

## Razakel

# "God Is Imaginary"

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If I soak my hands in others blood, Am I sick?  
If I wash my hands in others blood, Am I sick?  
If I drench myself in others blood, Am I sick?  
If I bathe myself in others blood, Am I sick?

No life, No mind, Nothing left inside  
Living for a lie  
Brain washed, So lost, What's the point in trying  
What's the point in fighting  
You'll never end this in me  
No voice, No choice, No true realality  
Mentally controlled, Never to be set free  
Not me, I'm addicted to sinnin  
Killin every ???  
God is Imaginary

Babble Babble, Bitch Bitch  
And break the fuckin crucifix  
Take a sip of this potion that be so murderis  
These verses ain't for the religous and the weak at  
heart  
I represent the wicked and I'm creeping out from the  
dark  
I gotta story to tell, So kiddies listen up well  
I've been through hell, And I think I know it very well  
This isn't no fairy tell, I never had it easy  
Constantly harassed, And brain washed into believing  
Stealing money for drugs, Name it I've tried it  
Slit my wrist for the rush is this to much to digest  
While you were preaching to the needy each and every  
evening  
I was busy bleeding and recieveing unholy seamen  
I'm that heathin always bathin in christian blood  
I'm that heathin blaspheming the lord above  
And I will make you understand what it's like to be me  
Count your sanity away, Put your faith in misery

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Blood is all over my hands and body  
I smell human flesh decaying and rotting  
Burnt pages of the bible surround me  
I pick one of the pages up, Proverbs 8:17  
I love those who love me, and those who seek me find  
me  
Hard to believe cause I was seeking and you never  
loved me  
Could it be, Are you imaginary?  
That would explain everything  
But the blinded still never see  
Are you proud of me, Mommy and Daddy?  
How's it feel to to know that god can't stand me  
I live to blasphem, You'll never understand me  
And neither do the 5 hired sheriks that examined me  
She's fuckin crazy and obsessed with death  
Look at all of her piercings and that the way she's  
dressed  
You fuckin derserve a knife in your neck  
For passin such judgement, I can only wish you death

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Woke up one mourning  
Outside the rain was pouring  
I went to a church and stabbed the pastours heart  
without a warning  
He screamed child why would you go and take my life  
Stuck my knife deep inside as I saw my fate through his  
eyes  
I dug my hands through his blood and wiped it on my  
face  
Looked up to the sky, Ain't I such a beautiful disgrace  
Blood stained with no way to be saved  
God doesn't exist, I'd rather have faith in pain  
And since pain is all I know, I make the weak bleed slow

Mom and Dad said I was nothin, So it's time for me to  
show  
What I'm capable of, Without their bullshit life  
I'm standing up, Headstrong, In control of my life  
Now look into my eyes tell me do you see love  
Of course not, I got no mercy for no one  
So if I stick my hands in others blood am I sick?  
Or am I just another sick bitch lunatic

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