

## F..k Your Dead Heart

Machinemade God

Disease ridden, cobwebs reside in your head.  
Yet you remain walkin on this earth (Deceiving and demanding th  
e best).  
A manifestation of agony gathers around your name.  
And I swear to god, I would murder you, if I knew how.  
Your name appearance, I searched for it among those tombstones.  
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But at the sight of you I fled (Away from you darkened silhouтт  
e).  
A plot to tear down the world, distrust and disbelief coincide  
until it is proven (otherwise).  
The consolation prize is a dagger and a knife,  
Handed to you on a silver plate with step by step instructions,  
  
Directing them into your chest.

FUCK YOUR DEAD HEART!