View Forum Message <> Reply to Message

Gone now. Nothing left of those last few moments. Just a body. A shell. Who ever said that the dead have the face of one sleeping was lying. No one who ever died went willingly, not every one who killed had a reason. If a hand was thrust threw the black veil of death, and that hand was salvation, almost any one would take it. And the cost?
 He lay there slumped back over the coffee table, the impact had torn the back of his head leaving streaks of blood running down one leg and pooling on the carpet, one of gods own creations left dead and cold with a knife still sticking out of his groin. A mixture of blood and mucus had welled up in his throat, it was that what killed him and not the final cut. He lay there in the front room eyes focused ahead seeing something that no one else but the dieing could see could see. The last moment of martins life was compounded by the dull pain and the knife thrust forward. He had tried to breath threw the mess in his throat, but his strength ebbed away. All he could do was watch.
 The killer moved.