

Lamb Of God

"The Subtle Arts of Muder 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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