

Publicerad 2011-02-15 21:02 av Psycho

Searching prey

I'm at my best in my anger, don't try get close to me. Disgusting people, crackhore. It fuels my hatemachine. Terrorizing me with you stupid ideas, you want me near but i won't let you.

I'll just hide in the shadows. Until i find the right prey. And if i just can't get it. I will be back again. No one wants to fail, but if you can't take a risk then you'll be on the loser list.

Winners and losers, they try to play their games. Some has to pay to score, that's the loser sort.

Stay away from the chicks with low self esteem, transsexuals, lesbians and drama queens. They are not of your kind, they'll make you lose your mind.

Reject them with style while you're at the bar, never got a bullet in my head so far. They scream, they yell, throw a glass or two, it's all good as long as they never get to you.

Hear my advice, or pay the price. Sexual disease, no please.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Psycho med Poeter.se id #36284 innehar upphovsrätten