

1. 28/08/2001
2. © K.L. Proudfoot
3. **Death Motiefs (AKA SPYKILLS)**
4. 18-01-97
5. 10:31

6. **3**

7. May you know that my LateFor you Is
everlasting, unending, thus it will notend until
you do o o o

KIDUH.

IF you think you can stop me, go ahead and try,
but remember something; you can't touch this.

I could repeat everything

I said for the last couple hours, however **I WILL**

There is no thing mere I LateThan being grabbed
by-the-balls, or repetilive attempts OF such !

First it was funny,

Now it's money.

You cowardlyspies

are

Shallowedhallowed

Hollowedoutshells . . .

You WILL HAVE TO KILL ME

Before taking away my

Pain, Pleasure, or feelings

EXTRAPOLATE

Goodfucking luck loserschmuck.

There is no thing mere I LateThan being grabbed
by the balls, is all Theywant, or repetilive attempts
Of such !

You can take-the-speech

Bit nowords to tell.

You can rape-the-image

Though none of your peepings sell.

You will die before I do

For I will live to 125 .

I could keep on going like this forever.

Thus, like I Lovesaid I pledge eternal-psyhicwar
against your attempted pilferings of my
privateproperty.

Learn-on-it motherfucker.

Your continuedattempts against those ignorant of
your arrogance

Will simply feed my machine

And lend more hypocrisy to The

Of which you are mostly unawpie,

Which is why you take advartage

Of the loop-holed Laws, which I use to my
advantage, and

To pinnacled selfgluttony

Rather thongood honest gullible

Hard work .

So fuck-you-all&go to hell !

I trust me, myself, and I o

8. Mow walk around with your Pride stemmedvoice, s m
i l i n g,

9. Getting away with Murderone.

You moneuver othervictims in, front-of-
you, 'slachtoffers' To your Sotinism : You are a
filthy lowlife rodentliaf . Everything about you
deserves Death: **You** jeopardize with your
PowerTripping

Our children's, children's, children;

There IS NO FUTURE WITHOUT TRUST!

Learn it fuckhole o

I WILL find out your INVASIONS

On myprivacy, and ownspace,

When I can speakfreely

In my bed, my own bed,

Without being directy or subvertly attacked

Then I will leave you in peace.

Otherwise I WILL shred and

SHRIVEL YOU to the last

IOTUM and pinchofblood you possess

In the equitable Bardostate,

YOU SHIT-FUCKHEAD SCUMRAG LOSER.