

# Aisha

## Jerome Sabbagh

Aisha  
We've only just met  
And I think you ought to know  
I'm a murderer  
Babies need blood I have a portrait on my wall  
He's a serial killer  
I thought he wouldn't escape  
Aisha  
He got out We live in a cemetery  
A cold and damp place  
And science runs through us  
Making us Gods The rules are all wrong  
Every perversion is justified  
They honestly believe dead bodies  
Anything goes around here I still want to to be human  
What am I?  
What am I?  
I'm a murderer Aisha  
I'm confused  
Aisha  
I'm vibrating I'm a murderer  
The Gods all suck

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