

Machine Translations

"Fuck Your Dead Heart"

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Disease ridden, cobwebs reside in your head.

Yet you remain walkin on this earth (Deceiving and demanding the best).

A manifestation of agony gathers around your name.

And I swear to god, I would murder you, if I knew how.

Your name appearance, I searched for it among those tombstones....

but at the sight of you I fled (Away from you darkened silhoutte).

A plot to tear down the world, distrust and disbelief coincide until it is proven (otherwise).

The consolation prize is a dagger and a knife,

handed to you on a silver plate with step by step instructions,

directing them into your chest.

FUCK YOUR DEAD HEART!!

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