

## Now You're Going to Be Famous

### I Declare War

How can you stand without a spine? Turn your fucking back on me ? Yet I will walk away with a smile. You will become my newest creation. So where has all of this gotten you? With a blade to your throat. I can smell the fear on you. I will wipe you clean from my memory. You cry out and tremble before me. So prepare to meet your fucking maker. So put your mouth to the curb. Now you're going to be famous. All will admire me for what I've done. I wish I could say it won't hurt. May the pain eat away at your existence. Much like the cancer that lines your womb. You will truly know what suffering is. Forgiveness is no longer an option. As you lay lifeless in my presence, I may find my peace and my solace. As your pulse slowly fades away.