Motopony "Mother Which You Will Serve"

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Infected and intoxicated deep inside my veins and mind,

I spit out hatred and scorn for this rotting carcass of delight...

Look deep inside my Soul,

See the demons dance...

Take this fuckin' psychic magnitude of pain away from me

I don't want this chalice, though I know I'll drink...

Sliced piece of human flesh

You've been born by the void - Mother which you will serve

Till your fuck'n death...

Shreds of conscolusness dancing with madness on the grave of stiffed life

I feel pike of shrilling me hungry souls...

My Aura is fading away...

I'm watching as you slowly wither...

I choke...

I know what silence is telling, I know, that I shouldn't admire these words...

... Let them flow out through gaps of my hollow soul... This gloom had never had all this evil and anxiety... It was never so dreadfully compatible...

Do you know how coldness of blind insanity taste?

I hear sarcastic laughter,

I see feasting beasts, feasting on my flesh, my energy...

I see alive, intimate persons, amongst which only I am a cadaver...

I clench ash in my hands, mixed with tears and blood... Those are remains of my screaming psyche, scattered in the land of loneliness...

Wounded, more efficient I attack I sniffed blood...

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