

Familiar taste of poison

Grell x Madame Red Songfiction

Von SeraphinaBlack

Familiar taste of poison

Drink the wine, my darling, you said
Take your time, consume all of it
But the roses were only to drain my inspiration
The promises were spoiled before they left your lips and...

I knew he was poisoning me with his words, with his actions, like alcohol, that clouded my mind and made my discernment useless. But it was more addictive than wine, it was pure poison, that I drank voluntarily for escaping the torture chamber inside of my chest, in which fate had locked my heart so many years ago. Grell brought me roses, everyday on the tray with my breakfast... First I had enjoyed that little attentiveness, but soon had realized, that the blossoms would fade one day, along with his love for me. They weren't an evidence for his promises he had made me, more likely, they were a metaphor for our love. At the moment I received them, they were beautiful and full of life, but with every day they laid beside my bed, like Grell stuck to my side, they lost a petal... like a countdown until he would break his oath and leave me or even worse, would destroy me...

I breathe you in again just to feel you
Underneath my skin, holding on to
The sweet escape is always laced with a familiar taste of poison

Nevertheless I let him stay by my side, let myself be touched and loved by this man. Even though I knew how dangerous he was for my life... But it felt to good, the attention, the tenderness, but also the wildness he touched me. The sweet nothings he whispered into my ear, while he made love with me... the soft kisses, I replied so eagerly, enjoying their bitter-sweet taste, caused by the lies I tried to believe and the sour poison called truth... Nevertheless I was addicted to this crimson red reaper, since he seemed to be the only person in this world, who understood my manic thoughts. When I was with him the terrible voices inside my head shut up and the pain in my chest nearly disappeared. At least for a few hours, only for returning even stronger, when I noticed, that this would not last forever again. How much I hated and at the same time loved myself for sicking by his side...

I tell myself that you're no good for me

I wish you well, but desire never leaves
I could fight this til the end
But maybe I don't want to win

I stopped counting the numberless battles in my mind between my weak, wounded heart trying to hold onto the only thing, that made it hurt a little less and my distrustful mind. They didn't give me a break, not even while. when I was sleeping, they were showing me the consequences, but also averages of my romance, with my own destruction, called Grell Sutcliff. One day my head gained mastery and I nearly managed to get out of the chains, his smooth words and promises had tied around my limbs. Unfortunately, he always seemed to notice that and managed to make me fall back into my addiction even harder...

I don't wanna be saved, I don't wanna be sober
I want you on my mind, in my dreams behind these eyes
And I won't wake up, no not this time.

And perhaps that's good... I mean, at least I'm not in pain and I can enjoy it, as long as it lasts, right? Perhaps this time following my heart was the right choice, even though my head was screaming at me not to do it. This I would let go, sacrificing myself to the touch of his hands, allowing him to kiss me as much as he wanted... Enjoying the moments the pain stopped, but secretly waiting for it to return for the last time... But then I'd die... With...

A familiar taste of poison

on my lips...