

# Poem

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Jan 2012

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/poem.aspx>

His lips bloodied red His fangs sparkling white His skin white as snow His embrace is death Yet he  
haunts more of me I call to him in the darkest of night To feel his passion for warmth He is cold and  
yet warm His passion blinds me Even I do not see His sinking hunger For me is more More than my  
love He wants me My life My love For eternity