

To say that we know who kill us is a misnomer. What people should rather say, is that we know have an idea as to who killed us and, what is more important, we know with absolute certainty who made us what we are now.

It is something that rather than feting the past - a wondrous and at-times fantastic past it must be said - each individual like myself owes his and her existence to the one fellow creature who not merely killed us but gave us that eternal gift of being immune to illness, disease and the vagaries of aging.

We do not age. We do not experience the melodies that claim the lives of millions and injures many times more. We do not get unwell, we do not get old. We do not die.

This has been for all of human history preceding myself. I am a recent thing. There are those of us who have been about since the dawn of recorded history. They recorded it. Now they dwell upon their billions in their mansion and estates, counting their vast wealth and their minions as property a man may tirelessly lust after.

The young, as I am to my kind, pursue matters more common with men and women, those for whom death is a certainty with no option thereafter other than the dark void of death. To say we know our killer is to ask the incorrect question.

You should be asking, do they know that we kill them, as we lust for their blood, to be drank on the twilight under brightening skies of dawn and the darkening rush of dusk. We kill the mortals, for us it is that act of evil that gives us the life we all insist must carry on.

It must for we are forever immortal, forever doomed to the darkness and whispers of death and the glare of witnessing ravens. Forever wanting more and never able to have the one thing that makes life thrive. So for that maker's spirit that hollers in our soul, calling us to them, driving our acts, possessing our minds, we know who they are and we did die for them.