

Extraction from O'mindiary

When I was younger (a naive christian  
with thoughts like melting sugar)  
my fingers were attacked by  
nails and I could hear the voice of  
J.C. screaming under my skin,  
trapped like a slave in my flesh. This  
was in those days when water flew in  
my veins, the rain kept on pouring  
inside my head and I denied & killed  
him (not with scissor nor knives, but  
with the inner muscles of my  
torso). The rumor says that the  
bastard was raped by the cross, but  
maybe he was a hermaphrodite who  
raped himself.

...det vitala med perpetuella varandet  
är att vara transparent existerande...  
I understood that this mental traffic  
was a new symbol burned in my  
mind, like planets in orbit around me  
I was stading in the centre with the  
sun in my pocket thinking: existence  
is an illusion, mankind will face the  
mushroom cloud, but I am I, the  
ultimate god.