

Schizianity

Bathory

I'm but a shell. A frame of a man. I'm but a glimpse of
whom I used to be. I'm no more life and lust.
I'm only rich on time to spend venting my own spleen.
I'm sick as hell. I am in desperate need of healing.
Need to feel salvation. Or I might as well embrace death.
I could never stand a world of sin and fornication.

The world is full of whores. All this filth and heresy.
I am a tool of the Lord. I have eternal life.

The will of God was executed through my deeds.
The voice of God I heard. All filth and unclean I
disintegrated to prepare Gods paradise in this world.
I read the holy writings. I read Matthew's 18th chapter,
7th, 8th and 9th. And I realised what had to be done.
And that I just had so little time.

The world is so full of sin. Blasphemy and sacrilege.
For as I believe in him. I have eternal life after death.

What have I done so wrong. Why have they put me in this
place without no windows. I'm no more life and lust.
I'm only rich on time to spend venting my own spleen.

The world is so full of fools. Vagrant souls and lustful flesh.
But as I believe in him. I have eternal life after death.