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