Crow Iii

White Zombie

"He can't get away with by the time, he gets in front of the jury he'll be a good boy;" said man one. At a little before 5'oclock he when through the basement. "Yes or no!" demanded man two bantering humor dry in his throat. "Is there more than what sh e gave you?" questioned man three as a growing flicker. Waved across his eyes. "No!" The space surrounds constitutes a classic climate this happens to now everyone in the room. You feel traces a dying sound listen to the time of your life. Standstill panic stricken. Ringing the bells of a empty houses someone answers and calls you, transfixed by committed you say "I aint no guillotine" The girl spoke from the doorway in her rasping voice "what he wants is in the house" the words hung there for a mo ment. Bending forward she plucked she plucked the ashes from his cigarette and said something nobody could understand. Nobody could understand, nobody could understand. One moment of irritation you call back "why me?" the vantage point above the stree t can be exhilarating falling back to a perspective odyessy. A track of thunder. Tower lust of decomposed intesity. I am I am I am I am....

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