

Fuck Your Dead Heart

Machinemade God

Disease ridden, cobwebs reside in your head.
Yet you remain walkin on this earth (Deceiving and demanding th
e best).
A manifestation of agony gathers around your name.
And I swear to god, I would murder you, if I knew how.
Your name appearance, I searched for it among those tombstones.
...

But at the sight of you I fled (Away from you darkened silhoutt
e).
A plot to tear down the world, distrust and disbelief coincide
until it is proven (otherwise).
The consolation prize is a dagger and a knife,
handed to you on a silver plate with step by step instructions,
directing them into your chest.

FUCK YOUR DEAD HEART!!