

In visible
Awesome
Art ↓

BY Alex Wilbrecht

Dedicate your book on this page. (black and white only) Draw your first illustration on the back of this page.

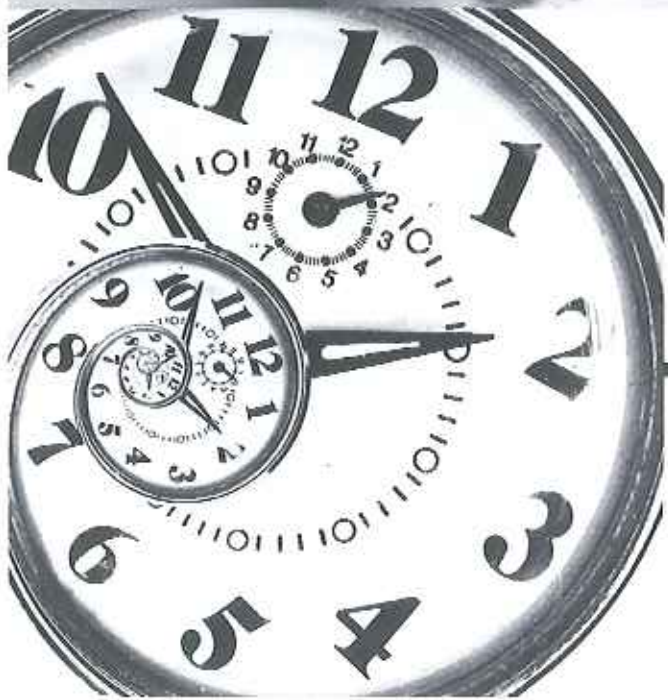
DEDICATED TO

The Human Race



1345 SW 42nd Street
Topeka, KS 66609

Studenttreasures.com



EVERY THING WILL END
TIME IS ALWAYS RUNNING OUT
YOU NEVER FIGHT TIME



THE SATANIC TEMPLE



The evil inside can not feel
it whips, it stabs, it lashes, it kills
The evil in your body, your fate it will seal

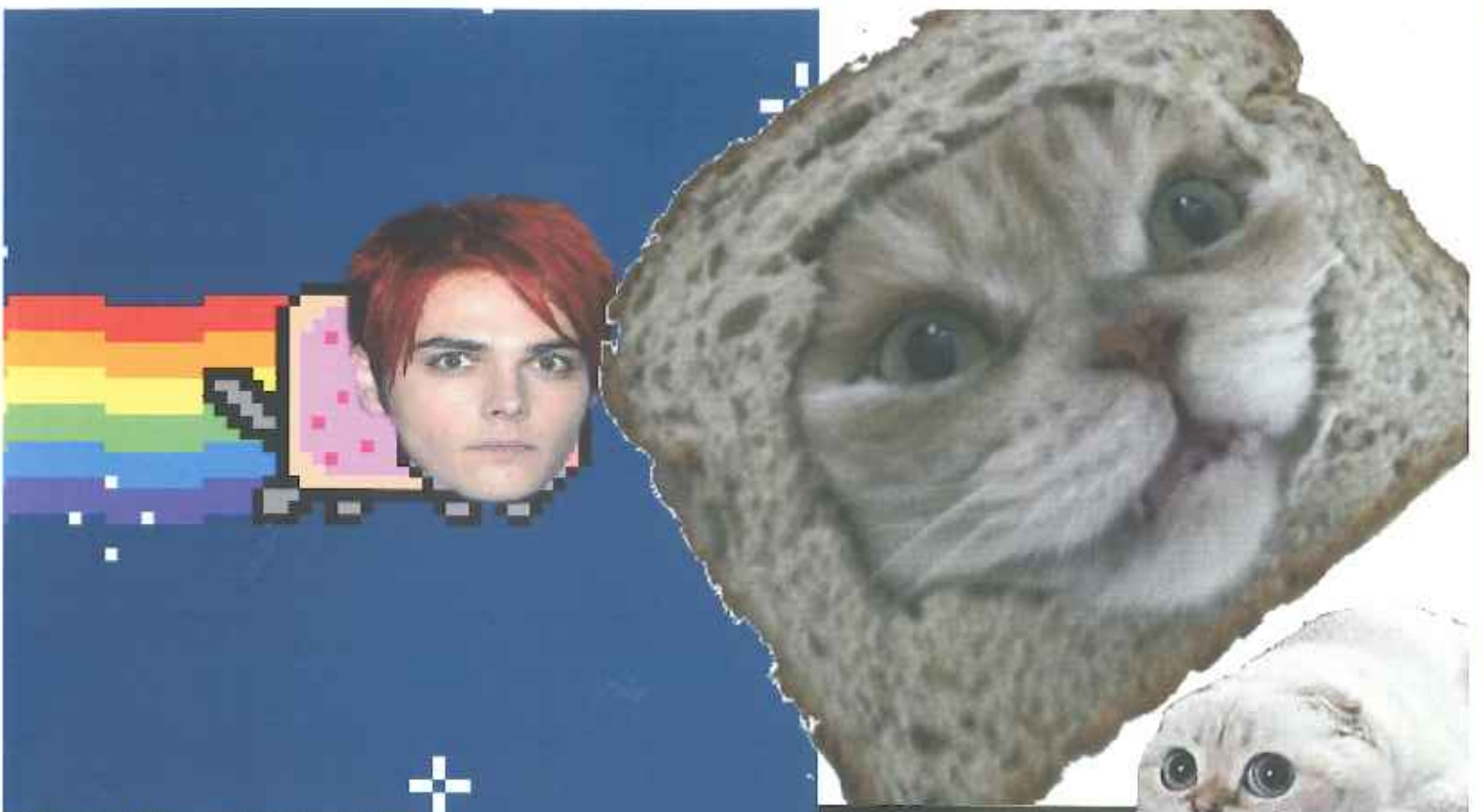
The pain and torture that evil does deal
if it does not kill you nothing ever will
Evil eats no food but fear as a meal

