

Let me welcome you inside, deep inside the void, because I've grown tired and my strenght is gone. A sharp knife in my hand so open the door now, you call it absurd but for me this is serious, you know this - it's in the air. Excuse me, do you remember me? No i don't think so, you probably don't recognize a masked face. Back for revenge, with red eyes filled with insanity. This doesn't stop with chop logic or insults, death and assault, stabbings and rape, kidnappings and torture. I will hunt you beyond death not even you soul is safe, because I won't stop until the light is out. Feel my devotion in this calm before the storm. Each day feels so heavy that a coming suicide, is so much more than fantasies, thoughts and empty words, in which I no longer recognize myself. Because insight demands more than understanding, intense for the impatient, rewarding as long as the individual sticks to his guns, awarded with a tactical all-seeing, which explains a psychothic behaviour so you can only let that idea go, yes, it's called seriousness I don't understand the meaning of "forgiveness". Because while I'm digging grave after grave I wonder, if there is such a big difference between reptured veins, and broken promises?□