

Perceptions of Truth

Rhys Corey Judd



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INTRODUCTION TO THE CHAOS

This world is in ruins, degradation, manipulation, fear, death, complete ignorance runs us now; this is not done by some evil higher force but by man itself! Destruction of the senses corrupts the youth and corporations crush anything in their way, governments rise and suffocate the people they deem unfit and churches feed their congregations with lies and false truths to push away people they deem unclean!

Can we really have this peace on earth that people cry about?

The balance of this world lies further and further into the dark, breeding more and more insolence to create terror within our own ranks, hollow promises line the pockets of every man, woman and child now; there is no real redemption just a chance to open your eyes to the tyranny of the things around you. Manipulating the freedom we are meant to have, the veil has been tightened around your eyes for too long now; free will is slowly being broken down, we are zombies living our lives according to them, not some alien or monster but humanity, the people that run us, tell us what to buy and where to eat, fill our foods with toxins and our water with poison, the ones who control the freedom control this world. I am not writing these to say I know everything, I have opened up and seen what festers beneath these lies we are forced to see, the people begging to die; not suicide but eternal screams for the night, breathing in the filthy air around us, what has become of this?

The religions cry out that demons and devils have corrupted the world in an attempt to condemn anyone who doesn't abide by their fascist rules, everything is tainted, even the ground we walk on. Spilled blood soaks into the soil that we have been force fed now, everything is restrained to be shattered and spread out for all to see, the fires burn as we walk the streets, in the drones we march following the advertising to become "better" like we are told. You yearn for the end, subconsciously crying out for something to end this yet you crawl around on all fours over the broken glass, digging around to get a fix of something to make it go away. Blinded by the reality of false truths. Not the matrix but a faded presence looms over each and every one, open your eyes to what seethes beneath us. Darkness splatters our vision till it bleeds down over us, succumbing to the notion that we are okay when we are not in control, apocalypse fades in and out draining us and the manipulation continues.....

ABANDON ALL FALSITIES YE WHO READ THIS AND SEE WHAT LIES BEYOND...

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE

The pain etched in stone, temptation bleeds into the wounds of the failed youth. This world is a big joke to us now, and everything is a fad to us now, the knife cuts smoothly to the bone, the hangman's noose is their new necklace; the darkness follows us in the shadows watching till it overcomes us; why does everything seem so perfect when everything is so rotten?

The knife is their new god and the gas the air they want to breathe, everything succumbing to the new fads. Revolving around what they think is bad, and what they think is false for they are the new sheep, the new wave.

Lifelines destroyed as they follow the next one. Broken veins pulse out at us, as we squint to see the sun, we burn but the feeling calms the faithless. Overdose is the diet of them now, the pills swallowed on quantity, taken to feed what they feel the need asks for next, as it begs for the things that we hate; the fad overcomes what was and used to be, it is the now.

Cannot underestimate the becoming of the end, life is just a statistic now, the life is taken, broken down to be a part of the list that overflows now, the new fad takes the hand of the grim reaper to feed the River Styx with the choked fashion stars. The outcast are taken, are not to be, they are the same, identical now; stolen identities form our world now, sheep of the same roam over and all fall for the new fad.

THE HOPE IS GONE

Stolen away, broken down, the heart has been ripped from its shell, the screaming has ceased within the head darkness lives there now in constant silence. Hopelessness flows over the open wound, stinging the cuts that line the inner senses and soul. It is the forgotten, the worthless, the thing that flows out of mayhem and into the pain of the world, the lust fills the desires of the young and new the taste is sweet in the mouth of sin as we feed with our eyes sewn shut. Our poison injected into the veins, cutting down the senses, breaking our faith and trust. We are broken and traumatised through the dreams we weave with our own suffering. You can taste the blood flowing forth from the open wrists, the vampyric lust overcomes the love and compassion as the blood drains down the open throats of the damned. The shouts are silent and numbing within the mind, eating away at the fragile lifelines we hold. The loneliness takes over, draining the last free thoughts into obscurity the needles slice thin and deep, breaking the flesh and penetrating the soul. Clawing at the final cliff, which lies at the bottom of hell on earth. Echoing pains around the head; the feelings die as the given are broken inside and suffocate on the world.

ALTERED STATES

Eyeless creatures stumble and crawl over the battered ground in search of the light, crying over tormented souls that grab at them, not knowing what way to go; bleeding wounds penetrate their souls, tearing at the living essence within them. Cries have turned to silence, numbing the blackened psyche of the departed. Gouged limbs lie scattered over the debris of the corpses that they have created, armless beings reach out to help, cursed to be a part of the death that ferments the air, aging pains rip at the blood soaked grounds, echoing eras of guilt and hurt rage forth and pound upon the organisms that limp for what

cannot be found...Organic rage flows over the nightless creatures that infest our dreams, plagued by the flickering light of the TV we lie awake not daring to be alone as the images flow into us, our minds open to the fears we never realised we had before....

DARKNESS

Darkness envelops me flowing into my soul and eye; betrayal fills me flowing over into the things I hold close to me; what does it want? The knife is sharp in my hands as I hold it close, the cold feel of the metal flows through me RELAX I see forth and forward holding the memories close as the world closes around me; the heat of fire rips at my skin boiling me distinctive smells invade my nose; I can sense the end yet do not fear raped and broken on the ground; memories torn apart by unseen hands floating on a black cloud watching the rain pour down onto the streets below, every drop hurts like a part of me draining away as I stare forward. You look and talk yet the sound fades away into nothing. The cross has broken inside of the tower in which I kept it. Shredded faith and falling, tumbling down my rabbit hole, time passes quickly-I can see the things that tear at me, breathing OR NOT suffocation inflicts inside the very being of hearts, the glass shatters ending the solemn love that was once built up inside; like a tower crumbling I shatter like the mirror that nobody looks in, the trash on the street flows; look into the darkness there it lies seething breeding the seed has awoken.
FEED THE SEED

The corruption flows forth; we are broken, shattered, empty shell; no one cares loves-no one feels.....

LOST!

Angel spreads its wings and flies up towards the clouds, everlasting love envelops the feelings that I have growing further each day of past times, ended in pain yet the memories last growing inside each day feeling more yet it feels pushed aside. White blankets cover the mountains, romance burnt into the eternal flame lust rages, white sight is all you see moving fast, arms wrapped hold on for your life, no pain, no hurt, while I hold thee. Who are you who I see in the memories of old? What are those feelings? Who holds the key, the end of the pain and rebirth of passion? Dark rooms hold feelings and ghosts lost and forgotten by most movies flashing in the dark CLOSE bodies underneath; everything is a blur yet the feelings flow from mind to soul. Everything moves to the next, darkness tries to take hold now, hands roam down from shoulders to...feelings rage but are never spoken of; the fire burns as bodies touch, hands rubbing the tender skin feelings that will never be heard fear seems to grip the people what do they hide? Why do they deny? Deny what? See who? Feel nothing yet everything flows over them. Hands gripped tight but no one cares; the eyes burn with desire yet no one notices it-lost and found, broken and remade, rekindles yet things still hide in the back not letting the feelings go, holding them back like they fear something; what can they fear but fear itself? There will always be the angels falling and burning, flying higher than we can see wings spread over everyone that stands can you taste it? Thou so near yet far away the holds on life are breaking; yet the thought of you makes the smiles radiate, searing at the heart what

is there left to say? Cryptic messages hidden in the most closet darkest regions yet there is light, life and love buried deep!

MANIPULATION OF THE MIND

Eaten away the flesh that shrouds us, swallowed the essence and corrupted our minds; ripped from the womb to become one with the rest. The blood soaked rites that control us cry out. Minds faded to be manipulated and crushed by the lies of the “better”, who are they to judge when we are not judged ourselves?

SHADOWED BOUNDARIES

Broken we are, as we stand before the shadowed line that borders hate and love, realities are shattered as the boundaries break, spilling into one another; the screams shall never be heard as the anguish takes over. Fear has become the ruler; we cannot see these truths for the shades have been pulled down, blinding us from our own existence, raping our minds with the culture of materialism and egotistical waste that we spout out each and every day. God fearing had become corruption in the masses by everything that we used to believe in. Our shattered remains sprinkled on the last hope of the world which is burning in the crematorium we created. The graves of the nameless spew forth that tainted glory we perceive to be true, crushing the minds of the weak and twisting the mentality of the strong. Murder is a common word now, death has become god to us and the end has become the saviour we pray for.....

