

Vesania, Marduke's mazemerising

hate you all men!
blood runs out of your dead lips
you have all got the same eyes
festered
stiched ones
you are all so small for me
almost as small as am i for you
someday
a great house of glass
i will build
i will be going out of it
to take a walk and shoot you
shoot you all men!
one by one
slowly
you... and you...
and you motherfucker
hundert hrenshne!
but as a first i will shoot this one
who is guilty of everything
he is right in the middle of my skull
i have got you!