

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 silhoutt
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!