

# Virgin Black, Beloved

How many times will I look at you?  
Allured by the scent of your death  
And the savage priests, to a suffering soul  
Exult in a strangled song  
I am soothed from anger into sorrow  
As they knot their wreaths against my limbs  
Help me understand the stench in my mind  
Why do they impair our vision?  
Can anyone taste my blood?  
I have clung, quivering, with bruised flesh  
Christendom rise and dress yourself  
What delicious tears you've made me shed  
Beloved, how many times I look at you  
With suspended breath, and unguarded heart?  
Like a cradled child you hold me  
(With hysterical affection, to console this loss)  
Beloved  
Their semblance of love curses your beauty  
In the blindness of my distress  
In your dense black eyes  
I see your silent grief