

And the Kiss of God's Mouth (Part II)

Virgin Black

Kiss the image in a stranger's casket
What has become of the splendor?
Twelve strokes have fallen
And the faintly heard breath
That argued my beauty

A ruined soul bewailing
Where the angels allow their wings bewilted
To droop, to bow to the bosom of a friend

Kiss me tenderly, savage God
My lips are dumb to speak a thousand inane words
And how sweet a toil
All is dark, all is blackened
All, but an upturned face