

Agretator "Critical Dimensions"

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Killers are called failures of society,
twisted thoughts appear in a sick mind,
streams of discontent floating in veins,
uncertainty generates to agony,
never seen things from the bright side,
forever drifting around in complete darkness,
the fragrance of fear it smells so good,
terror the invigorative medium,
digging deeper in the conscience,
searching for answers to curious questions,
feeling reaching critical dimensions,
horror is all the heart needs,
so many things are forbidden to do,
excitement is to circumvent the law,
dreadful streams running through your head,

outburst of violence,
everything is so easy to hide when the darkness is
complete,
fearing light as an enemy,
can't get enough of gloomy places,
hail the affliction as a god,
you look around with a malignant glance,
love to give impression of being deplorable,
just have to appease this odd hunger,
stilled with flesh of intelligence,
somatic torture, is a job to be done,
death certificates seem like poetry to you,
your evening gown is my mourning wear,
aiming death losing the will to live

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