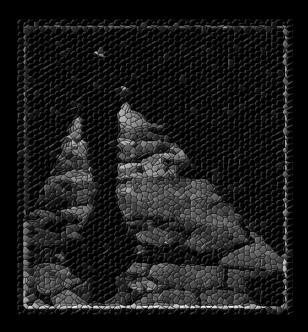
Caution

by

Vixyy Fox



Ya got no friends No con'tacs No back-up Other'n ta knife in yor sock.

Ya dress nondescript, Mean'n ya fit the part Blend in Seen but not seen If ya catch m'drift.

Mov'n from A to B Yor aware Yor awake Yor keen to th'watchers

N'those'er everwhere.

Darkness is yor friend Interspeared by th' green luminosity O'the one eyed monsters

Carry'n silenced weapons

Death they seek Death they deliver N'yor neck is on th'line

Ya watch for a chalk line Th'torn post card in th'winda A door with but three steps Found in a cobblestone alley Where yer foot falls echo

One after th'other after th'other.

Pinched scared faces peer out at ya. Boney fingers clutch kitchen knives As a fig'er wear'n a trench coat Glides past Silent n'ghost like A paramour of death.

Pass words exchanged Messages delivered N'it's back to the shadows On yer way Blend'n in See'n but not be'n seen If ya catch m'drift

Worse'n death awaits Th'uncautious