LILAC & GOOSEBERRY

After playing The Witcher 3

Yennefer my lover of yore O Yen my yearning Yen my gore I forge my swords to thrust for you my steel and silver my stolen dimeritium handcuffs to defuse your powers Yennefer listen before you cave my skull in

O ornery sorceress bereft of coven or conclave lodge your claim on my ogre grove engorged when you disrobe to monochrome Yennefer O your ebon thong on hips creamy as molten tallow a lit candle dripping the hexed veneer of you

my Yennefer O I espy your covert ugliness your secret hunch your crooked eye the paler skin over tendons in birch-bark wrists where the nerves are deadened from when you still had death left in you O Yennefer that was eons ago

slit by the victim in the mirror Yennefer now you are in control borne on evergreen semblance yet no amount of power or beauty will ever make you feel worthy so desexed and desolate O

Yen your eggs all shriveled for energy a lightning eel eviscerated of roe to spark a mystic glow in someone else's castle now you have only your violet fires and violent ire O Yennefer will you renege your revenge forgive this minor tryst

Triss or fey orgies aside I am ever a loyalist Yen I beg you jealous mistress that's why I'm here you must've known I'd follow your scent it hovered in the air fogged up my synesthesia like blood in seafoam Yennefer O lilac and gooseberry

the only odors that make me feel like home so Yen forgive me my errors I will give you your vengeance O Yennefer I need you to govern me rope my chiseled torso prone and seek repenting omens in my viscera

O Yen though I am ever a rover I remain your white wolf whining only you exist to me Yennefer your beefy bruiser your stinky mongrel mutt Yennefer O bitter witch my final wish my fever yes Yennefer

bring out your riding crop your thigh high leathers glitching on the withers of your desecrated unicorn as my hands clip through your contorted pixel form replaying the cutscene over and over Yennefer Yennefer Yennefer forever