OUR OWN DEMISE

Separated but still a part of each other we live our lives castrated from the truth, believers of the almighty lie that has been pushed on us, you fear what you cannot see when the evil that exists is right in front of our own bleeding eyes. The knife cuts to the bone as we search the wounds for the meaning, the pain release that will calm the ever growing tension inside of us, intent on our own demise yet afraid to die we perish under our own intentions, suffering every day for something we believe in yet we still go against it. Taste the blood of life, the night has taken over again and all that lies in the way has faded into the shadows. The books spell our deaths feeding us false truths; the cries of guilt and anguish are buried with your smile. Terrorism of our own mind, delete the light we need to see, taken from the things we watch, vision removed and darkness prevails as we stumble forward. Swallow a few dozen and feel the truth, fade into what you see, open the wounds that were once closed with the sharp slice of the open blade and feel the pain rinse away your thoughts, open them to the skies and scream out. We are the dead, we are the guilty, we are the end.

PATHWAYS

Guilt dealt out to the needy, connections made as the word cuts deep, lose your grip on sanity as you stumble down Dante’s path; extinguish what you thought you felt before,

emotions are dead now weighted down bodies choke the rivers and seas; cleansing ashes spew out chimneys that we stuff ourselves into. Death is all we understand now. Knife wounds bleed the laughter that we have forgotten, scream for what once was is now gone and what will be is deceased. Glass eyes watch as we wander aimlessly through the desolate streets; believers dying in masses, swallow the guilt and trust in what we have destroyed. Dead trees bleed filthy air into our dying lungs-does matter live or die in the images we create? Forced into the thing you despise and given the choice to leave, punishment for the glutton is what you are desiring it with open arms, begging to feel the wrath of those who are true. The earth spews out what was hidden beneath and the anger is siphoned onto your children. Connections blare down to us from the night sky; ripping into our ears and tearing at us, voices we have never seen and lies we created fill our heads with propaganda that we take and keep on our walls. Rules that lie and lies that rule exist over us, does the caring work anymore or are we all the fallen?

Deceased line the passages we crawl down to obey, faded reality eats away at the skin and the glaring light fades to night before our eyes to bleed forth unto the land we have decimated and it burns us to cinders...

SIN AND GUILT

Desperation filling my lungs, the heat chokes me. I can't scream out to whoever may hear me, the cries of a thousand souls rip my ears as I die inside for the hundredth time. Shattered and spread over the ground-buried so deep I cannot escape. These tortures rip at me, tear at my flesh and cut me. You see the blood run down my arms until it hits the ground, splashing out to fill the holes in your life. I close my eyes to focus on what I can see, the blinding light fills me with darkness and I cannot sense the fatal gasps of the dead as they come.

The glass shatters, half full of sin and half empty of guilt, the broken fragments of a once innocent life displayed over the soiled floor now. Angels' blood soaks into the ground now, the hand reaches out to grasp us, innocence stolen and used, and the violence is the way of life. Eaten away are our souls as we feed the growing hate within us. Break the shell that has been cast around us all, free the one thing that does not ask, and see what has been pulled over your eyes.

DESPAIR

Wings of a faceless angel spread over the land, reflections of a traumatised mind, your screams are useless now as we crawl forward, grasping for the last signs of life. Why do you fear what you can see? The noise of humanity tearing at the fabric of our existence, it shouts into my ears, ripping into me. Despair for what you have seen is dead, what you have is gone and what you need is destroyed. The loneliness eats away like acid within, tearing at the emotions, flowing in our veins and butchering what we have within us. Scream the lies of a thousand years, the things that live inside. The stain grows in front of us as we watch, watching the filth reproduce and breed. What have we become when the feelings are gone?

EVERYTHING ENDS

Scream into the darkness, the knife cuts closer to the bone each time you cut, and what you hide from becomes what you love. Understanding merged with confusion as we stare out towards the ocean that we cannot feel, the light burns our eyes, sears down on us, the noise fills the lungs and you can taste the guilt you have created. The feelings have spread and grown, crushing what you once were. Love is the false word spread through the ages, invented, imaginary. Those breathe down on our lifeless bodies as we writhe in what we have created. This is a dead world from which we are born, to which we die, suffocate and smother what we believed in till you are free. Destruction of the senses and the truths. The world is dead; our minds wander through the endless deserts expecting rewards. Endless sins, soulless promises, we are riddled with this, riddles with the dark ages.

Yell into the light, kill the gods you have sought after, blood drips from all the open wounds, deep into the holes in the earth, open veins to see your saviour, will you grow for this?

Saved and screwed, do you understand what we have become? Born into a world that is dead, aborted truths scream pro guilt, the victims scream for blood while the guilty take from the living. Yet the darkness eats away, enters and dilutes into the system we fear, becomes one with what you hate and what you love, stolen life, dead burial, shards of hate.

Broken spirits cut us as we stumble to the freedom we expect; only to be trampled by our own self righteous views of what we think good and evil are; our own thoughts condemn us.

BECOMING

Degradation flows through the gutters with the aimless promises and trusts that we have given. Darkness flows into the light that we seek, what do we have to lose or win?

Venomous lies spat at you from the trusted, the killing fields overflow as we seek the answers to what has not been asked. Why scream to the heavens, your existence is futile and inadequate?

The glass covers what we belong in; the mirror shows the soul yet hides the truth, choke up the last remains of what is in you to fit in and belong so then you can feel good about yourself. The acid burns, guilt rips at what you have left, last remnants of a lost cause, and subside to what you deserve. But what we fear eats away yet the answered lie within the sole thing you hate. Do you even care when the world eats another soul? Can you bring the pity to yourself and feel what you have lost?

Scream for the light that has been extinguished and the love you once felt. You cannot escape what you have created; there is no reality beyond your sight, no truth's or promises. These are cremated in the flames of the everlasting, the fuelled animal that we succumb to. The instincts have been quietened so we can sit in isolation from each thorn. Connections dead and torn, there is nothing to hold on to anymore, the lifeless cries of anguish ring through the night sky of the tormented. Seeking the final bit of hope that they hold onto too, torn from the hearts of what we have destroyed we end what we have given faith to. From the sewers the blood seeps, our glass is full of pity and mourning over things we do not need, do not love. You become the night, the hatred, people beg for what they feel and think they need. Materialistic guilt, you surrender to what is inevitability of

wrath, of patience and of fury. You require things to become whole, to live, to die. Demons fuck the living, you cannot see for you do not open your eyes, you like the dark, feeding you with the putrid lies of the nations. Your whole world is destroyed from beginning to end, what you speak is gone now, knife wounds litter the streets, bled for what you have lost, afraid and fearless, open the wounds you have and yield what is coming. Death has been among us for so long now....

MATERIALISTIC FILTH

Corporate mayhem raging within the streets, lies pushed into your mind forcing you further down into the game they play, control is the key; everything succumbs to the wave of power, life ends at the stroke of a pen, death flows through the veins of our rulers. Fade to darkness and burn the wicked for the pure we torture-the endless horrors descended upon the hands of people. Pure is gone, fed to the beast that dwells within us all, eat away the flesh from the bone to see what lies beneath it all. Can you give into what you hate for a taste of what is supremacy? Marching down they kill; overcome the putrid face of the gods we worship, sold on the windows of slander and detestment. Burnt at the stake we undergo the ritualistic pain that they put forth, zombies we are now; give in to what the TV says, buy and buy so you can feel fulfilled with the materialistic filth they have given you. Everything sells; peace was dead a long time ago, buried with hope and trust, deep within the dark pit of the divine, pure concentrated obscurity to hide the reality behind walls of items we crave for, to die is to be free, can we crawl out of the glass we have drowned in?

To be a part of the problem, to destroy what has become and the inside fails to kill the outside; nothing is solid; expel the mind trap that holds you in the books of hellish entities. See outside what has been pulled over you, the flesh parts for you, feel the liquids and taste the air that has been starved for you. Roam the night, feel the blackness encase you and enter into the blood to form the new bonds....

