

Incubator

"Stories Enter Controlled Dept"

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You are alone...
You've stolen the pastense
Out of my life
My aim is to conquer your
Filthy braincells
Show me - Your raw and
Violent reality
Show you - A part of my
Bloodsucking fantasy

Let's drink the wine and eat
The cakes
The thorns of forbidden
Flowers are the nails
For your place on my
Cross...

The principle of the elephants
Has been faded

Out of your eyes
Hang the murder - Reward
The thief
Idolise the pleasure
Behavioural disturbance

I'm the guider of your
Illusions
The extension of your fear
Is inaudible
Hear the tone of my voice
It means hate to you
Believe in your godless
Innards
Out of the cunt - Into the life

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