

# Waiting On The Kill

Lethal

Rising with the last word  
There's no fear in my eyes  
Lived my life fist over hand.  
I'm caught in the crawl again.  
Scratching hiding justifying  
Scars that I had once shown  
Changing rhyming redefining  
Words that I had once known.

There's someone crawling  
Inside my skin.  
I feel them calling  
So once again.  
I painted my face for the kill.  
Quickly my heart was slowing.  
Far from the stage of the real.  
Back where my blood was flowing.

Sent to sterilize  
My mind, my eyes, my hands  
You hated me, I hated me  
I'm caught in the crawl again