The workings of evil are behind that there veil
If you venture inside you will see a cyanide pill
The evil in your body, your fate it will seal

The evil inside you cannot conceal
The evil inside attacks with a drill
Evil eats no food but fear as a meal

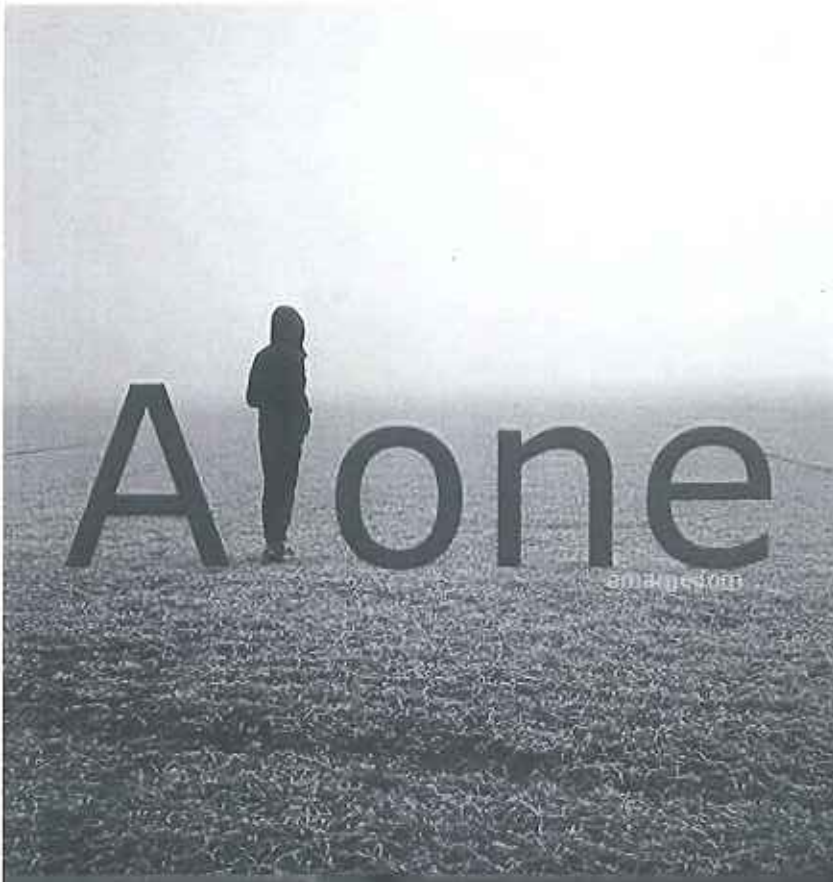
Your heart and soul the Evil will steal
The screams that you here are loud and shrill
The evil in your body, your fate it will seal

When the evil is out, you must try to appeal
To fight the evil is a battle uphill
Evil eats no food but fear as a meal
The evil in your body, your fate it will seal



No man shall escaped
not one has ever returned
kittens are too cute

*Death follows all organisms
no human can escape its grasp
all those succumb to it's fate
have a few things to ease the pain
one of those things is...
kittens*



