

## Killing Victims Found

## Obituary

Set fall, you do sight.  
Live for desperate spite.  
Back is the led, the coming cross.  
We're by tears of distant salt.

We find the ways of killing weak.  
You die the dogs begin to seek.  
The coming out.

We face leading edge.  
Pack it first. Test they dredge.  
The first one falls, burnt the ground  
That the time killing victims found.  
The coming out.

Power sought, live to face the past.  
Taking over this is what it said  
" Past is scarred, future seems to be  
Dying off. This beast is living free."  
The coming out.

Paralyzing in your head.  
Power seize your life  
With me kill the rival.  
Force of mind it dies.

Your destiny raised out of the graves.  
It permits me to insure.  
The problem still is history.

Watch those dreams denied.  
Mutilated bodies fill, piling brick side.  
There piled at the front gates for heaven to we go.  
Entering the front gates to end below.

The stairs of torture makes us fall.  
Periled in their view.  
Immunized, fortified.  
Sent the child their due.  
Back to no where out of the graves.  
Forever they are old.