

## Predator

Vader

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.

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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