

# Cold Hate, Warm Blood (Rehearsal)

## Cryptopsy

Late last night at rest with my mate  
I'm visited by a victim of hate  
A spectral group, yet they're one and the same  
They would never live  
Nor would they have a name  
A baby too young to walk or to talk  
Rocked to sleep with a big, heavy rock  
Becomes a tot with a baleful glare  
Sucked from life by a shortage of air  
A child beyond time without gender  
Metamorphing to surrender  
Each shape for one older and still  
No end to how each could be killed  
By chance in the polyverse i'm all of these  
Each to fall prey with unnerving ease  
To who knows which ambiguous marasmus  
It asked at once knowing  
And unknowing the answers  
To things far removed from my experience  
Or need to know and thus it thanked me  
For sparing it death's multiplicitous masques  
And life's thankless laborious tasks

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>