TENDER SKIN

Fermenting lust rips at the veins of the once trusted, tearing at the walls I have built up around me, ripping down the sheets of internal torment, the trust is broken, shattered like the mirror that lies; reflecting what it sees fit, broken down within, yet alive outside of this place that I have built up to protect me but it has become a tomb for the wretched. Endless cries echo into the dark night-ripping through our heads, the closure that connects us breaks apart as we touch, hands stroke what has become, dead flesh flows over encasing what you believe. Fingers run over tender skin, blood pumps furiously as the temperature rises, within the heat iced souls harden, glimpses of tarnished flesh folding among the endless breaths, can one hold the lust forever? Will we set it free? Falling to the broken ground, open wounds torn, spread, holding close in the dark, warmth feeds into warmth, wrath feeds into lust and the given becomes the chosen as the feelings close and show the truth behind all the old lies. Reach out through the fog and grab what you once knew, eclipse the emotion and shed the love to show the truth beneath. Love lies so dead within its own shell, breath shortens as the climax creates the pleasure of life and death, can we scream? Can we cry out?....

INSANITY

Insanity grips us all, holding onto the open veins, can we crawl back out? The pit keeps closing above us, end times drawing us closer to the beginning, does anything make sense anymore or is it just flames of an eternal fire, etched into flesh, we cry out for what we cannot see, beliefs forced into the nation so the corrupt may live and the weak must die, what will we cry to when everything else is dead? Once held dear, once close, now destroyed, collaboration of good and evil lies at the feet of what we have become. Shattered is life now stretched across a canvas of blood and humiliation; you drive it deeper into the soul till nothing will remain, bone fragmented inside our heads, eating away, torturing the things we love, our hate boils free, escaping out what we scream and into the darkness, feeding, growing. What will die will be what we have touched. The light is dimmed now, no one wants us anymore, do we need to see or do we need to die? Hope and trust are buried beneath the ground, decay fills our minds as we scatter and run at the coming of love, the sin has eaten our lives away, we have become what we despise and no one cares anymore, adoring the new world, beating the old into the time where it is dead, glass fragments spill over, crawling and crying we spill the half empty glass, no we are nothing, everything taken; we own nothing but want nothing either, death is ruler, it controls and twists what we hear, so we become one with the end, the shadows are at the end of the tunnel now. Scream into the entrance and hear the endless mercy that you will never feel.

CORRUPTION OF THE CROSS

They manipulate from behind their walls of self righteous candy coated realities, worshipping a false idol that condemns anyone who does not abide to their rules, screaming at the meek and the ones who live only to hide their skeletons behind pity and terror. Falsifying god to punish those who do not conform to their artificially sweetened truths and corrupting the young to destroy their own families with the fears they push into their minds, to crush those who do not give in. Sins fill their minds and they do not live; their free will is destroyed, eaten away by the lies spat out from the pain fuelled preachers. Break the bonds that hold you to their fraudulent ways, corruption of the cross has stolen the free will of truth....

FLAMES/PLEASURE

Angels weep and cry for shadows long gone into the night, stolen, what we call life, what we believe is love, hands gripped as the darkness entwines us; floating between the bodies, enveloping us in the clouds of sin. The bodies touch and caress, filling the anguish within the other and breathing life into the night. Hands reach out but can never touch, memories broken but not forgotten as they fade, we fade, not reality just shattered memories drifting on the waves of life. The yearning grows within, begging to be free, breaking into the mind and scarring us with pleasure, the angel's most beautiful girl is the devil's sweetest whore. Scream to bring about the rain to wash away smeared tears and love long gone, hands still reach out, hoping to grasp what they can never have, and never will become; becoming is the fear, the open gash in the bleeding heart, what is the past which is dead in the future, fingers fold together in the light we see the shadows, the

things that follow and die. Caress and feel what is hidden from you, lips brush over the shoulder, breath turns the body to ice, sensations blur with lust, the pain subsides and alters, twists into the pleasure we seek, can you become one with it?
Not to burn with the fires that scorch but become a part of the flame? Shattered we crawl over the broken ground to the thing we desire, to see them, to hear them, to feel the emotion, to die in the arms and to live in ecstasy of what we fear and create.

Cannot see, don't understand, lies grow, hate breeds, people die, people laugh, breathe deep, take a step, dead now, destiny fulfilled.

WORLD LONG GONE

Idealistic ideals, fantasies of guilt, a killing spree inside my own head. Reality shimmers and shattered glass sprays out onto the floor as we crawl into the space in which we hide. The glass is gone, neither full nor empty, the screams are echoing as we cross over. Condemn what you fear, no emotion, no loss, heaven breeds hell, what you fear becomes you, what use are the screams when nobody listens; equality is death. Light glares down on us, mindfucked we wander the streets like zombies, needless consumerism, materialistic gods we worship, glorifying the lifeless lives we lead, a needle drops, money exchanged, brain dead; open your eyes to what we have created, nothingness is what we see now, fear based commercials flashing into our eyes every day, signs fuck with us, telling us we are pathetic, must buy, must spend, must die! Hidden truths lie behind each corner, we cannot see them anymore. Cannot see what we have killed, injecting straight into the vein we fill ourselves with filth. Enabling the guilt and greed to overcome what we have murdered; dead inside and dying more, shallow flesh covers empty shells, what once was dead, what will be is tainted, younger still the fear takes, corrosion of freedom, death deals out what we desire, begging for death to come; subconscious screams for punishment, perverted what was true and pure, nothing is real, life is a false dream, disease ridden trash spreads into what we eat and drink, living with what has been force fed to us, breathing in what we hate. Corrupt is our ruler, we cannot see the smoke cover the eyes; impenetrable darkness we have fashioned, bear the seeds of guilt and dead passion now that we crumble to the earth.

Scream to the endless fears; breathe in what you deem clean, cry until your lungs bleed the blood of the people you kill. Eat away the open eyes of the newborn to blind them with you to conceal what's truly there and succumb to the bleeding wounds of reality.

MANIPULATION

Born dead, scattered ashes litter the hollow ridges of mankind's destruction, fatal feelings bleed through us and yet the fears don't get let out. Hell is no longer needed in this reality, humans have created their own. Fitting for the youth, dissertation of enigmas beat in the ears of the departed; cries spread through the air, infecting whoever hears them-eternal fate breathes down our necks twisting what it sees fit, ripping into the wounds we hide, hidden no more the fears erupt, we wear the guilt like a blanket, covering the truth and spreading over, murder is a commodity lust is what creates. Love is dead and buried burnt down with hope and beauty. False faces walk through the streets, carved from lies and

deceit, manipulating the flesh to form the fake beauty, real is no longer alive, just another mask that we wear to cover what we hate in ourselves. Long dead and living, graves flow and stretch through our cities, what will become of us? DEATH-GOD-HATE-LOVE the same word is manipulated into many, shattered dreams slashed out over the sidewalk, gutters filled with disease and filth, flowing onto the streets and into houses, can you freely think anymore? Control; abuse eats away at us, no connections just flashes of a life we experience, we are all dead to the world, there is no real just fiction; every day the same experiences, adrenalin pumped into our minds, experiences faked and trapped into the boiling hate, family existence doesn't exist-what do we run for? The exits are gone, never die thoroughly just from the inside; guts splayed over the ground in primitive patterns spelling the fate of a nation, this is the end, beginning with the smeared love over the endless ghosts of what we once were....

ANTIFREEDOM

Knives burn the flesh, razor stitches sear the wounds, broken promises speak truths and true guilt breeds lies, conceptions of love corrupt the minds of the greedy, everything eaten, nothing swallowed, flesh against skin, ice burns within us, wounds open to reveal the lost time. Blood runs into the empty eyes of the blind, sight worth nothing to the world that is departed from certainty. Driven to hate by the breath of who we love, figments of the dead flow in the minds of insanity, spread disease and famine through the mind. Open to the beginning and encased inside the pain you desire. You beg for the anger, flow through the veins like a drug; caved into the mindset you believe in, ripped apart by the god you have killed, shattered truths litter the streets, fire burns at the centre of the soul, broken now are the bonds, the remains are free, glass manipulates freedom into a world reality fears; scream out to the deceased for forgiveness, here comes your self pain, infliction into the nerve from where you came is where you die, mutations breed from the indulgence of entities, cries lash out into the night sky, tearing the fabric we crawl under to feel safe, dead roses lay upon the ground, trampled yet living inside, leaders comatose in what we feel to be honesty, end times have been and gone, we have ended life yet still breathe in what we think is air, acidic poison fills our lungs, lust to break free, glass tombs have encaged us, death is the doorman for what we have entered, use your lungs to cry out, voices unheard by dying ears, ripped flesh drapes down across the pathway now, reddened skin carpet for the gods to walk across. Pain is love now.

Freedom is the faint whisper on the air we suffocate in now, bleeding forth from the open gashes we bear, blackness fades to darkness and covers us in broken dreams; entrance of fear to the bleeding of gods will upon the stained lips of our parents, emotion tied down with wire to keep the pain in place and shattering the hope we bore once when we were young, truth sets out and torches our souls with unquenchable fire....

