

Spine Chilling Breeze "Murder"

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Fed up with my life,
Intimidated for no reason,
All my dreams cut by knife,
By memories of treason.

You never looked into my eyes,
Only held a dagger in your hand,
In vain were all my tries,
Like building castles in sand.

A stabwound in my back,
As cold sweat creased my forehead,
At least I had the luck,
To see your last tear being shed.

But memories give chase,
They know you will surrender,
Your breath upon my face,
The last thing I remember.

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