## Hatesphere, Last Cut, Last Head

They read him like an open book But the pages were blank Before he took the first step In a new direction Empty head, imperfection Second step still humble Without eyes the hands fumble Like his feet that wear no skin A naked man, man of sin Three steps that hurt like hell How did he get here And where will he dwell With bloody feet and an empty head Wish he could say What cannot be said As the fourth step was taken Ethics were shaken And the end result: Sanity forsaken No more fumble, no longer humble A cut of precision A part of his mission The road is blurry The mission is clear The bag is heavy His goal is near With bloody feet and an empty head Wish he could say What cannot be said Final step in the dance of the dead Last cut, last head [Lead: H. Bastrup Jacobsen]