

# Keri Hilson, Killers Are Quiet

Cycle of life and death supposedly  
goes 'round and 'round yet it stops with me  
Glorious hunter of my faith I have sinned  
Killers are quiet like the the breath of the wind  
Filling the shadows with forms of my own  
Raised by kindred of Get I was born  
Abomination world in disarray  
Killers are quiet when they seek the vitae  
Reflection beckons a portal shard  
Spiritual quest I must stay in guard  
Stepping sideways between worlds I shift  
Killers are quiet when they are born with the gift  
Beautiful Anguish cast out by my race  
Now one that's Ageless I save my own face  
I write my own laws with Death I break bread  
Killers are quiet when they come from my head