

# My Suicide

Carnal Forge

Mr. Maker, the man above all gods, found a home inside my head  
He twisted my values, demanded my favours  
(He said); the slaughter of maker must never end  
My desperate tries to ignore these voices  
Made me feel like coming closer to death:

The murder obsession screamed to my mind  
The only voice for you to obey is mine  
Don't ever try to quiet maker  
for the power of twister is greater than god.

In death they would be gone, and my loneliness would reign.  
I would not regret my gruesome actions, nor ever understand the  
m.

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I feel if I don't get redress  
And if they won't leave my head  
My suicide will finally be their death

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But my bleeding mind would hopefully return before the day I entered death  
So I could feel the pain inside those victims  
I await the days in hell, a quiet forever that burns in my soul  
No more demands, no more slaughter, I finally found my place in  
eternity