

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