

Anasarca, Scorn

Scorn - is anything I can feel !

Hatred - against "my own flesh and blood" !

About murder - I think day by day,
to kill you pig, and to see how you decay !

You raped my body and soul,
you destroyed my life.
In my arms my friend the teddybear,
silent witness of what happened to me.

I want your death !
For all that you have done.

To live in fear all my life,
will you come again?
Never being able to feel happiness,
I lost my childhood because of you,
because of you ...

I am looking forward
to the day that you die -
I will spit on your grave.
I hope you die in pain,
I hope you can feel the same -
hellish agony -
like me

Scorn - is anything I can feel

Hatred - against "my own flesh and blood";

About murder - I think day by day,
to kill you pig, and to see how you decay !

You raped my body and soul,
you destroyed my life.
In my arms my friend the teddybear,
silent witness of what happened to me.

I want your death !
For all that you have done -
to me !!!