

## **I feel for you**

With blood on my hands

I scourge the lands

*I feel for you*

I cannot relent

And therefore repent

*I feel for you*

I help none

They're not the one

*I feel for you*

I hate the love

I feel from above

*I feel for you*

Amen

## **Blood on glass**

I see the red dot on cold glass and I remember,  
I see your flesh under my hands begging me for surrender,  
I do not know when this went too far,  
I only hope if I wish upon a star,  
You would come back to me

There's a space on the settee where you last sat with me,  
Things to come, things to go, things yet to be,  
I can't remember taking the strap,  
I don't recall ever laying a trap,  
You can't or don't move anymore

With God at my window and Death at the door  
I cannot push away the thrill of your being on the floor  
To roast in hell for my sin is a must  
For not having the power to chain up my lust  
I go now and know, no more.

## **A dark man cometh**

I don't leave the house anymore because I can't,  
I don't leave the house anymore because I won't,  
I don't leave the house anymore because...

*In cold winters rain I felt the same when you and I were one.  
Where have those days gone?*

I don't leave the house anymore because I can't...

*remember the line of your face or the soul I could trace from now 'till evermore.*

I don't leave the house anymore because I won't...

*feel your kiss or steal your bliss and know pain has forever gone from my door*

I don't leave the house anymore.

## **I await the sin**

It comes from within but without I am nought  
Inside or outside my need has been wrought  
Dark desires at funerals pyres enrapture my eyes

*Would you come to me?*

The lonely days with waiting greys fill me  
The world outside I have denied for us to be  
Death at my heart, head turned to the skies

*Dare you come to me?*

Mine is the greatest ever need for love  
I don't look for prayers borne upon wing'ed dove  
Knife in my hand, all my love dies.

## **Golem**

With a belly of earth and a heart of mirth he came to me  
Stinking of moss and full of grey dross he came to be  
Outside my door tracking mud on my floor

He pulled out a chair and I continued to stare  
The man of mud was covered in blood  
Some of that was also on the floor

His eyes were alive with evil  
His hand was full of nails  
I am on the floor

Mud

## A pear tree of dreams

There were times in years gone by that no one knew the secret  
Greedy people sought it out and wanted for themselves to keep it  
The tree came down so those around town  
Could each take a branch, and eat it

Each man and woman with dreams to un-govern took it in turns to fly  
Above and around the sleepy small town people began to cry  
Upon taking to the skies they learned not how to get down  
Those stupid greedy people  
From the pear tree town

All day and all night some stayed up in flight  
Their friends and kin bashed themselves in, upon the coming of the light  
Not all those who learned lived  
Their bits to be sieved  
Those stupid greedy people  
From the pear tree town

'Up, Up and away!' they cried on that first day when taking flight  
Now they moan and cry and beg to die as day yet again becomes night  
Anyone left on the ground down below  
Has yet to realise, yet to know  
When those stupid greedy people left  
Have anything left, to let go!

It became a place to see, a place to point and stare  
At all those greedy people, aloft and twirling up in the air  
The frights on their faces  
Soon changing places  
When headed towards those down below

## **Blood puddles**

Blood in puddles makes me quiver  
For the delight of its taste I feel a shiver  
Not normal as such, to eat pulpy slutch  
I'd eat both your brains, and your liver

It's an empty delight to eat of your fright  
I don't care or know or conceive of your plight  
In a bucket or glass, its my lips to pass  
In a minute or more, it'll be mother night

I tap, tap, tap on your window pane  
You feel my tug, tug, tug in your brain  
You'll let me in, and take my sin  
It's the best there is, to be insane

After an hour or two you expire  
I myself will build you a pyre  
There'll be some wood, and even more blood  
It's the end of my desire

Coming soon in 'Worlds Without, Worlds Beyond', the online magazine of Andrea  
Dean Van Scoyoc award winning horror author.