

Extraction from O'mindiary

When I was younger (a naive christian
with thoughts like melting sugar)
my fingers were attacked by
nails and I could hear the voice of
J.C. screaming under my skin,
trapped like a slave in my flesh. This
was in those days when water flew in
my veins, the rain kept on pouring
inside my head and I denied & killed
him (not with scissor nor knives, but
with the inner muscles of my
torso). The rumor says that the
bastard was raped by the cross, but
maybe he was a hermaphrodite who
raped himself.

...det vitala med perpetuella varandet
är att vara transparent existerande...
I understood that this mental traffic
was a new symbol burned in my
mind, like planets in orbit around me
I was stading in the centre with the
sun in my pocket thinking: existence
is an illusion, mankind will face the
mushroom cloud, but I am I, the
ultimate god.