

Cpai-75

Bloodlet

Infantile bed wetter stew for the murder minded psychotic episodes bending numbers rise in my flesh count to
three brace yourself close your eyes and call my name I am your Messiah at 1060 followers enter my reality
washed impure in the tears of the unloved now repelled by the stench of my true love blind incompetent bent on
destroying the knowledge dance as they torment the dead the bed you set me in will give true sweet slumber live
in infamy shapeless fury lies of victory enkindle my soul

there is a time for bleeding there is a time for healing but there is no time to mourn see these images I paint on
these walls surreal as they are they are my religion feel my stare at your window you can't see me but I'm there
look upon the piss stained face of an angel and mend it's broken wing take my hand and be my new true love
soaked in sin white knuckle holocaust disgust and triumph glass exile burning long progress so I will live as I
have lived and I will live forever

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