

Mayhem, Chimera

"I will present you with this fornication. Something in space-time is logically ill."
What can be seen in the rear view mirror, expectancy was a Mephisto's gasp,
Your past was never quite there, there was nothing that loose in the
constituents of your substance, it does indeed exist in parts of your neural
commitments to the mind body, Or does evil exist?
There was always something paranoid in the ways she behaved in your guilt,
Conclusions are never to be trusted!
You are not dead, you never existed... You are not dead.

Her devotees were never that pure, pure existence was never arbitrary,
Not in my convictions of the truth, she gave the demon seeds life,
the necessity of the game given, displayed a virtue unseen in you.

There is gang-green in the tubes,
of the vermicular ethics of how your world view presents itself.

Contradictions in terms of how, your life evolves in the chain of being.
I claim you were never a part of reality.

This is where your life lie grows pale, never known to your mirror self,
She was a creature alive in you, But I put my hand through the...

"Hell was never an option for you, Luciferian tolerance yields the given,
Your dissolving truth tables" You are not dead, you never existed

"The sum of all you ever knew equals zero." You are not dead, you never
existed. You are not dead, you never existed... You are not dead, you never existed.