

# Murderer

## Grammatics

The clouds hit a formation, now they're perfectly  
aligned,  
And the trees just seem a pushover to a wind this great.  
It's swinging down in spirals, or an invisible sheet,  
A see-through wave to sweep up those who dare to be late.

And the sky is screaming murder, look at him murder,  
He's a murder, murderer.

He's a murder, he's a murderer,  
He's a murder, he's a murderer...

A depression looms upon us, a bank of thick black cloud.  
I feel a drop in temperature, hear a thunder clap.  
My heart beats out my rib cage, my lungs are burst black  
balloons,  
Nothing's ever seemed as uncertain, as everything is now.

Will you stop screaming murder, look at our maker  
- He's a murder, murderer.

He's a murder, he's a murderer,  
He's a murder, he's a murderer...

Ten, nine, eight more seconds until I am gone,  
...I will be letting go...