

The Pleasure Dome

Chaostar

Restless bodys clad in black
Allien faces dressed in shadows
Their eyes fixate upon her skin
Her skin, her neck, her figure
The smell of womanhood

(the) Hunger unites with lust
Her heart beats on demon-speed
Exitment flows like a wild stream
Her nipples hard, her loins a flame
The tie her softly onto the bed
Naked in heat, she lies in wait
Their kiss, their touch, their entry

Suddenly fangs enter her flesh
Pain and pleasure becomes one
As life deserts this mortal shell
She explodes in countless orgasms