

# Liar Of Golgotha, Merciless Rage

I now have seen all the horrors of mankind, and I let my emotions feed on them, absorb their gloomy powers, extracting the essence of the pureness and beauty of these actions. They stimulated me in exploring virginal regions of my most hidden layers of awareness. And now I caress these bleak images of fading life and fearing screams of anguish, illuminating my newborn creativity.

Thus, see here! There is no doubt that violence is monarch of the planet and love is a mere addition to the divinity of carnal play. And a combination of both powers will result in a pleasuring spree of merciless rage, resulting in the climax of death.

And with the newborn eye within my paranoid mind, I glance upon the limitless number of possibilities of individual armageddon, with an equally limitless number of variations. And once I've chosen my path, the imaginary turns into organic. With the gift from the reaper I sporadically evolve into this state of unstoppable death, grinning at the faces of my victims laying bleeding in the filthridden earth. And I invent yet another ingenious way to conquer the creator's ultimate gift to humanity: the illusion of life. "From the dust of Terra we were made, and to Her we must return." And then my absent mind comes back again.

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No living soul would dare to cross the paths in the moments of my sentient revocation of "mankind's greatest unknown mystery", since I would be leaving only a spectre of their existence to dwell the terrestrial continents