

The Subtle Arts of Murder and Persuasion

Lamb of God

The dark crow man sits and stares
into the oblivion into cold into nothingness;
it's snowing in his mind.
He's created himself in his own image.
Lust held for him means naught,
a knock on the door
brings no smile to his cruel lips;
the welcome in a woman's eyes
holds nothing for him.
Alone on his haunches
the hair raises on the back of his neck.
His dead eyes pierce the night.
As his gaze falls down on the city
it fills him the method ascertained, conviction.
He knows what to do and
moves to commit the deed.