

## **Make A Change... Kill Yourself "Chapter III"**

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Woke up to another day in this hellhole.  
My mind fucks up my soul.  
Sitting in this rubber cell of mine  
With nothing sharp what'soever.  
But the mind is as good as any knife  
That cuts to the bone.  
I am a divine interception.  
Cut as deep as my everlasting pain.  
Blood flowing.  
This crappy human medicine wont cure me.  
I am immune to it.  
My great salvation lies within  
This suicidal mind of mine.  
Join me in this wicked state of suicide.  
Do you feel like cutting your wrist?  
Do you have the feeling that you  
Want to butcher somebody?  
Do you want to see blood  
And deep scar wounds?  
Do you want to die  
Or have a near death experience?  
Then try my cure.  
Take a bottle of Absinthe  
And a handfull of razorblades.  
Empty the bottle and I promise  
You will wake up with either stab wounds  
Or another persons blood all over you.  
You scum! Kill yourself!

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