

Stoatmakker

"Death"

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::wind, hammering, talking, and machine noises::

(Conversation:

So what are you doing here?

Nothing really, just looking for a little peace.

You have come to the wrong place.

No, put that down, no!)

Yes I know you are with me

Yeah you always creep beside me

So shove it you, loser

You stupid abuser

I don't want you anywhere close to me

Knocking on my door at midnight

I flee from your agony every night

Now up yours, you loser

You stupid abuser

I don't want you ruining my night

I broke the scythe of the grimest of the grim

And I through all of the pain back at him

The reaper of lost souls, the farmer of the dead

Now has one less worry in his head

Souls break loose!

Souls break loose!

Yes I know you are with me

Yeah you always creep beside me

So screw you, loser

You stupid abuser

I don't want you anywhere close to me

I broke the scythe of the grimest of the grim

And I through all of the pain back at him

The reaper of lost souls, the farmer of the dead

Now has one less worry in his head

Souls break loose!

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