

## Lamb Of God

### "Subtle Arts of Murder and Persuasion"

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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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