SLAVERY

Blackened eyes, torn skin, glass bones; we comfort thee, control is the key to what we have done to ourselves, enslaved in something we created, cannot be free, freedom is false enveloping us in fear based slavery. You hate and seethe for the night grows dark, bleeding from the skies the darkness flows down across this land the glass crashes down

around us, splintering into the living and infecting the dead; metal shoved into the wounds of ourselves, inked for escape and still breathing. Can you open your eyes when your mouth is stitched shut? Clawing away at the roof for an exit; gotta break free of this trap we placed ourselves in, smeared travesties across the faces of the ones who scream and cry, the clouds flow down and rivers of blood drown the chosen ones. Tongues sliced out to form mouthless words teeth tear the tissue from the bone, agonising trust beats with every step, broken promises litter the grounds of what once was a place of worship, trash is what our culture has become, nothing more than tourist attractions; the past will kill, the future is dead, now is hell, where will we suffocate?

RELIGIOUS FALSITIES

Red against white, the heat rages while we pity what we have lost, hands grab out at what we once were, the result dies with the experiment, in the midnight sky burning fire freezes, and water boils. Falling down endless pits, mercy granted to those who cheat and lie, corruption heats the fire of hell; what do you scream when there is nothing left to live for? Nothing to die for anymore, no reason to exist, yet it beats in the dark, pits flow over with the gone and taken reliance on the things you despise, lights hit you full force, tearing at you like fire smouldering ashes sit on the face of gods, dead are we who kill the creators. Beliefs die with every era, nothing is sacred anymore, religion is a ruse, false idols and bleeding hearts; lines of pain stretched out across cities-do you get on your knees? Can you see past what you are taught, see what is hidden, what hides within the lies?

Books are sold to tame the truth, altered and tainted with the putrid filth of traitors to the faith, you live to die, can you open to realise what the mysteries are; bleed into the plate and lick the bowl clean.

MOMENT OF BLISS

Hands brush the skin, run down the flesh to the bone; feelings rip out and escape on the breath of another, stolen intimacies fed into the mouth of the perverted, glimpses of paradise vanished in the eyes of the lustful, escape into the dreams of anti reality to see what is better; fantasies based on lies feed our minds with false hope of something we can look forward to. Sinking deeper the emotions boil away, fuelling the fire within-releasing with the other, life force sucked out and burnt in front of you while you roam the other flesh, ecstasy pumps through us, primitive emotions rage outside. Worship the things you shouldn't, become the thing they hate and fear; feed the animal inside. The wall torn down showing the raw passion underneath, succumb to the temptation, envelop the feelings and tear them apart; vivid imaginations flow through our eyes, creating new places to die in, everything ends in a heartbeat now. Can we cross this path again? Innocence is dead, younger lust takes over, nothing is honest, lies enter bodies to fulfil needs that eat at you; forcing the emotion into you-taking over and suffocating the peace you once had; take the hand and feel free for a moment. Life is just moments to treasure before reality takes over again.

Needs become wants, that turn into desires that feed lust that enrages anger....

LIFELESS FEELINGS

Lulled into a sense of peace, torn from the womb you believe in. Born into what you fear will become you, scream for the helpless lives stolen into the pills we swallow. Emotionless beings crawl forward across the mud soaked grounds, blood runs freely through our hands as we try to hold on to what we can see before us, broken bottles shatter, cremation of innocence and destruction of sensations, crushing the essence within us all, turning us into people that cannot feel, senses faded within; smeared blades of hope across the stained glass windows drip down our arms as we taste the end of what we have become. Life is dead, just an endless message of what is gone and forgotten. Fire dirties us as we creep towards the end, light dims to darkness consuming us whole, making us fear the murky fogs that surround our very lives. Red sears through us, urging the being to kill and maim, what can we know when the fabric is torn? Shreds drift through our heads, and we float into the lifeless feelings we have been given-the blood is black now, seeping down the walls and deep into the earth, feeding the ground with tainted glory of things we destroyed in the future and left in the past. What is dead is breathing and what is alive is departed from natural existence, can we succeed when everything is no more? The begging of souls lost in themselves echoes into the ears of the ones who cannot listen. The tired moans of the faded makes the tears dry up before the ground can taste them, do you fear what is there in front of you or will you die for the beliefs of the forgotten?

KNOWLEDGE

Anti abortionists scream for life's blood, burning scans over the world, destructions envelop us all. The bible is a weapon now, scratching out at what they don't understand, biblical censorship, false hope given to the forsaken, beckoned towards the end and what we see is what we need. Lies fed to us through TV and speech, concentrate on your deaths more than the life we have, night encompasses us as we search for what we have lost in this instance of self indulgence. Global corruption eats away at the world we thought was free, consumerism blares out from all walls as we march down the streets in rows. Centres unbalance as we collide with the inevitable truths of this existence, peace does not exist, screams silenced by swollen censorship-throats burn with the poison that is fed to us, eat the filth they give you; encase the love in ice, the smoke chokes the emotion to its last thread and strangles us with it, fortifications erected around our minds that are pumped with pleasure so we cannot break free of what is the lies and be a part of the truth. You want the sweet things to kill for this, spit the maggots out of the candy you have been given, the stranger walks beside us; within us the guilt is gone, fear replaced by desire for the nameless and false. Trails of breadcrumbs destroyed under the machinery, lost and never found we will always be tainted fruits of nature we feed on, knowledge grown on trees that flourish where the lies are buried. Children's mouths fed with toxins and anger, fuelling them, becoming more of the same, machines eat our emotions, destroying our connections, everything is controlled now. Crawl to the unholy worship created for sex, no reality is there JUST PARLOUR TRICKS FOR THE WEAK MINDED the devil died with god, evil is the by product of man. Nothing rules but everything overwhelms, escape to the cage which holds you, fury rages within; boiling to what we cannot take, we are the creators of infinite darkness, worshipping what is forced down our throats, succumbing to the dark and eating the light there is nothing to hold us anymore, plummeting forever into the endless hell we have made for ourselves....

Corrupt powers flow from tainted minds of the ones above us...

BURN TO BLEED

Fear rages through the veins of those who condemn the guiltless, burnt into the eyes is the hatred that flows, beneath us we crumble, and cry for the limbs of the one armed man can you escape what has been made for you? Disease descends on the lifeless bodies, feeding into the happy and free; pain extends without guidance as we choke on what we brought forth; can you really see through the flesh over your eyes, to breathe through the wounds we have created?

Killing existence with the knife you once held, rip into the sores festering on the flesh. Battery acid burns our lungs with ferocious skill; surgeons cut the old to create the new while graves hold the living as we bury ourselves alive. Bleeding holes erupt within our minds, the dates are dead and the days are oozing what we secrete, consume the responsibility and express the dark sweetness you taste, the blood is sticky between your fingers, the blade sweats and stings as the sky burns into your essence and you freeze. Gouged out we lie and wait for the fire to corrode our skins.

Abandoned trust, corrupt faith, guiltless pleasures and crucified idols.

DISCOLOURED

Black smeared across the canvas, splattered over everyone; sheep bred to be a part of the factions that flow into our minds separate you thought but the same we are. Movies spell the life we want, death shows us the end we desire; sheath your body in the skin of your friends, lies flow in everyone. Rings and paint spread over the bodies, trying to escape what they hate yet are still the same, individuality destroyed over time, skin marked and burnt to please; pain is the lust and sex we need, give to the all and bow to the corporation that has created you. Identity is a fiction story to us now every mind evolves to a lower state eating the meals forced down our teeth, broken psyches scream out to the glimmer of hope you look for, your dark is light now, but light does not exist only the dark fades into nothing; evil has become discoloured, resembling nothing and everything we taint ourselves, colours varied within the chemistry of nature, blood tears flow to the beats of the dying heart can you escape only to see the world you want is the one you have killed. Discontent with the meaning the false truths have risen, conformity is god, what has been has passed and the new has been stolen, the present lies still now; shapes roam outside the windows and doors of our beliefs, everyone hides something inside. The pure of heart burn the quickest in the fires that ravage us; the evil are dead before the midnight hour. Unbalanced scales tip into the pit. Lives never become, shattered existence on the bathroom floor, jaded and lying in the pools of blood and false love, paved fury buries the reality of this who is out there now? No one to save; eviscerated bodies spread out on the steps of governments, hearts burning in the water flame of torn free will everything given has been taken and killed, and you open your eyes to the black heart of your own. Pain derived from the purest form to be injected into the newborn that cried out to be free.

