

# Locust, I Am The Murderer

Beneath the tailor stitches  
Crowds and crowds of butchers play  
Hung high from the ceiling  
Staring at it, wondering how...

No tree, no wall can stop their hell  
No snake, no trick is accounted for

I am the murderer

Complete this fatal moment  
While you twisted and ready  
For duty calls: you are the bravest of all men

No suit, no shoe can hide the smell  
No snake, no trick is accounted for

I am the murderer

I clean of consequence  
I niggling, shameful, guilty  
I tempted, I hungry

Instinct to kill

My will has dropped, and I want it with a passion  
I lead by the weapon and it red for hire

But I clean of consequence

I am the murderer