

# Royden, Murder Of An Albatross

The chair by the window.  
The darkness bleeding moonlight.  
Dripping over her silhouette.  
She enters, walks slowly.  
The mark of everyone.  
Slips off her dress and no one ever sees.

This winters never been as cold as you.  
Tonight I try.  
As her stare passes over me and cuts me to my spine.  
You're only showing me half the way tonight.  
So now its time to say goodbye.

No warning, left her eyes, are filled with deep red tears.  
Hard swallowed secret lipstick smears.  
She has her hair pulled back.  
Shes such a beautiful girl.  
With stretchmarks above her eyelids.  
A lovely look that kills.  
Her blood and secrets spills  
out on the cabin floor.  
They scream for more.  
Motives are undecided.  
The unsuspecting victim takes the floors.  
As they scream for more, more more.  
Sing to us. She takes a bow as the curtains close