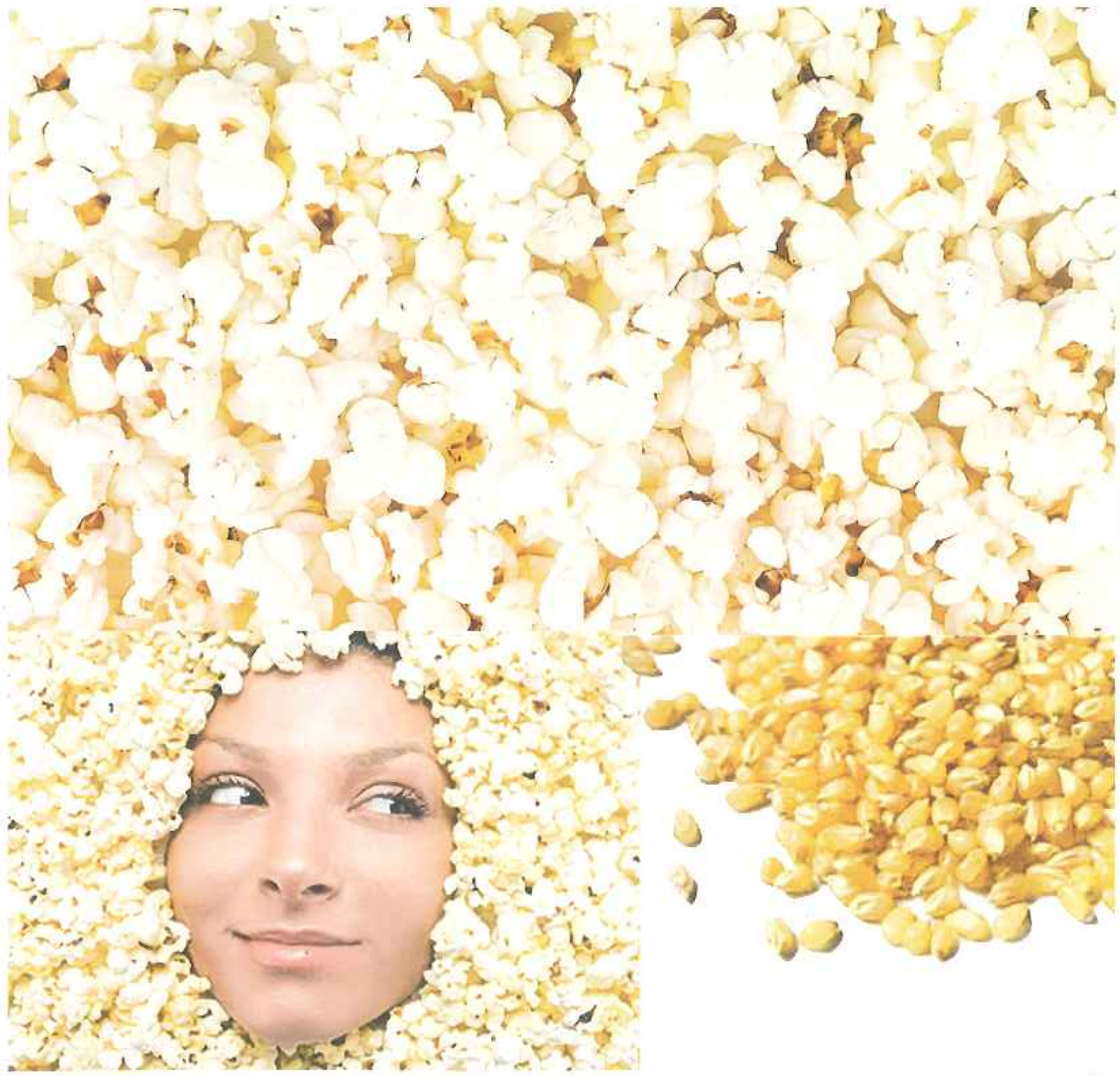
**NO SOUND ANYWHERE
A SINGLE TORCH HOLDS YOUR HOPE
YOU ARE ALONE NOW**

**YOUR NAME IN THE SAND
WASHED AWAY BY THE TIDE
YOU ARE FORGOTTEN**



As you sleep tonight
you should check your locks and doors
he is behind you

The man slept deeply
dreams of nothingness at all
never to awake



The popcorn explodes into a white puff joy
each kernel quickly changes form with each satisfying pop
the tender saltiness of each poof
no piece is left outside my stomach or intestinal tracts
I absolutely love every single salty crumb

SLEEP



Sleep is a bliss of the earth
It's the true panacea for pain
Only with age you can truly appreciate it's worth

When you wake up it feels like rebirth
To start a new day, to start up again
Sleep is a bliss of the earth

Some days you get sleep in a dearth
which causes sadly, eyestrain
Only with age you can truly appreciate it's worth

On days you get sleep you can shake with mirth
the day past behind you, washed away by the rain
Sleep is a bliss of the earth

Even if you sleep in a sick berth
or are drunk with champagne
Only with age you can truly appreciate it's worth

Only in sleep do you truly venture forth
Into the endless expanse of your own brain
Sleep is a bliss of the earth
Only with age you can truly appreciate it's worth