

I watched a snail
Crawling on the edge of a straight razor.
That's my dream
It's my nightmare
Crawling, slipping
Along the edge of the straight razor
And surviving
What do you call it?
When the assassin accuse the assassin
They lie. They lie and we have to be merciful
with those who lie.
Horror, has it face
And you must make you friend of horror.
Horror and mortal terror,
are your friends, if they are not
then they are enemies to be feared.
They are truly enemies