

## Chromatics

### "Blood"

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Scent is high on the wind tonight, I can taste you from  
Here  
Circle Downwind and out of sight, you won't notice I'm  
Near  
Twitch of fear as you move at the treeline, I take the  
Weak and the small  
Bare your eye teeth or beg me for more time, you won't  
Slow me at all

No, the joy or the hate hardly matters ? there is  
Nothing but hunger in this  
Rest a heartbeat and I'll get my teeth in blood

Radar sense like a light in the hollow, taste that fear  
In the dark  
Every breath leaves a trace that I follow, I will catch  
Every mark

Move and surely my sharp eye will see you, stop and  
I'll take you down  
Joy of tooth in the bone and the gristle, blood alive  
In my mouth

Some will say there is safety in numbers, tell that  
Myth to the edge of the herd  
Leave the wek and I might even spare your blood

Wizened crone that is bent by the river, She wears a  
Necklace of skulls  
Better hope that if by chance you see her, She isn't  
Washing your clothes

Not that seeing Her face really matters, No there's  
Nothing at all we can do  
Life begins as it all surely ends in blood

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