

Teratism

"Reaching From Damnation"

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I reach out of the blackness of the night to grasp at
your flesh
Though that gave me pleasure once in the past...
Now I am reaching for your light that which animates
your flesh
Give me your soul, I wish to consume it
Blacken your husk with the hatred of my innermost
being
You will fall slowly and with death as your guide...
I will throw you into an endless abyss but you know no
pain
There is no pain (in death), only cold blackness
I watch you fall...
The darkness caresses the outer spheres of my soul.
I curse you!
Damn you pathetic waste
You are nothingness now
Even less than before, hatred was something you felt
But you let it damn you and I only did what is in my
nature
You were already condemned

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