

Ion

"Cleansed By Silence"

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It's like hammering the face of your little brother
For him to stop crying...
Out of pure benevolence,
I shall proclaim myself thy older brother

I shall grant you the right to be taught under my
tutelage,
For I, know better, I built Truth & Peace

You must reach a new level in Martyrdom,
As I am pouring the salty mixture of the Lord in those
freshly opened veins

Creating wounds that won't ever heal,
As a reminder of your constant failure trough Existence

Learn from me, but don't be mistaken,
I expect the same treatment in return

Whip the Hatred out of my putrid carcass
I'm one of those crazy fucks, I enjoy pain...
(As an information, and a valid life experience)

This being achieved and realised,
Hatred is to be redirected
Toward you, the newly designated target,
Has sole victim to my sulphuric compassion

I'm not waging a War, I'm imposing Peace with violent
means
I'm not loosing this War, I'm returning Peace against
my Kin

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