

Gramm Lou

"Murderer"

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The clouds hit a formation, now they're perfectly
aligned,
And the trees just seem a pushover to a wind this
great.
It's swinging down in spirals, or an invisible sheet,
A see-through wave to sweep up those who dare to be
late.

And the sky is screaming murder, look at him murder,
He's a murder, murderer.

He's a murder, he's a murderer,
He's a murder, he's a murderer...

A depression looms upon us, a bank of thick black
cloud.
I feel a drop in temperature, hear a thunder clap.
My heart beats out my rib cage, my lungs are burst
black balloons,
Nothing's ever seemed as uncertain, as everything is
now.

Will you stop screaming murder, look at our maker
- He's a murder, murderer.

He's a murder, he's a murderer,
He's a murder, he's a murderer...

Ten, nine, eight more seconds until I am gone,
... I will be letting go...

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