Vader, Predator

My father is not some fiery prince
I wear no fangs or red eyes
Mirrors and daylight are silly lies
In all those stories you spread about me

. No magic, no covens and terror
I walk among you as one of you
Never kill your food
Violence is a mark of the Dump

I live for the sting and the cascades
That wash the back of my throat
I live for the flood of the red
Flowing down and quenching the thirst

To pass the aeons of solitary fate
I sometimes write the stories
That tell more about your lazy minds
Than about the predator like me.

lead: Peter

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That wash the back of my throat
I live for the flood of the red
Flowing down and quenching the thirst