

Make A Change... Kill Yourself

"Chapter I"

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Join me brother of blood.
Help me create a war.
We are just puppets dancing,
The way they want us to.
And I have grown weary of it.
I want to spill their blood.
Nothing shall remain holy.
Body parts and severed,
Heads shall fill the landscape.
Above the corpses we shall stand proud,
And laugh at their disgrace.
Our veins we shall slit,
Spilling our blood on the butchered bodies.
Laughing till death.
We were masters of life and death,
In that specific moment.
And we chose death.

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