

# Baphomet, Streaks of Blood

Christ

The suffering and misery that I endure  
to harbor thoughts so brizzare  
beyond impure

Mother, I'm here  
to do all the  
things that you long  
for me to do

I love when we're  
in our reside alone late  
at night and you embrace me

Now you found another  
to do all the things that  
we used to do at night  
in our room

Now I experience sexual  
neglect at 10 years old

Now your life means nothing to me  
after all the pain you caused me  
Judt to see you with another guy  
I guess I'm the only one was just a'lie

I confront you with sexual  
trunstration built up inside  
of me but you deny the pleasure  
you'll noy die in vain

The suffering and misery  
that I endure to see your  
streaks ob blood still run  
down the wall

You can now not leave me  
but your death was not in vain  
even though your body's cold  
I can still enjoy you in death  
Mother