CAN YOU?

Can you feel the guilt? Can you see the lies? Will you know the truth? When your life is gone. Can you follow the path? Can you open your eyes? When the pain exists-will you burn for it? Can you see the light? Can you feel the dark? Will you hide the fears when the questions hit you??

CORPSES

Asphyxiated by your own flesh stretched out across your face, blood trickles down across your legs, torn and broken you feel nothing. Aches rip through your head and see what has opened up in front of you. Human made hell blossoms now, etched in the skin of thousands, bled for the good of the world; eaten away and dying we become as the creatures writhe underneath us, temptation tears at our beings, force becomes its power; give in to what you cannot feel and inhale the contaminated air that leeches our own life from us. Gone are the ways we used to believe in, the goodness has died and the fog creeps closer, ingesting what we care about, love is dead blood flows in the minds of the fearful; kill what we cannot understand, nightmares of eternal phantoms reach in and crush the dreams we develop withered away we crawl into the ground, born to die we fornicate to live, pass on what we hate and eat the guilt from within. Ascend amongst the nations of filth and disgrace, gouge the pains out from your very soul and murder the close ones to be a part of what has begun. Corpses lay on the streets we wander, paths filled with the decay that we have created everything that has begun is gone; the past is the future, deafening echoes tear the skies open and gods blood rains down upon us...

MEDICATED FREEDOM

Selling the soulless to become the hated, entrances closed to all that come close, the vessel is sinking within gods eye; death wears the mask that we don't understand, hidden within us all, escaping within the minds of the pure. Putrid gasps ring out around all; pendulum swings in time with the knife wounds, four to come and none to live, forced down the throats of the ones we call insane, the little pills gestate inside, chemical unbalance, scales twisted, fears increase while pain fades, an ever burning white drills into what we call ourselves; forcing new ways to kill our own. The one died with the last number and escape was burnt to the ground with your revulsion of what you cannot take; cruelty of the ones you trusted, darkness flows in every soul fiery blood drips down onto the smouldering shelves that fade away with every breath. Tablets form new ways, escape to a world that has been made for you, reality is gone here; false truths blister the skin as we force the new over the old, and you are never free, never apart from what you are just torn into a new realm of what your mind plays with, do you dare break free?

APOCALYPTIC FANTASIES PT 2

Global suicide, apocalyptic fantasies, reach into your mind and tear out your own thoughts, equations don't add, introduce the lust to the body of the unwilling; you control nothing and everything, tears run down the face of the one you love. Spilt love drips from

the carpenter's bench, falling into the abyss that bleeds, escape the fate of your own making, eat into the wounds and pierce the essence of your own hope and darkness. Everything is false in the end; hope is dead and buried within the graves of the worthy, disease rules over your own flesh and anger feeds the fire we burn upon. Horned and useless temptation is gone now, eat from the sacred coffin the flesh melts away within touch of pure emotion, laugh to the skies in efforts that are futile. Nothing listens to the cries for help, spoiled meats, eroding skin, effortless hatred and emotional guilt. The guilty are fearless and the innocent deceased; end now, suffocate now, die now, believe now. Death is swift in its own vengeance.

Fear drips down among the fallen and breathing to drench us in mediocrity and rip our individuality from us.

RESENTMENT OF LIFE

Fate is broken, we are all just tiny figments in this world of lies and pain, broken down and crying on the street, blood streaking down their faces as they crawl across glass covered roads looking for someone; something to believe in. Escaping to the mind which is dying to believe in the hopes and dreams that reality kills. Fear has become the mind killer for all to see as we break down and pity fills us with the anger and rage that is waiting in the dark, walls have been broken down and the shields we have up are gone life quits at this moment and all is quiet, dreams fade into reality and warp the things that we believe in, escape has died with the rumours of life after death-in this twist of fate we succumb to the suffocating fumes of corruption and empiric corporations soul sucking the youth and destroying the old. Nothing is sacred anymore as the old is desecrated and the new are brainwashed to fulfil the brutal truths that we are oblivious to. Scream till your lungs bleed to try and get someone to hear, the blood flows over the ground in pools of guilty pleasures that we indulge ourselves in. Twisted worlds collide as the nightmares continue, eating away the sanity that we have tried to preserve. To kill is the bliss we seek, redemption feels like a lost cause now, knife into flesh aches in the brain now, searing the unworthy things in our path; escape into the worlds we create and die in. You believe the lies you are fed and drink the tainted fluids you are given, monstrous emotions rip at the very essence you have and tear at the fabric that surrounds you, brutality reaches the inner thoughts that fuel the anger that flows with every step, engage the nightmares and eat the things in your way; life is gone and now death believes in you.

ABUSED TORMENT

Dark prophets fill line after line of death predictions pumping the influences of pain and torment into the already abused heads of our own flesh, can you beg for the life of the one next to you when your life means so little? Simple cuts bleed rivers down to the earth feeding the darkness that flows every night, grey mists swirl among the graves that litter our very lives; cities crumble, pits overflow with the dead, lives destroyed with the touch of the soul filled beings that roam the streets at night. Eclipse the night sky with the light that scorches you; fantasies flow freely in the psyche of the wanderers and the rain falls down upon the shadows that litter the streets at dusk. Filling us with resentment for what we cannot have, to murder the things in the way, to take what we want, to be free of the

constrictions that bind us to the manipulation that holds us tight; kill the night walker and save the hollow selves that exist with him, end the torment with the swish of the blade or the sound of a gun suffering enlarged as the evil spreads within us; tight hands around my throat squeezing the time out of me, what has happened that can be changed?

Balance destroyed with one grainy image, pages embroiled in filth and abomination as the words flow the sin grows, existence in all of us, sex fumes rise as the consumption of rage and pleasure mixes in the scented roses that fill our vision, the red envelops us and we feed off it, escaping only to gasp for the air we need yet hate, illustrations raise the questions asked in revulsion to what we need to know, swallowed inside the living entity is the life we yearn for but has died before and will die again; impaired visions flow through our optic nerves and then we choke on what we believe in.

Abused, suffocate, dreams torn and spread over the surgeon's table, surgical flesh burns holes in my mind; tearing at the strands of sanity that I hold on to. The last way is the beginning and the end opens to the new self hate.

UNRENEWABLE DNA

Crooked nails piercing us against the crimson flow of civilisation. Dying to be a part of something we can never be; never hold on to, suffocate to live and to die we grasp the freedom of the blade, abortionations flowing through our fingers, what is black is coloured within us, unrenewable DNA; agitated souls feeding on the gulping breaths we take, reality fades here. This plane destroyed with our dying thoughts, through the looking glass we live, suffocating on our own thoughts, can this be what we dream of? Blood rushes between fingers; skewered guts splayed in front of us, friends slain and enemies bleed, you believe to die, shattered prey lies between us, taste the sweet inflamed faith, dripping with the sins of the filthy; can we see what hides beneath when we cannot see what we are? Despise the existence of what we lust for guess for the dead to see what we need to be, hate flows deep within the dead feeding us as we sleep, dreams rip into the mindlessness of our nature now; hope is deceased in the makeshift grave you have dug, nothing belongs anymore, gulp your last breath of the air we savour putrid extrusions pump out from our pleasure, split the existence from the core and kill the thing you love the most; end the life to help it, knife cuts deep within and the inside flows beneath us as we bleed for the god we hate. Obscure words fill our eyes and the sights flow into the weakened that scream for the night to come you think you exist when the darkness eats away at you; your beliefs are as dead as you are inside. Nothing is real for us anymore, cant think to be a part of this; pity carves into your body, ripping what you hide within, succumb to the bleeding hearts that tear the mindset apart, subjecting the knowledge to the flames that sear our life force, pillars built around to hold in, keep out the things that need, that destroy; your own family dies with one gas, kill, die\, bleed, worship.

