

Your wounds are yawning
To gloom preceptless emptiness
Of my imaginary unreal cyberspace
Torsos of dehumanized
Personal matrixes
Eagerly I collect, hunt and erase

I am the shadow of your digital "me"
Reversed image of your virtual core
My consciousness fills every byte
Of your binary soma
And disintegrates you
In that cyber gore

I am a tormentor and ketch
Of your digitalized souls
Virtua bleed...
Your valueless binary blood
Shall flow
I am your God...
There's no mercy and regrets
For your miserable "me"
Virtua bleed...
I am an inexorable messenger
Of your pain and passing
Thirsty for your blood...
I shall never stop until you breathe
You are my hunting game
Therefore you will virtually bleed.