

No More Hate

Autopsy

At the moment I have no more hate to offer
I feel nothing
I feel nothing as I bring down my arm
The one that holds the metal bar
The one that bashes in your brains
Bludgeon and crush again 'til your mind oozes
All over the floor, soaking into the carpet
I don't care
I don't feel and if your brain was still in
Your head you might even realize that

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