

## Killer

## Antimatter

Hate - venerating hate  
Begs to be repaid  
And never seems to fade

Spite - consummating spite;  
The medicated bile  
That keeps us on our way with the worms

Outside, caught up in this killing tide -  
Open the gates and I get blown away  
Gone, pride, sold out to this chilling shrine  
With no way to break the collars of those chains

But I can change the sulphur in the vein;  
The pressure in the flame  
In reverence if I can murder the killer in me

Change the mother in the snake;  
The message in the brain  
In reverence if I can murder the killer in me

Burn - I'd love to watch you burn;  
Shed your hot black skin  
And run from your own flames

Waste - a lifetime I could waste;  
While away the days  
Just dreaming of your face

The wrong hand is giving in  
In times of change  
The wrong hand is giving in