

Ion

"Void Of Conscience"

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He said "can't you understand that I don't have time for this today".

What goes in one ear goes out the other.

Everything he said rendered useless.

He yelled "Hey! What do you think you're doing man?"

To be quite honest, I couldn't care less what this creep thinks.

Hormone's powerfully controlling my every move.

What goes in one ear goes out the other.

Everything he said rendered useless.

"I have acquired a hatred for mankind" I said.

"Your putrid life is as meaningless as a cockroach to me".

He kicked fiercely to break free from my stronghold, despair now clouds his dread filled eyes.

He screamed "help me!".

No one will hear your cry for help locked away down here.

Releasing all built up tension.

Begging for pity, forcing culmination.

Choking the life out of him.

What goes in one ear goes out the other.

Everything he said, rendered useless.

I fight to keep a grip on sanity.

Beating his face to a pulp on the sidewalk.

His bruised body now reflects my bruised ego.

Perfection, the look in his eye as, I stole his life.

Naive was he to trust a stranger.

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