INSANITY/REALITY

Mental stability fails you, images inflicting the pain and torment; inject the guilt into your own body; fuse the suffering and the love together, nothing is complete now, rage burrows deep. Teetering on the edge of insanity, collapsing into the world of lies; truth has no place in the realities we have brought forth. Explosion of misery bursts through the eyes of the watched, crawl towards the goal you want only to see it fade away; nothing left for

you in this world, crumble down to the salt in the ground burning sensations fill the heart, bleeding without blood onto the ground that does not exist, escaping into a breath of the faded soul. Minds pound against the barriers that hold us in, electric currents run wild through us, the flesh smells as it burns away from the bone imagery erupts within us, showing the metaphors that exist within the ground we walk upon. In the faded existence of humanity which once thrived but now gone. Death is your owner beating the useless till they crawl no more, suffocate the faithful to feed your own frenzy, tempers boil inside the continuation of guilt and hatred; you escape to become and die to believe. What has come will die and what has been shall be no more, blood drips down the walls of the things we once created-the paintings fade and the books burn as the end eats us alive with brutal ferociousness.

IMMORTALITY

Burn within the walls you are confined to, eradicate the ones who do not learn your ways, beat the weak and kill the rich, bleed onto the ashes of your own life and eat your flesh to live once more.

Manipulation of the mind is the weapon of the future, crush from the inside and we all die.....

FLESH WOUND

Inhale the petrified air of the nightmare world, envelop yourself in the gore that flows, grip the lifeless corpses floating down the river in the darkness of the night sky. Smeared across the portrait of your parents, the blood flows thickly down to the soil that feeds on it; that eats away the flesh of the captive, encaged in what we have made to be our prison, controlling us, buried deep and still breathing the worms eat into us, digging deep into the muscle, scream all you want as your mouth fills with dirt, air is gone yet you can taste the breath of the faceless. Open wrists bleed into the wounds of the forgotten, burst veins spill over us as we lick the gash that spits out the bone. Brains ejected from the thrust of the bullet broken faith meets broken spines as the wicked slaughter to survive. Amongst the hated you feel, limbs lifeless as they are amputated, still living within the essence that you have, fingers crushed before your soulless eyes, splattered over many worlds now, excrement escapes, soaked in water we cry out to be drenched; you can shout for your life but the ones who hear will be the ones you fear. The girls' screams lift higher than the mountains, shrieking to the heavens in an attempt to be saved, elapsed time wages war against the endless tides of brutal torment, gulp the sweet taste of nations burning under the rule of the tyrant, the lies flow forth from the open wounds of thousands; no help to rest their souls, death plagues us as we burn for the end, to savour the taste of murder, to feel the blood on your hands, to free yourself of the persecutor who has imprisoned you, slice through the chest; peel the flesh, open the wounds, crush the heart.....

FIGMENTATIONS OF TRUTH

Youth tortured by the figmentations of the mind's eye, encasing me in this world of nightmares I feed from now assume the worst to bleed forth the whims of a faithless soul, judgement trampled down upon me etching scripture into my open flesh, forcing the guilt further down my throat. Exhale the breathless air as I gasp for what I see but can never reach verbal torments ache in my head ripping out the nerves I once held on to, tripping me down the hills that grow larger in the rear view of life. Swallowed the pills that manipulate the environment I created, fading the imagery and tainting the love that was once felt. Past eats away at me, cannot break out of this malevolence induced nightmarish existence technological manifestations rule now, breeding in the wounds I have opened up, control breathes through me; lacking the hallucinations that hold everything together, nothing comes right when the fire cleanses within, breathe in the fire and see the feverish images that torment my mind. Written to ease the pain, darkness will never leave this place, to understand is to die, death is the deal given to us all; I can feel the burning inside from the ice that has formed in my veins, cold blood flows easily through the emotionless corpse. Body rotted away into the end of times that rest on the hands of the keepers. X'ed from this plane of continuation of the hate that we excrete, I feed on what is given out, the anger flows into the streets like wildfire, escaping from the pits of us that we fear to enter, flowing into my shell of a body; worlds end and no one will listen, used body left on the dying floor bleeding, the core dies from within, armour destroyed with the reaction to the acid flowing in the body. I scream to the skies for the guidance they offer, rain pours down, burning the flesh, bloody streaks run down my face as I hold it up high; escape the reality that haunts us, no hiding but finding the thing that watches in the shadows, following, roll the dice to show the future, gamble on the lives we have sold to become what we want, I cannot sell what I don't have. Feelings torn years ago, bleeding through gashes that won't heal, the conclusion is written away from the horrendous life that has been forced upon me, I laugh to see and kill to become.....

LAST THREAD

Humanity raped upon the cross that bears the guilt and sin of us all, flowing into the drinking water now to be fed back into us all, suffocating the godless dreams that we have experienced. Crushed from the outside wall and made to suffer for things that have transpired before us, escape from the light that grows around us, pathways lead to cliffs in the actuality that flows in front of us. Aging sins freely roam around inside our beings, giving in to what holds on, the hope bleeds from the incisions that have been made upon your tender flesh, gods in the TV for you now, the commercials are your minister, sucking in the weak and converting the strong-minds melts into one and the eyes rot inside the lifeless skulls of the ignorant. What is there to do when death is all around you? Take the knife and slice the skin from muscle, create the art of death upon yourself, feed the darkness with the crimson flow of your blood impaled on the tree of hope and knowledge we lie, screaming into the silence that surrounds us. Imagine the hope that you have killed, live the long realities holding on to the last threads of a dying hallucination, desire rages in the seams of brutal nature, condemned to be something we can never hold on to and eating away the restraints that bind us, escape into your own mind to veil yourself from the fact that reveals itself outside the walls you have put up. Bloodline rules

over all, engaging in the realms of the fearful and the feared, bled to die and wounded to be slaves to what is the all knowing machine.

LUST REVIVED

Eclipsed fate buried deep within the shell of humanity, can you hold on as we tumble down, further into the abyss that has been dug by the unconscious minds of the deceased. The love flows down the thighs of the disregarded soul, thick in constant failure we feel hopeless, to cry out is to beg for pity from the ones we hate.

Smooth hands run over the flesh now, tingling the senses, lost but always remains inside, terror plunges into the feelings of rushes and lust, surging out into the arteries, pumping into the body furiously, engaging in indignities that encase us in emotion. Silk wraps around, choking the hardship and hurt out; tantalising feelings rush through the empty corridors, breathe in the scents that force themselves on you, lost hands reach inwards, squeezing hearts, aching inside for the outside, we yearn for the absence of hatred, anger flushes through us, bitter tastes invade the senses of you; pumped into the body. Inflamed passion frenzies through the concealed boxes that hold the emotion as the obsession drills into our minds, infatuating us with the sinful needs that we were warned about; encage, betray, fulfil the needs and wants of the body, nothing is sacred, everything a sin, indulge into the fantasies of the old and new....

INFECTION

Infection; eating away at the beloved; enraged pain flares within the confinements of the mind-bleed into the cup, wash the wounds with holy water-torn from the mountains, spread over the unclean. Engage the pitiful and rip the blood soaked insides out as the bodies litter your open streets, cries to the heavens end in death, dead fills carts, halls turn to mud soaked pits, overflowing with the discarded, masks cover the truth of the people, cannot escape the fate of everything.

Rich die beautifully, cannot buy the life you want, surrender to the grim reaper, let him tear your soul out to be given to no one and scraped along the walls of sanity. Dead in the streets, crawl over the dying, bred fears plead for freedom, but the chemicals in the head rip them apart, new war, new death, new hate.

MECHANICAL OBEDIENCE

Heartless assaults on human dignity, rape the willing to control the lost, eradicate the minds of the strong, eternal suffocation on the bright light that glows before us, darkness breeds inside the skin; stolen from the places we escape to, rage burns out of love now, fuelled from trust to hate the dead, living does not exist anymore, everything is gone into the eyes of malice.

Battles lost from the hell that lives among us macabre pity rolls through the heat of ice-bleeding the soulless souls, wounds split open and spit the dust of a nation into the open flesh of our own. Angels' bodies feed the rich; fulfil what the desires burn deep, holes buried within coffins of flesh, viruses of life infect us all, out go the lights with the sacrifice of death. Venom seeps into old cracks dripping lies through coarse veins-frozen

eyes see the defamations built up to build cities, night terrors tear matter from mind to form what broke and reborn to be desolation and love; everything is derived from the beings, from the beginning. Mechanical obedience we fear and slavery owns us condemned and free we fester within ourselves, hunters and hunted. Burning skin flows out the throats of the young to become what the desire commands, following dead trends, egotistical manipulation of their senses and burrowed lies wither inside kill the person and create a shell; obey to live for the mind must die. Images forced into the brain corrupting and embodying the useless contributions of hope that kill us all, open to bleed and tie off the veins. Lead down into the night that eats away the individuality, to become is to surrender, to die is to live, to exist is to suffer, the truth dies here.

