51% Dead

Poema Arcanus

Could you cook my pride?
Please season it with rage
Then let me feed off it
I will become your slave

An ancient formula used To dominate nihilist dogs To break their strongest fangs And then leave them dying

Power of defeat Makes you wake up But only like a half 51% dead

Half zombie, half man Stench begins to grow As the deepest feelings Turn to the coldest lust

Parents love their sons
The father brings food for all
Sick creatures, parasites and the great whore

Happy life goes on

Far away we waste our feelings
Blind for a lifetime
To kill us, far away from the light, my partners
Almost Dead my friends

Through torture could we find our freedom?

Tenderness / Defecation Sweetness / Masturbation