

The Truth Murder

Trauma

What is the truth? What is the faith?
Hypocrisy and filth
Lie hidden in these words.
They rule us. and we
Meek marionettes bow to them.

Superpowers,
Churches prepare this poison for us to drink it in the
dark
And then die in torments and hunger

And when the seven bells ring
The time for deep hunting will come
Pure and extatic murder of hypocrisy and falsehood

Gore will drench the altars. Dogs will drag the carcass
And our souls. clean. will flow down to the black soul

What is the truth? what is the faith?
Our lust like tank mechanism
Revolves ardously and slays our true words.
Like fierce armada we splash our own consciousness
And it falls into the abyss of oblivion.

Still we search for the sense of our own self
Our self was poisoned by hypocrisy and money
Now we are robots.

Will we ever find the truth?
Will it be given to us to feel the faith?

Nothing is the faith and truth!
Those symbols does not exist. they are only memories.
so far memories, even gods don't remember its meaning.
Never will they rebirth
As they were tranished with blood and hypocrisy.

Nothing exists!

Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!