

Love

Dementor

When you sit on an old wooden bench
Devoured by vermin in a moldy temple
Home of Jesus, listening to his words
And giving him your love till the end
Of your life

You'll sell out everything
To a cruel parasite- he's your love
He's stolen everything, your life, your money
and your common sense- it's his love

Take a stake, pierce his heart
Nail him to the floor of his temple
Stand above him, baptise him with the liquid
From your bladder
And show him what the real love is

Love is blood
It's the decay
Mold of thoughts
False words
Love is murder
Redemption from sin
The attack against Christian evil

Tell yourself: enough !
Stop kneeling down
Take a stake, pierce his heart
And show him what the real love is

He deserves it !