OF FLESH AND FALSE TRUTHS

Soulless passageways filled of flesh and bone, ruptured veins leak down the tear covered walls, open guts spill lies over the night sky that watches over the dying earth life shatters into a thousand pieces; you sit there trying to put them back together, fingers have become torn ribbons of flesh escaped perpetual existence, converged to corrupt our gullible thoughts; blistering guilt breeds empty promises spilt over the dilapidated floor like the broken dreams we once all forged in our futile dreams. Landscapes bitterly fused together, anger fuels the love now, emerge from the putrid womb of existence to see the light that dies on us; technology is our family now no real certainty or being, false idols for the fallen tragedies that we have produced. Lives taken before life began, sucked free from this nightmarish plane; gaping mouths push us to feed the wounds of the flesh. Teeth rot with every sip of the water you swallow, scared beings run with the scars to prove they died victorious deaths merge with the help that was forgotten, burnt among our own intelligence; swollen bodies buried in the ground beneath our feet, sacred lands shredded for future murder. Believe in the greed that spills out your open gashes cut with the blade, implode within bloody dreams rampage through real life, false truths crumble towers, beneath us we see the thing that we are; devour the living flesh to create existing moulds, mindless baggage enveloping simple thoughts of grandeur succeed into death and scream for eternity as we are all stabbed and draped across the living room wall.

LIVING TO BE DEAD

Essence swallowed and stolen from within, nothing left but the shell of perpetual grief and despair, engage the pains and torments of the ever after. Broken dreams become the noose that we hang ourselves with, knives cut flesh from bone in an attempt to purge our beings from the reality that binds us; kill to be a part of anything and die to be free for once.

BITTER BLOOD

Hands clamped, pray for what will never come, destruction fills our world ending of what has been and will be; desolate minds crumble now, everything is gone yet it lies in front of us eaten away to be a part of what cannot see, broken bones scream out from the shattered facilities that line the isolated streets that we were born unto. Scattered bones lay waste in what was once the place of worship, terrorised in the mind by the sleaze that oozes behind

the government walls corrupting the weak while controlling the strong; nothing will ever make sense anymore, fused together with the parts you despise created for the total, died for the whole, deceitful truth Sayers roam our now dead streets, pumping the anger fuelled hatred into us, staring into the barrel of the gun as it fires, tears sustain the life forces of the weary feeding on the empty hearts of those that lay in the streets dead. Sacrifice your brains for the TV, the thing that controls and distorts what is outside, complications fuse with the truth to manufacture the lies we believe, the belief is true for what is truth without the lies that have created it?

Minds explode with the gifts that burn within, flames cleanse the pure and worthless, everybody is the same, respect and respond, in and out functions envelop us; follow orders given directly into the brain chase the answers into the pits of your own personal hell, obsolete factions pump through the veins of everyone, the blood is pure, the taste bitter, the flow enters and dissipates and now is the tainted slime we live on.

MANUFACTURED DESIRES

So little, so dead, so true to the pain that has torn apart the essence of every human in this world; corruption flows within the veins of the ones who control us break out you cannot, escape is death, life fails within the minds now, succumb to the lifeless lives you have led, let the drugs eat your brain and the corporations fill you with useless trash as we grovel for another little taste, fill our souls with the needs we hate and desire within the endless ties that direct us into the pits we have dug for ourselves. It is the insidious manipulation of human desire for commercial purposes that fuels them, control erupts from the box that feeds us the images that taunt and tear at us, rape the minds of the innocent; manufacture the means to be the end of this world, determine the escape that rips at our hearts and peels the flesh from our beating hearts, torn apart by the empiric laws that bind you to the basements you encase yourself in. Frayed skin flutters in the wind as we wander aimlessly down the streets, indulging in our futile excuse of life. Burnt and buried alive in the graves you made, climb to the sky to be crushed into the earth; senseless communications blare in the heads of us all as we try to contact the emotions we killed a long time ago. Swallowed in the dirt we breathe in the filth we produced, hollow world caves in around us, wishes torn from the psyche only to be stomped into the earth, the pills feed us the false worlds we crave, imaginary fantasies bleed out from the wounds that you cut from your own flesh, blood soaks into the sand we crouch upon, waves wash away the remains that we hide and the life we once wished for drowns with the trust that you placed in the future, the future you wish for that has died before it has come, crumpled love tied in knots around the necks of everyone, one last step to go.....

Trapped in the box we have been forced into, stifle ideas and burn thoughts that do not fit their corrupt ways. Everything is a sin to them; breathing down our necks and tearing souls from freedom, forcing lies upon everyone to succumb to what they believe themselves. Nothing is sacred anymore; influence us to crush the ones who do not fit into their putrid filthy ways of worship of the false idols.

SILENCE ON THE SOUNDWAVES

Intimate suffocation on the merciful deaths, enrage silent figures that watch us, aborted truths lie scattered over the blood encrusted dirt we spill our tears on. Electrical control; reign bleeds over the new sovereigns manipulated by our own, lifeless lust fills the graves of new sensations scream into our ears, bled from the wounds of others crushing beliefs as the essence is tainted from within, stolen from us we wither, soulless now, everything is dead. Outside we are slaves, servants to what we have made; obey the flickering screens of our loved ones, spend to be loved, appropriated pity begs to be freed. Pride overcomes to spill into the mercy we deny the mindless creations we bear. Crosses burn upon the flesh, stars rip into our feelings, buy to be-to not be to die, impulses turn electric flowing from eyes to ears magnetic emotion now. Communication ripped from us and privacy raped; worship the TV, brains fed to the appliances. Grovel at the steps of the malls envelop yourself in the reality they give you, march in succession up and down streets, souls beaten into the ground. Six feet under we crumble obedience brought with the contaminated materialism, sales kills the living being, egos rage and flare to ignite the fury inside. The harsh light burns the eyes as we keep staring into the bulb waiting to be told what to do-existence lies in the wires of corrupt machines, smoke fumes from the funeral pyres we put ourselves onto. Ashes eaten by the young, fed to keep the guilt intake breathing connections dead; failed love pumps out of every home, lies spat out of every mouth; cheating and dishonesty are our hidden truths nothing is true anymore, love dissolved by our own hatred and fear, can you believe in what is already dead? Is this the quiet we crave? Nothing inside; silence on the soundwaves will be the endless scream we hear as the blood thickens within.

PRAYER FOR THE MASSES

Blood sweetened candy stolen from the keeper's hand, holy lies spread over your body lost love spilt in the sacred water. Existence tainted by our own dreams, rotted body split open on the wooden cross now-what destruction is needed when you have killed everything?

Eat the bread, maggots flow out of the stale knives, wine soured with pity and guilt, greed has twisted our one tracked mind money is god now, materialistic lust rages forth the tree has burnt to the ground and the apple spills seeds of hate. Knowledge is dead rules to be shattered upon the sacrificial table; flesh eaten to see the truth-cannibalistic instincts escape, flawed hope, we ask the endless skies to burn us cleanse the essence to which we corrupt and suffocate the living with the burning flesh of the dead. Abuse, rape, souring, dilapidate, enrage, control, deceit are the new praises for your worthless cries you scream out to an impenetrable sky.

CORRUPTED ERA

Silence controls the essences of the rage and lust we foam at the mouth from intense heat blasts through every cell, raging fires torch the living tissue to fuse the hate with the love, explain the truth when the truth is dead and the lies bleed. Corrupting the minds that crumble with time; this not us will suffer for the night stars ache with the touch-, washed in the waters that drown the young we cleanse ourselves of guilt as we wash our hands in

blood, life dies and becomes and we cry no more; watch from the ground in the mass graves we dig for the new and unborn to die within. This sky bleeds forth the blood of the gods, slit wrists over clouds nothing become the word and everything is dead, burn the night and scorch the earth to end the dilapidated era of man.
Wired together we live and breathe how they tell us too...

APOCALYPTIC FANTASIES PT 1

Sins etched in flesh, names forgotten in the endless winds, ravaged bodies' litter these streets; filth penetrates essences of the last things to kill. Darkness fades from light, balances shattered now glass spread over the soil, stitched shut we cannot feel anymore false illusions of emotion and love, roam the endless graves for a taste of hope. Dead eyes breathe over us, feeding the endless hunger we have crumbling civilisations rise to corrupt the past; dense motion holds us against the falling pillars of the world above, dying angels burn up inside us, choking back the putrid smoke that we breathe, water burns the stomachs breeding the lies we love. Evil is us no realisation, violent anguish consumes the pure; pressure aches within the bones separating from the ground. Collapse the foul prayers of the lifeless bodies eaten away flesh sold to the highest bidder, pray for your own existence now; freedom is not available. Original horror roams in the minds of the gifted; fire burns black what was once light, exist to suffer, godlessness is fear to be a part of the end, apocalyptic emotions explode the night, clouds grey the eyes of the blind excuses muttered in pits of death masked realities, false truths plaster our walls; end of death is the death of life.

