

## Smashed To Pieces

### Burden Of Grief

I am the butcher of mankind  
I'm the horror of your dreams  
In my mind the horror lives  
Killing - hunting - pleasure

By sacrificial suicide put to death  
But fletched back by lower creatures  
Saw the lower world of might and immortality  
Submissive to my only king

Daylight is same as torture  
Only dark night is my time  
Searching for people with their joy of life  
Hate - rage - desire

Pregnant woman, beautiful face  
In my mind, my work of art begins to prosper  
Conversation - take her to my home  
Getting to my home, I begin my art

By smashing her to pieces  
I hope the portal to the infinite world gets opened  
Feeling pain and getting satisfaction  
I wish to leave my mortal frame

How can I complete my work  
Help me to get out of here

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I'm the horror of your dreams  
In my mind the horror lives  
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In my mind the pieces of death begin  
To flow together with my earlier works  
In rage I try to release my thoughts  
And I complete my perverse hall of death

My art: divided brains, mangled bowels  
It's unique, but something is missing  
I know the missing element  
My pain is the way to infinity  
Climbing to the top of my work  
Praying tribute to him - I complete my work  
A flesh from hell into my heart  
I am SMASHED TO PIECES