

# Blood, Serial Infanticide

look out - he follows you, follows gentle  
took his might from your blood  
guarded at your homedoor  
as a child you felt his greed  
behind stack and darkened doors - he could be  
slipping in shadows on and on - he is teacherous

... is it an animal? dust over the bay  
... is it him? Darkman behind the tree  
now he got you - now you are wreck and slave!  
no vanity fight - you feel the razor as it cuts your vein  
this tower will kill you - the serial infanticide  
covered with glory - blissful

only one look - you feel like a worm  
you shrink, the door is closed - no escape  
you shriek with pain  
you have words - he is deaf  
his eyes shine glowing fire  
fight and pain is true real  
drop-shaped blood you hardly feel  
his black work like a shredder