

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