PERVERSIONS OF THE FLESH

Encased in the lust we burn to the skin of the ages, rotting away beneath what we hide torment retching to escape from what created it, the futile screams of the bleeding echo beneath the cries for death from those who are alive. Boiling in the filth we craved in living; perceived to be real what does not exist and lay torn underneath the putrid emotions you spit out. Blood cleanses the wounds that we hide from, your past eats the essence of what was destroyed by the things you love. Look at the seas that wash the dead among your feet; oceans yearning for the life we don't have anymore, purifying the holy waters of the gardens with the sins of masses. Flesh on flesh, razed skin flows over tongues that reach out for a taste, wild obedience rages forth from heated passion tearing at the tender skin that forms at the births. Fingers dig into what we cannot see, entering into bodies, metal against the warmth ripping the feelings from our lonely souls, anything to kill the pain we entice ache for the connections of lust, falling deeper into the perversions of the flesh that cut deep into the psyche, open to the pleasures that feed you, existence is final, trapped within the box we create, walls crushing us with every breath; blood red skies flow with amber shards, is your glass full?

Gouging the life from the empty pits we develop and nurture, no path from the brink, open your eyes to see the reality you have been torn from, experience the flesh everything is the beginning and end of what has and will be; death is the life we strive for, finger the open sores, hands run down the fleshy tissue that surrounds us, that engulfs us, temptation bleeds from the eyes to what we see as perverse is precious. The hatred within passion and the desire flows from the touch to the nerve. Bloody hands streak the pages we write, the

ink is the lost love of millions and on the paper we spill into the fantasies we create to escape the harsh light of the day.

ROTTED DECADENCE

Death swimming in the belly of the beast, torn veins splattering blood over scattered bones, burnt flesh turns to ashes and fills the air from the ovens we make, sulphuric stench flows over split wounds. Aborted fleshlings lying on plates to be served to the highest bidder; with guts splayed over paintings and suffocation of the skin tissue through intravenous means. Slain masturbation against the pages of bared forgery, foetal errors bled forth upon hands and souls, nightmare rips into gutless emotions of terror to kill and maim for life. Procedures to slice and tear limb from bone only to rub salt deep in the wounds, arteries snapped before shattered rape. Eyeballs pierced from brain to desire; sawn in half yet still masturbating to the end of life betrothed with death to end but is shattered and trapped in the minds that feared and drowned within one's own self. Living among another mind that bleeds from torn wrists and flesh between the teeth that inflicts on themselves the pubescent intestinal garbage that lives by the crushed laws of man and manipulation of the senses. Organs lying discarded in buckets, rotting bones and roots flowing into nerves of faint painkillers; inject the roses with obsessive compulsive rage that bursts from inside the heart that pumps the filth among decay to sunshine. Multiple personalities stretch the womb to kill the fundamental nature which flows in the tubes of hollow blood and abscesses fill with the scum that we build up with. The dissection of the ovaries are looked over while male organs are raped and sliced, mind echoes thoughts and wants for massacre they flow blood from the open wounds and drip into skin trays. The blood moon pumps in the sky, eating away the excuses for freedom fed to us from among us; slit lips spill lies from gashes, reddened by dark blood, masks of skin pulled over human scars to mask the impurities of the flesh. Keloid milk licked and the scabs eaten with the placentas that flow from the operating tables. Teeth torn from crying mouths oozing pus and bile, bubbling slashes of shit and love, drink the blood from your parents' wounds; self inflicted hara kiri upon others. Cannibalistic Halloween for swollen bodies floating down rivers of pity and guilt. Lashed with bones of old flesh rips with each cut, poetic lines blurred into serial graves and written in the monthly blood, suicidal complications with twisted barbed wire wrapped around necks choking with blood and filth. Glass digested in tiny fragments shredding stomachs and spilling acid within flesh eaten away to searing agony. Open the chest and feel the organs that control life, stitch them together in patterns of disembowelled quilts. Boiled dead sliced to bits by instruments of steel and malice; cannot hold it as you empty bowels in disgrace, while the masturbating continues, spurting over empty stupidity gooey splatters leak down the walls, women dying with wetness leaking down swollen thighs and ingested souls. Millions of youths destroyed by needles penetrating skin and tissue to fill them with poisoned freedom for a few hours to digest the agony they feel as they intimately slice strips from their own body. Red lines the night sky killing the darkness, etching the light with bones and systems of the new blood; electrical mind waves send messages to the mashed brains of the innocent. Bridled indecencies flooding your throat with rusted tastes of blood and frozen love, this creates false starts and realities, pump and thrust into mayhem, open wound penetration to infect with male genetics, influencing mechanical children to march and fall in place. Neurotic seams aching for the knife blade to unstitch yourself to pull the stuffing out and fill with the things you yearn for; metal carves the

flesh open to spill the darkened mess over the dining table, fire cleansing the seared wounds that fester with destructive infections peeling and rotting flesh and bone; hollowing the blood vessels and drying up the hate and love. End the ego with the cut of the surgeon's scalpel, fridge died and the rotting meat lingers with disgust but we eat and feed upon the emptied bowels of the unforgettable heroes we kill.

DEHUMANIZATION OF SELF

Collective fears built up to tear apart the mind's path of self connection eaten away from the outside in with the flesh of the dead, pain becomes the tainting smell of our spirit; buried in the scarred earth to die again and again with dreams of the misery you beg for and the death you crave. Eat of the wounds and skin that collects in the buckets we keep inside, blood drips from the jaws of us all now, cannibalistic love inducing our brains to the primitive hatred we have for each other, manners of death and decay become scripture for the absent minded. Cut open your face and peel the skin back to show the maggots within, tear open scars and masturbate within the tissue to escape reality for a moment, suffocate with your own flesh and impale the heads onto the knife you cut your life with. Self inflicted death is the feast we feed from, blood soaked tissues litter the girl's floor as she crawls back to her bed; existence nurtures hate and love for the soul we die for and kill for, can the end be so useless that we scream for what we believe in only to choke on the tears of the lifeless bodies we crawl over to see the light that fades to blood? Sever the tendons while we dissect the womb and eat from its nectar, to collect the life of the dead and fruitless attempts to be a part of the culture you have killed before you. Infected mutilations of humanized existence in the dark, unbinding puncture that we breathe down, bloody coughs spill the guts over the rich and peaceful, the ones who are the scum, existence is dead without the manipulation of what we love and hope for, become the nightmare and engulf the dreams of the nation to break the bones and tear flesh from bone, enjoy the banquet of body matter splattered over platters of shit and filth that belong inside, laid out over clothes of woven skin. Devour the sores that fester upon the organs we worship on the screen, torn stomachs spill bitter fruits on our hands while we cut and slice into the human figure, disfiguring the mindless zombies that engulf our sights in every waking moment of this poor excuse for life we crawl around in. Colours turn to grey and then fade into nothing before our eyes as we cry but pus is released from our pores eating away at the precious looks you drool over, defacing what you adore and crushing your devotions in the floods of human excrement that spill over the ones who act like god. How much can you take before you break? Taken the young flesh and dismember to be a part of what lies before you, what is life is death, and death becomes life as we steal what they hold and what we desire within the sex of beings that cry out before the executioner's blade, end is begging to succeed, sucked into the continuation of the brutalization of what we create and become in the end.

YOU CAN'T RUN

Think it will fade away? Disappear into the blanket of what you cover your fears and what you don't understand with? Life crushes and kills every day and all you do is hide from the darkness that flows in the streets. Hiding in your churches from what eats away at everyone thinking the songs you sing will keep the evil from infecting you. You cannot

kill what lives within, who knows who is next in this pitiful life? Fathers, mothers, priests, neighbours; all potentials for the virus that you call evil, death is knocking and you will not survive with your religion, you will be crushed and see what you have been shaded from....

Sucked into the TV you see what we see, the dim life you lead from which there is no end, no prize to be had, futile lives lived out for nothing just to die before you have finished. Can this be all? Is there anything worth living for anymore or are we all just playing the game that we are forced into for the amusement of higher beings?

End.