

Hello, my son, welcome to the house of God
Good morning, Father
I would like to confess my sins
Of course, what would you like to confess?
I keep havin' these dreams, dreamin' of murder
And I just wake up, feelin' disgustin' with blood all over me e
very morning
It's okay, the blood is not real, the dreams are not real, thes
e murders are not happenin'
You don't, you don't understand, Father, this is a hundred perc
ent real
You're dreamin' of sins
Ah, you don't fuckin' kiddin'
Who are you, who are you murderin' in these dreams? Let's see
Murderin' God, Father, I'm murderin', every, everybody knows th
is cannot happen, my son
You don't get it, I'm murderin' fuckin' God, I've seen the bloo
d of Jesus on my hands, I've seen the death of God
You have to calm down, no, you calm fuckin' down, you calm down
, bitch
Please, sit down, I've seen the death of fuckin' God, shut the
fuck up, motherfu- shut the fuck up
Stupid lil' bitch