

Nora, Mudmonster

I have nothing but contempt,
For how you think and how you live.
Twisted words to suit your vision,
Took what wasn't yours to give.

You are not a god.
You are not a man.
You are just a thief.
Come take from me.

How does the sun feel on your back?
How does your foot feel on her back?

I won't accept your life.
I won't steal her life.

How do you crush life?
How do you justify your life?
I will walk past your tradition and I won't look back.
Won't respect your position.

I think you missed his point.
I don't think he speaks to you.
I can look in your eye,
And know it for what you turned into.

Monster.