

# 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

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