

# Lamb Of God, The Subtle Arts Of Murder And Pe

The dark crow man sits and stares into the oblivion into cold into nothingness;  
it's snowing in his mind.

He's created himself in his own image.

Lust held for him means naught,

a knock on the door brings no smile to his cruel lips;

the welcome in a woman's eyes holds nothing for him.

Alone on his haunches the hair raises on the back of his neck.

His dead eyes pierce the night.

As his gaze falls down on the city it fills him the method ascertained, conviction.

He knows what to do and moves to commit the deed.