

Marguerite & Gretchen

Akercocke

And it is the thrash of limbs, in my bed
That keeps me from sleep, if I could sleep
It is the musky scent of their sex
Bodies intertwined, that beckon me
With identical smiles, they said nothing
But unsistely kisses
In the torchlight, in the halflight
I listen to them come

"oh, Marguerite, we'll have to submit to his will..."
"we'll have to submit..."

Beckoning me, seducing me
Hand in hand, body on body
Moist to the touch
The sweat soaked back that writhes in my hands
The bottomless eyes, cold grey eyes
That stare as I come

And the rasping, ragged breaths and
The entanglement of limbs
Trace the bead of perspiration
That hypnotises, mesmerises
I inhale the sweetness of
The innocence that I destroy
My shadow rises and falls
To the dance of the torchlight

Pleasure - delight - domination - damnation