

The Temptress

She walks by in midnight attire,
blood curdling red like wine,
veins pulsating with every breath.
Every step further into the darkness,
her voice cried out a howl
unlike anything I have ever heard.
In an instant, she was my madness
she was my poison.
I was forever under her spell.

Blood Lust

Tear me open,
rip me to shreds,
feed off my soul.
Bathe in my passion for you.
Take me as you wish,
in the midnight hours
in which you seem to dwell,
lay with me in the darkness,
let me take you to hell.

Unleashed

Look at you,
cowered over,
searching for a way to make this about me.
You foolish soul.
Can you feel my resentment building?
My anger toward your very breath?
Can you not see what you have created?
The monster in me is eager to feed off your lies.
All of your insecurities,
all of your pain,
you have unleashed the part of me
I tried hard to bury away.
Yet, you took your shovel
dug me up.
Do not underestimate my power,
my worth.
I will demolish everything you ever hoped and prayed for
so I can sit back,
basking in all of my new found glory
while I watch you struggle and beg
like I have for you.

Inner Pep Talk

Hey you,
broken little girl
sitting in the corner
wallowing in self-pity
for all that has been done to you:
LISTEN UP!
You're broken,
with your heart on the floor-
Who are you?
Why won't you fight?
Get your ass up!
Fight the battle they chose to create.
Destroy and demolish,
take your power back,
take yourself back,
show them who you are,
make them never be able to forget you.

Thirsty

Coming closer, she wept
like her soul was on fire,
yet inside,
she was calm
enough to rip open my heart,
feed on my passion for her.
She cared not what happened to me,
only about what she would gain
from draining me dry.

Burgundy Lips

Burgundy lips,
rose petal hips,
that's what she liked to say about me.
What a lovely depiction.
If only she knew my lips burned with rage to get their color,
my hips threw me into storm after storm
of unapologetic lies and deceit,
all while taking others prisoner with their charm.
Oh, how burgundy lips and rose petal hips
sounds deliciously melancholy.