

Ornaments of Decrepancy

Suffocation

Murderous thoughts determined to push me to a permanent state of =
insanity. An insanity concealed but very much present, waiting to be =
released upon all. Those who deserve, and those innocently taken are =
now victims of a disease with no prejudice. No one is protected from =
the mind of a madman determined to bring upon harm. Death is more =
severe for those vulnerable and weak. I have no patience for =
stupidity. No one can determine when their life will be taken, so why =
live your last days weak and feeble. I know to kill once will lead =
to killing again, to find which form of death is more pleasurable. I =
often thought of mummifying the victims to create a new trend of =
serial killing. The thought of bodies hanging, stripped of their =
internal organs for longer preservation, left in the woods for =
unsuspecting wanderers to reveal. I have not yet decided if the =
heads should be trophies or sold for use in occult rituals. If =
there's money in it, you can count me in. I often thought of =
dismemberment. How many limbs can be severed before death? Using =
different body parts from different victims to create one demented =
masterpiece. I would feed human flesh to my next unsuspecting =
victim, making sure they enjoyed it, to prove cannibalism isn't far =
from any of our minds. Animals eat animals, man can eat man. Why do =
I think this way? It's only getting worse.

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