

Divination And Violation

Cephalic Carnage

Sociopath, compulsive liar, delusionist
Certified schizophrenic, abused and plasmatic, since conception
is what the doctors report revealed about Mort
He manipulated them with lies
Now he's free, back in society
Cured with pills and psychotherapy
But the scars of mother's words remain
Victim of life at a futile age
As he drives down the street
He can see the ghosts here to remind him
And their faces in the trees
He can hear them call his name in the windy breeze
The souls that were taken away
Thinking his medication is not working
He can see the walking dead
Smelling their scent, viewing their gutless cavities
Strangulation marks around their neck
They speak to him and retreat
Lust of their memories, as they perished
Fills his deceitful mind, the urge for new fantasies
He can't contain, although he tries
Everyday the ghosts return
And ask why you did this to me
I'll never know you, I'll haunt you till I die
You took us from our loved ones
You violated my eternal shell
Mutilated forever, I will haunt you
Mort replies. Mother created this
Blame it all on her, I have been immortalized
My illness has given the power of divination
I saved you from your own hell
My volition to kill has perverse me
I loved you all, even though you did not know me, but now you are
here
And I remember the look
In your eyes as you died
My volition for lust
Shall never set me free
Until I die, you are a prisoner to me
In the next dimension I will be king
Through my divination and volition
I will succeed