

Poisonous Lips

Our souls spring from peace
like a flower about to bloom
so gentle and beautiful
as soft as a touch
could give me chills
yet a kiss could kill.

Siren Song

My distressed maiden rests upon the top
of the Rhine River, hypnotizing men
with her sorrowful songs which capture their
hearts, leading them to death. My lethal ghost

bride, forgive my broken promise for not
coming home soon after my journey was
completed. My quest turned fatal and my
soul rests too far from the rock on the Rhine

river, where you jumped to your death,
caused by a deserted heart, that is now
trapped in a Siren's body. Your luscious
locks flow with the dramatic song you sing

in hopes of my returning to home.
My sweet Lorelei, I will arrive soon.