He's coming. With a knife. In your house. He's coming. He's coming. With the intend to kill. You're lying in your bed, innocently. He's coming. He's coming. The killer stands beside you now. You're asleep. He's coming. He's coming. The knife is in your chest. Blood is everywhere. He's coming. He's leaving.

Murder

© Selbst verfasst.

Everything is quiet. Now, he's gone.

Nobody knows, he was there.

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