

## **Octinomos**

### **"Plutonium Love"**

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We have made ourselves a beautiful tomb in this  
supposedly civilized world  
Such a murderous and vile place must be celebrated  
The cross you carry with pride is but a symbol of your  
weakness  
It means nothing more than fear of death  
You I despise for who are you, oh mortal fool  
To try and direct my journey into the afterlife  
I am in control  
I ma not about to turn away from my ideals and  
standards  
Where does it leave you and your feeble and distorted  
mind  
Have you no wish to understand anything  
Or even try to find a single shred of enlightenment  
You are of no use as well as the human race  
All must be destroyed  
Hold on to your futile existence  
You weak unworthy fool  
For I shall do everything in my power to steal your very  
life  
Bow down in prayer to which ever master suits you  
This world of earth with earthly battles fought  
Hence it abides rules of flesh and down it falls  
Our home  
Our temple  
My world and yours  
Are crashing into the abyss  
Into sulfur, into rot, and into punishment

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