

# Asmodeus

## Twisted Insane

- What do you make of the theology which, uh, is pretty, quite prominent these days in America, which is, if there is one guaranteed way not to go to Hell, and that is to accept Jesus as your personal savior  
- Yeah, I grew up in that tradition. Uh, every church I know claims that "we are the true church and we have some ultimate authority, we have the infallible pope, we have the unerring Bible." The idea that the truth of God can be bound in any human system by any human creed, by any human book is almost beyond imagination for me

Fill 'em up with lethal  
Anytime I go out I see dead people  
If it was a Halloween I say I'm Michael Myers I made up with the deevil  
No sequel  
Hard to get him talkin' when his mind is full of evil  
Asmodeus done got a hold of him, what no one knows is I'm here to teach you  
I'm useful  
Brains grip, on the kitchen counter I can hear him drippin'  
Ain't nobody trippin', niggas keep on puffin' [?] like it ain't shit  
Don't you ever wonder who you're facin', you can take it  
How you wanna take it and you caught up in a sticky situation  
Tell me, do you really want it with the Brainsick?  
Ain't this about a bitch, you wanna [?] with the warlock  
Run away and try to make a promise that you will not save it with the door locked  
Or you try to live a life evasive, I be always chasin', bake 'em with the sure shot  
Standin' right beside him when he feelin' him, I'm finna bring the hell on your block  
Biblical, free your mind up, you can finally find me in a ritual  
I don't mean to get too vicious with it, I'm just try'na give you proper visuals  
I ain't try'na be too much but I will not be watered down up in the mush  
I'm meant for beamin', dreamin', fiendin' full of lust  
I'm really different, we can see as individual

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Try'na get away and run, promise I be right behind you with the gun

Aimin' for your lungs and your brain is split

(Asmodeus)

Always try'na burn 'em up, feelin' like a mountain 'bout to re-erupt

Ain't no way to duck from this flame I spit

(Asmodeus)

In the dark with the mini sharks that roll with us

Better keep up on your toes, you never knowin' who is comin' through the door with us

Rivers full of blood flowin' in, they be trickin' when they try to blow with us

I'm 'bout to take a trip to hell, already time to tell you really wanna go with us

It's pitch black, jumpin' away for the Brainsick, ain't no turnin' back

Buckle up, it's finna be a bumpy ride, I've been provided with the murder machine

Tell me if you want the meat cooked well done, shit, I be servin' that

Tie up at the heel, black SUV five deep with the burner back

Beelzebub show me visions of my death, I wasn't messin', talkin' hella blood  
It's funny when I think how far I've come and now my dick's hard by the smell of blood  
Everybody hates Twist' but with the mental sick here you tell of love  
And now I'ma use his body as my portal, we turn immortal till I let him up  
Asmodeus

- The function of the Christ is not to rescue the sinners, but to empower you and to call you to be more deeply and fully human (Asmodeus) than you've ever realized. That whilst the potential within you to be may be salvation needs to be conveyed in terms enhancing your humanity, rather than rescuing you from it
- Life is a startling and wondrous experience, and eventually I think we're gonna discover that God is unfolding through the life of our consciousness and our self-consciousness, and is not a parent figure up in the sky