

# Vampires are Loneliness

Sorrow is distorting into rage.

If you see one more wanna-be kid in black lipstick, you will explode. . .

The cliched bands and the phony attitudes are infuriating you. One more poem about darkness, the moon, and a bleeding soul and you'll shove their Edgar Allan Poe lunchbox up their arse! Sorry, boys and girls, but Marilyn Manson is just Alice Cooper ripping off Trent Reznor.

You know the rage of grief. You've lived it. First hand.

They haven't.

They think depression is breaking up with someone they dated for 2 months... Fools...

They know nothing of the torture life can bestow.

They don't know how it feels when your best friend is raped. They don't know how it feels when someone you truly love has died. They don't know how it feels when someone really violates you, leaving scars on your very spirit...

...You do...

You know depression. You know loneliness. You know pain. You know screaming... far too well. And all the makeup and poetry they can conjure about shadows or woe could never compare to the truth of your own anguish.

Indeed, sorrow is distorting into rage.

And maybe your one solace of sanity is to find the words that express your hurt and make the loneliness easier to bear.

Take these words you are reading with you...

They have lead you to *The Vampire Nocturnes*; a novel which knows you far better than this page.

And maybe... just maybe... the words in there might bring you comfort.

Or as the wanna-bes might say: "They shall swathe thy isolated soul in the dark gardens of peace so all shadows doth caress thee as a lover's touch..."

...Whaaaaatever...

THE VAMPIRE NOCTURNES  
E R I C M U S S - B A R N E S

# Love some Vampires

You were too shy to say a word to them, weren't you?...

Last night, you saw someone so beautiful your heart forgot to beat when they met your eyes...

Just last night...

Or was it last week?...

Or 5 minutes ago?...

And you'll go home hating yourself. Comforting yourself with all the lies about why you were better off remaining silent... You did it again...

Maybe it wasn't a stranger.

Maybe it was someone you've known for years. Someone you know has no longing for you... and you are searing inside over it. Just to have them notice. Just if they would only kiss you... For so long you've wanted that... Just once... One kiss... Is it so much to ask?...

And in the fever of that desire, how do you fantasize about your passions?

Do you dream of power?... Of control?... Of command?

To walk up to the one you lust for and your very presence would make all the world frozen. In a single glance and your one mischievous sneer, they would see it in you. You could wrap your arm around their waist and with a sudden, firm tug, pull them closer. You do not fumble. You do not falter. You are confidence and poise. Not one shiver of your movement is awkward in any way.

Just one kiss.

Long... Warm... Passionate...

And when you move apart, their eyes return your desire.

"...Your handcuffs or mine?..."

...But you will never do it.

And it would never work that well anyway. Only in the movies.

So you'll stay quiet.

You'll remain shy.

And you'll be a charismatic vampire only in your dreams... There will all your fantasies be fulfilled. All your seductions shall succeed. All the passions of your darkest wishes will come to life under a Gothic Rainbow...

Pursue the lust.

Seek the passion.

Because the words will be moaning. The words will be demanding. The words will be beastly. And no word will be lonely silence.

Come listen to what this has to say.

You know they can't resist you...

THE VAMPIRE NOCTURNALS  
C R I C M U S S - B A R N E S

# Sex with Vampires

Fetishes claw inside of you. Ones you dare never admit. Desires you could never reveal. Claims of being free of all their taboos has never made you stop fearing your own carnal wants... For none could ever endure your passions and live.

Whips and chains are for prudes.

Fangs. Talons. Blood of full moons. The darkest hungers never die. Tell us the tale of your lusts. Succumb to the story of your deviance.

Or pretend this isn't you at all. Wonder how far burns the flame, but fear to melt the wax. No matter. We have you eternal. Wondering. Wanting. Trapped with no escape from the blackest scenarios you envision.

Know no remorse. Submit to this dread sensuality.

Mock my every word, for still, this is you.

There is a vampire legend within us all. You have felt it for years. Yearned to hear of it. To read of it. See it in a tangible form. Live it. Hungered. And yet no one has ever even spoken of it. No one has ever given that saga a voice... Until now...

This is the myth of the vampire as you have always dreamed it should be told. The one we have all secretly shared, but never expressed.

Hear how she wants every boy and girl?

The dawn of eternal night has come.

THE VAMPIRE NOCTURNALS  
ERIC MUSSE - BARNES

# Gothic Punk Vampires

Shadows know nothing of what you have seen, do they? And everyone who meets you, would never suspect all the pain you have endured this life.

Enough to make death that much closer... on those certain nights... all alone... when things get really bad...

Death you know well. The stories it can tell. Every page carved to your blood. Despair. And a thousand sentences of crucifixion have you been read and convicted in a tomb built of your own hands.

Your story is nothing.

Write all your stupid, self-indulgent poems and cry all your pathetic tears of self-pity. No one cares at all.

This book is for the lost. For all who have cried without making a sound. All who have longed for moments that never were. Within these pages shines a dim candle down every path of your oblivion.

Along these words leads a road down which you shall never turn back. A story carved from the part of you soul that knows more agony than all. The first time you read these words was a solitary moment in time that every sorrow in your life had delivered you to.

You are home...

THE VAMPIRE NOCTUARIES  
C R I C M U S S - B A R N E S

# Vampires and Music

Darkest dreamings and dirges swell from the midst of every place you go. After years spent in the subculture of underground music and clubs, do you not pine for a tale of shadows from those realms, destined to become timeless? Woven with the finest threads of sorrow, your own evenings have seamlessly merged endless elements of nightmares, instinctive to every heart, into a story unlike quite any other.

Dancing. Flirting. Every song and the soap-opera-incest of industrial nightclubs and who is sleeping with whom this month. Here you may tell of what those voices sing. In your soul, you are truly a Child Of The Night.

But we all dance alone.

Twirling in an agony no one can relate to.

Broken hearts? Betrayed friendships? A lover with whom you each vowed "forever", is gone... Abandonment from everyone you ever trust.

...Yes. Waltz in the burdens of your every despair.

Vampires. The club scene.

...What more do you need to know?

Now you are welcomed to the new legacy, and the benchmark by which the undead will be measured for centuries.

The Vampire Nocturnes, have arrived.

THE VAMPIRE NOCTURNES  
C R I C M U S S - B A R N E S

# You Know Vampires

Somewhere within, you have heard their whispers. For years you've listened. Compelling. And with snide fascination, you know Their every charm, don't you? You've been waiting, laughing private chuckles at the conceit of immortals. Waiting... No vampire can surprise you.

...Oh, really?...

Forget the trite joke of the coffeehouse/nightclub wanna-be-vampires. This is far beyond handcuffs and leather and some pierced-bellybutton-fad.

This is real...

Life. Death. Pain. Torment. Regret. And the rape of every essence of innocence. Just like everything that you've gone through yourself.

This is a story far beyond Transylvanian capes of Stoker, or Hollywood idiocy filmed from some third-rate novel. These vampir are far beyond playing masquerade games and theatres of the minds' eye. Far beyond black nailpolish, a Tones On Tail album, and a pack of clove cigarettes.

This is for the hurting.

This is for those who know.

THE VAMPIRE NOCTUARIES  
E R I C M U S S - B A R N E S