

Provenance of Hate

Octavia Sperati

To spectate your inferiority
What use are you to me

And your presence is passing me by
All the time

It's infesting me and I eliminate it
By offering to the wind

Unsuccessful in your attempt
To outshine my brilliant superiority
And I will paint your shadow red all over

With my spirit I enter you
What use are you to me
It's infesting me and I eliminate it all the time