

If the child slaughter then come later
Wrapped up and returned after many years
Crawled out from under uncouth layers
To take a shell back and lip in, well, wouldn't you?

Would the child answer full of anger
Full of rage and blood lust spoken but never shown
With a seeming riddle or a puzzle
Neither the brutal nor the timid could have known

Deep down inside too dark to see
The sex demands a shot of something
What violent other could there be?

Here is the end
Here is nothing
Nothing

After breathing in the beginning
After beating through what wasn't there
Death became the only answer, but not the cure
The final act became the meaning, no one cared

Deep down inside too dark to see
The sex demands a shot of something
What violent other could there be?

Here is the end
Here is nothing
Nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing
Nothing