The quintessence
Of mediocrity
Is the monument
Of your mortality
Ashes you were, ashes you will be

Whatever
The name of your god
Whenever
The end of your world
I'll be the essence of your deliquescence

Your fall is my victory
I delight in this despicable painting
A.H. assaults sodomizing the weak
Your death is my glory
I delight in this manless reality

The absence
Of imperfection
Is the finality
Of my thoughts
Conscience I was, omniscience I'll be

Whatever
The fate of my flesh
Whenever
The date of my death
You will suffer the wrath of my will