

# I Hate Your Existence

Aeon

You invoke your god  
You kneel before the crucifix  
Praying loud  
A thousand prays that don't exist

It makes me sick

When you caress that cross  
Wearing it around your neck  
My fingers itch  
Want to break your fucking neck

I would love to kill you

Taste the fist of hell  
Awaits you does Misery

Dead fucking the dead in the house of god  
Born a Christian you were already dead from the start  
Like a parasite you feed from others  
Suffering I will deliver to you  
Stand in my way and I will give you some pain  
Like you never have felt it before

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