

The Subtle Arts Of Murder & Persuasion

Lamb of God

The dark crow man sits and stares
Into the oblivion, into cold, into nothingness
It's snowing in his mind
He's created himself in his own image Lust held for him means naught
A knock on the door brings no smile to his cruel lips
The welcome in a woman's eyes holds nothing for him
Alone on his haunches the hair raises on the back of his neck His dead eyes pierce the night
As his gaze falls down on the city it fills him
The method ascertained, conviction
He knows what to do and moves to commit the deed

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