

One King Down, Poison What You Give

Dont't tell me you neveer saw it coming. In my head: the throbbing, the fucking, the running.
Peace of mind far behind and just out of reach. Berak and erase so this moment in time will never be
Hand Painted picture of an homicidal dream - The color red i'm wading in.
Give them what they want but poison what you give. I give them what they want but I poison what I
Like the hyenas - becoming best friend with her hunger, and in a way, it drives them mad.
A noose around every neck I see. Am I one of them? Are they one with me?
My rationale - rent asunder. My imagination - committing murder.