

## Murder

### Black Breath

Starving in dirt no shelter or work scavenge the  
wasteland for a shred of hope safe in their towers the  
masters look down gold in their fingers eternal control  
hiding in rubble in concrete and slag wait for the moment  
knife always in hand living... Waiting... To die come  
on... Pick up... The knife they pulled the trigger and  
started the war greed is their sickness fire is the cure  
fire is the cure... Living... Waiting... To die come  
on... Pick up... The knife pick up the knife