

Benediction, Jumping At Shadows

It had to be done!

Conspiring web, killing me, the end.

Let me haunt you, a chilling tale.

Street cracks feed. Spilt blood bleeds.

Perhaps we'll meet someday, when I get blown away.

Bringing forth the light, evil at twilight.

Bloody family.

Darkened death.

An absolute, depravity

If a weak linkage found, eliminate.

Hear the cities fearful roar. =

*=B3Hello from the gutters of the city, filled with vomit, stale wine, =
urine and blood. Greetings from the roaches that feed upon the blood =
of all my victims. I appreciate your interest in me, but now now I =
asked...What of your children?=B2*

Out to silence me.

Bloodied family.

Now I sleep.

The city weeps.

(=B3*=B2 taken from letters sent by David Berkowitz, The Son Of Sam)