

Make A Change... Kill Yourself "Chapter II"

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Burnt is the landscape.
I stand proud and behold this.
Their churches have been burnt,
Sick and perverted desecrations have been done.
Their regime has ended.
It is time for the northern heritage to return.
It will create a dark and violent age
Where no Christian life shall be spared.
I find myself in a puddle of blood,
Knowing it was an illusion.
As I drop lifeless to the floor.
Follow my footprints of blood.
Leave everything behind you
And step into my reality.
Where no happiness is found.
Feel the wind torment your skin.
Feel the sun burn your skin and turn to stone.
Feel my razorblades tongue
And cut yourself deep and desirably.
Let the blood run in an overflowing stream
And submit to my suicide and yours.
Nothing but death in this life is certain.
You may be in some state of happiness
But none of this will stay real.
You are trapped in a spider's web.
You might as well just kill yourself.

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