

The Medusa

The Haunted

She is a saint
Her womb is a place of rejection
She washes her perfect skin quietly
and hates me for being real
Kill the lights and listen for noises to give you away
Sanctuary
I need a place where I can feel...
John James Hewitt (1931-1969) The Orchard: "It feels like we're
all locked up in little cages"
"The ceiling is closing in, and the walls...
The walls are closing in - Can't you feel that?"
I will turn my eyes away
I will not turn into stone
No more accusations and lies
She's spreading her self
Flesh giving way to flesh
I watch her bones
I'm being eaten alive
Remove the eyes
Remove the eyes
Remove intentions and kill the lights
Her love is a blinding line of fire to where I stand
Her love is as cold as her desire
I'll never be free