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 = sevear for those vulnerable and weak. I have no patience for = stupidity. No one can determin 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 hangin, 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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