

Spewing Profiligacy

Deeds of Flesh

I was born with the evil one standing as my sponser beside the bed where i was ushered into the world and he has been with me ever since

I'm a mistake of nature

The desire to inflict pain that is all that's uppermost

He won't let me stop killing until he gets his fill of blood

I cut it's throat the blood spurted up and i drank from the stump

Society's had their chance i'm going hunting. Hunting humans

I wonder how her head would look on a stick

These children that come at you with knives they are your children

Look down at me and you will see a fool, look up to me and you will see your lord, look straight at me and you will see yourself.

killing is killing whether done for duty profit or fun

His brains were coming out of his head when i left him and he will never be any deader.

I remember as i gazed down at the still form of my first victim experiencing a strange and peaceful thrill.

After my head has been chopped off, i will still be able to hear for at least a moment the sound of my own blood gushing from my neck that would be the pleasure to end all pleasures.