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

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