

## Mord'a'Stigmata

### "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 consciousness dancing with madness on the  
grave of stifed 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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