

## **Cease Of Breeding**

# **"The Sight Of Hanged Men Makes My Day"**

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Another foggy morning has come, the stench of death  
is coming from the window  
I hear the sound of the role around their neck, it  
sounds like music to my ears  
Vultures with pieces of flesh in their mouths  
Flies all around the bodies, what a wonderful picture  
Another good morning, another good sightseeing

Every day I touch their cold flesh, I want to feel their  
suffering  
I love the taste of the dead, I adore their blank eyes,  
the smell of decompose  
Every man behaves differently when they die, I love the  
excitement of someones  
Death  
I really enjoy the process of strangulation, I cut  
carefully some parts of them  
And I pull out their entrails  
This is the signature of my art, my unique hobby makes  
Neva unique person

My list is getting bigger, day by day I hunt them down  
Becoming part of my collection  
I choose them randomly, I have bodies of all ages,  
everyone here had a  
Personality  
Everyone here had a name, I hang them from a pole, I  
really like my yard full  
Of them  
I have a unique collection, the sight of hanged men  
always makes my day  
Collecting hanged men is my addiction

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