

Death Triumphant

Carpathian Forest

[J. Nordavind '96] A cold sharpened blade
plunge through the skin.

Death triumphant.

Death the king Blood on my hands.

Blood on my lips

I took the frail bliss of your eyes
and its darker than you think...I violate.

I come at night.

My great endurance of body, mind and heart Let me take you through...

A gust of wind.

Torrent of rain.

Blood and semen

Murder is art

The cold blade.

The cold blade.

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