

# Intruder

## Primus

I know something about opening windows and doors  
I know how to move quietly to creep across creaky wooden floors  
I know where to find precious things in all your cupboards and drawers  
Slipping the clippers  
Slipping the clippers through the telephone wires  
The sense of isolation  
The sense of isolation inspires me  
I like to feel the suspense, when I'm certain you know I am there  
I like you lying awake, your baited breath charging the air  
I like the touch and the smell of all the pretty dresses you wear  
Intruders happy in the dark  
Intruder come  
Intruder come and leave his mark, leave his mark  
I'm Intruder

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