

# Murder

## Peccatum

Hear me speak!  
As I am the master of one tongue  
The thorn in your eye  
The mirror of your soul  
Unmerciful be the truth

Change is near  
Change is here  
I must fly  
I must drown

There is no once upon a time  
It is THE time  
To rip apart the blindfold  
And view the circle of shame

Bizarre, grotesque  
Yet embraced  
By those inside  
Stones thrown  
Fallen ones kicked  
Searchers pulled down  
A circle fed on lies

Change is near  
Change is here  
I must fly  
I must drown

Insiders in; Outsiders out  
Strait-jacket given birth  
Dreams killed  
First degree murder  
And so Thou shalt be condemned