

The vampyres and zombies have this 'little problem' you see..

'they are insane, or rather worse' 'they are like cattle or rather worse in error' Allah said in the Quran. Such were the people of hell, and the zombie brainwash had taken effect, so that those masses of raving energy vampires, whom worshipped idols that were 'real' vampires all became insentient 'watchers' where they, just like they did in the system of torture disguised under the wolf in sheep clothes faulty name of 'psychiatry' 'observed' the victim of their Christ sickness, that they needed someone to project their mental illness at, an illness Allah enlightened us about in the Quran.

**As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surpris'd I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;**

They all kept repeating the obvious lie whenever asked about their state of mind, that 'it was all good' though in their hidden angst, all they could moan about secretly was their fear to lose 'status' in society, to confess their fault, that they once and in this instance 'for all' had fallen for statue worship.

**And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear;**

So instead they put out hyper sensitive microphones around their alleged Christ victim, listening after 'that little thing' which would all take them to hell, since they kept on stamping on the human face forever, in an order in the shape of an obelisk topped by the devil himself, afraid to lose status or GOD forbid become a victim of the masses of idiots themselves!, since if the mark would come on them the mental illness would en masse be depressing them mentally, until they broke down, when all the devilish deception of indoctrination they've gone through and ritual sacrifices of children that the Hollywood elite do, would come crashing down, hopefully as an edict of realization of what they themselves has to do..

**Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed
As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were fed.
"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born, in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!**

And the eternal separation of the idol-worshippers subduing the statue-worshippers into enslavement under their ado, would go on, and 'the observation' of scanning the Christ victim's voice patterns of movement, eye glances, gestures were turning into a dystopian nightmare of surveilling dictatorship where everybody except the elite in the end was going to have a brain and handchip, the hand to buy and sell, as the book of revelations in the bible had readily pointed out as the mark of the beast, and the brain-chip used as a tool to control pattern your mind, still 'listening in paranioid suspicion after "that little thing" ready to report to the authorities, if so through gossip with your neighbors that

**My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;**

'you know that young boy dressed in military overall that looks like from the Russian military or something, he seems strange..

**The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,**

You know here the other day as I met him in the stairwell I stared at him all the way coming up the stairs and as he approached and I looked creepily at him, yhea, you know that hair standing on edge so to speak in metaphoric language, I could detect an insecurity in his voice as I said: what are you doing here? Of course I knew he probably was going to his garden at the roof, and that poor bastard you know this dare-devil just said 'hi' and walked by, but I detected a weakness in his voice that must simply mean.. Yhea, you know'. Like a machine writing out a page the partner of conversation retorted back, trying to lay in a dark authoritarian sway in his voice that was made to make something crack in the listener of its message as to look no further.. And looking at the figure uttering one was SUPPOSED to know that this very person was figuring in "the news papers".

**For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood."**

"I know exactly what you speak about". "see you around then" the first one answered, the first half sounding like familiarity and the second like a softening question to control the solidity of the character of 'the famous person' slimy and slippery he was seen walking up the stairs like a giraffe grabbing the banister like in a violent way, couldn't hurry more it seemed to get away from a realization somewhere deep 'down there'. Such were the sick meeting of aspiring vampires.

**With this he vanish'd out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas day.**