

Burden Of A Day

"Smashed To Pieces"

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I am the butcher of mankind
I'm the horror of your dreams
In my mind the horror lives
Killing - hunting - pleasure

By sacrificial suicide put to death
But fletched back by lower creatures
Saw the lower world of might and immortality
Submissive to my only king

Daylight is same as torture
Only dark night is my time
Searching for people with their joy of life
Hate - rage - desire

Pregnant woman, beautiful face
In my mind, my work of art begins to prosper
Conversation - take her to my home
Getting to my home, I begin my art

By smashing her to pieces
I hope the portal to the infinite world gets opened
Feeling pain and getting satisfaction
I wish to leave my mortal frame

How can I complete my work
Help me to get out of here

I am the butcher of mankind
I'm the horror of your dreams
In my mind the horror lives
Killing - hunting - pleasure

In my mind the pieces of death begin
To flow together with my earlier works
In rage I try to release my thoughts
And I complete my perverse hall of death

My art: divided brains, mangled bowels
It's unique, but something is missing
I know the missing element

My pain is the way to infinity
Climbing to the top of my work
Praying tribute to him - I complete my work
A flesh from hell into my heart
I am SMASHED TO PIECES

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