

# How Like A Winter, The Night, Then Him

The mirror watches  
He's hiding  
Yet knows he's everywhere  
A swarm of faithful flies  
That unconditionally love Him  
Like a festering fruit  
He creates the void in his eyes  
Paints Himself by shades of red  
With drops of absinthe  
And laudanum  
In that wretched Sundays  
That fast become violet then black  
Limbs in gangrene in a crippled body  
The guest in the mirror  
Hopes that night would give HIM  
a gleam of nasty pleasure  
in a life so tiresome  
The guest awaits  
his moment for he knows He won't go too far  
Soon He will be back with His prey so young  
And scary, but beautiful like a summer's morning  
The hunger will be satisfied for just a moment  
Alas! he wants more and more and more?  
Crying, He watches  
While he's eating  
No face lives  
No sound tunes  
Forbidden meals that intoxicate more than wine  
A sleepless killer  
and an hopeless sinner  
enslaved by his own beauty  
that now shines once more  
deep in that mirror  
soon thirsty again  
and again?the guest will wait.