

"I will present you with this fornication. Something in space-time is logically ill."

Your past was never quite there, there was nothing that loose in the

What can be seen in the rear view mirror, expectancy was a Mephisto's gasp,

commitments to the mind body, Or does evil exist?

constituents of your substance, it does indeed exist in parts of your neural

You are not dead, you never existed... You are not dead.

There was always something paranoid in the ways she behaved in your guilt,

Conclusions are never to be trusted!

Her devotees were never that pure, pure existence was never arbitrary,

the necessity of the game given, displayed a virtue unseen in you.

Not in my convictions of the truth, she gave the demon seeds life,

of the vermicular ethics of how your world view presents itself

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Contradictions in terms of how, your life evolves in the chain of being.

There is gang-green in the tubes,

I claim you were never a part of reality.

She was a creature alive in you, But I put my hand through the.

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This is where your life lie grows pale, never known to your mirror self,

Your dissolving truth tables" You are not dead, you never existed

"The sum of all you ever knew equals zero." You are not dead, you never

existed. You are not dead, you never existed... You are not dead, you never existed."Hell was never an option for you, Luciferian tolerance yields the given,