Love

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.