## **Serial Infanticide**

The Blood

look out - he follows you, follows gentle took his might from your blood guarded at your homedoor as a child you felt his greed behind stack and darkened doors - he could be slipping in shadows on and on - he is teacherous

...is it an animal? dust over the bay ...is it him? Darkman behind the tree now he got you - now you are wreck and slave! no vanity fight - you feel the razor as it cuts your vein this tower will kill you - the serial infanticide covered with glory - blissful

only one look - you feel like a worm you shrink, the door is closed - no escape you shreak with pain you have words - he is deaf his eyes shine glowing fire fight and pain is true real drop-shaped blood you hardly feel his black work like a shredder