

Mr. Malum

The Dear Hunter

Mr. Malum's got a secret
he keeps when giving speeches.
Just a whispering precision
that cuts through hesitation with a sharp
and able wit to keep the dogs at bay

When the truth arrives
you won't believe your eyes.
He's triumphs pessimist,
but he's no less content

With the world in the grip of his hands
he'll crush the air out of its lungs.
Say, "We don't want him to have it all..."
but now it's just too late to ask
because his hold has turned so tight.

His puppets to the left, and
his pawns to line the right,
but every eye is front and center.
A cool intoxication from the sap that
trickles down his branches to their mouths.

When the truth arrives
you won't believe your eyes.
A vicious champion,
but he's no less content.

His hold has turned so tight,
the air we're barely breathing's not enough.
In this final gasp that rattles up to bed
the last thing we will see is Mr. Malum
tighten his tie
when he slips in his suit.
A link to the cuff
and the shine of his shoes.
When the truth arrived
you didn't trust your eyes.

You had your chance,
but you turned away again.
You turned your eyes away again.