

MOSAIC: Mechanics of Spiritual Evil

Essay #2: The Barbie Vampire

When I saw my friend's eyes turn to snake-like, demon eyes, I got disgusted and angry. I said to myself, "Shit." It never occurred to me to be afraid because I know better. Demons only have power over you if you give them that power through fear. I've got a bad attitude and a temper for evil, including demons. Another reason why I don't fear them. Still, I knew this demon could kill me. It was one of the biggest I've ever seen.

She was possessed by a demon 4th density or dimension. Those who work with the subjects of psychic vampires and demons call this demon a "Core Killer" – they're a "hit demon" just like a hit man only they kill you by taking all the energy out of the Core of Your Soul. You're usually dead within two days. The "official" cause is usually a heart attack.

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A month ago, I was staying with a friend of several years. Her name is Therese and she is beautiful, blonde and shapely. Many men go ga-ga over her, but she can never stay in relationships very long. It's a long story how I met her and this is not what this essay is about. It is about the Barbie Vampire and it is not about Therese as she would be a "Marilyn Monroe Vampire."

My boyfriend and I broke up for awhile. He had been cursing me, wishing bad things to happen to me. Why? Because some of the circle of people directly around him had been baiting him to either "break" me to control me or to get rid of me. I'm 20 years older than him, plus I've been married before, had children and have 13 grandchildren. To these people, I wasn't good enough for him. It didn't matter to them that he loves me and I love him (for a mortal companion).

I was getting tired of this crap when he started wishing my computer would "die." I'm a magician and I know the Power of a Wish, particularly evil ones. I warned him to stop wishing for my "computer to die," and he didn't listen. Two days later it was broken. We got in a big fight because I told him that he broke my 17 month old computer. He said how could that happen when he never touched it? I told him that he wished for it and used his psychic power (consciously or unconsciously) to make it happen. I've got a Bad Temper for anything Evil and to me, wishing for bad things to happen to my computer was in that genre.

My boyfriend had wished evil on me before and I almost got killed. It was the first Thursday in May and I was going to Amsterdam to see my friend Sasha. He didn't want me to go but I was going to go anyway. So he made an evil wish as I went out the door, "I hope something bad happens to you so you don't go." The handlebars went out on my bike as I was riding down a bridge. I should have been seriously hurt or worse. Fortunately, my Guardian Angels came out from another dimension and saved me. The One of my left gently grabbed me back so I wouldn't fall. The Angel on my right grabbed hold of the front of the bike and steadied it straight until it gently stopped at the bottom of the bridge.

I told my boyfriend of the incident and I told him that if he EVER Wished EVIL ON ME AGAIN, that I would leave him.

Three months later, he started cursing me again, wishing my computer would die. Sick of all the bullshit, I walked.

Therese had been asking me to stay with her. Truthfully, I was going to stay there a few days until I could find a room to rent. But she's femmy and Bohemian like me, plus I like the neighborhood and the people there, so I thought I would try it for a while.

But before I agreed to stay there on a more permanent basis, she had to agree that she would "keep the vampires from (her) door." I once went to see her last spring and caught two female vampires feeding on her and I blew a gasket! My Third Eye is Open (been for a long time) and I saw the black tendrils come out of those women's souls into her Soul. I even said something about it at the time, but they were too busy feeding and she was too busy getting her Dark Ecstasy (people who consciously let psychic vampires feed on them get something out of it like a real dark buzz) for anyone to hear me. Man, did I confront her about this! She didn't want to talk about it because she was getting a bad backache. "Of course you're getting a bad backache," I told her, "That's one of the Signs you've been fed on. That, and a headache."

Well Therese wanted me to stay with her and we had an honest talk about the whole vampire thing. The biggest vampire problem she had was Caatje. I had already identified Caatje as one of the Strongest Vampires I've Ever Seen. In the Vampire and Ghost Realms, they're called "Vampire Queens." And you know what? They're usually very beautiful, shapely, charming and cunning. Although short, Caatje has "Barbie Looks." I've always called her the "Barbie Vampire."

When Therese and I talked about Caatje, Therese herself admitted that she knew that Caatje was evil and a vampire. Then Therese said, "It's too bad she's evil because she's so sweet and beautiful." I told Therese, "That's one of the ways they get power over other people. She's evil and she's dangerous. I think she's one of the most dangerous vampires I've ever seen."

Therese knew I had a "near-death" experience (see Essay #1 – Introduction) in America where I saw a large spectrum of evil – evil from the vampire god wanchenlu and evil that comes from within: Inner Corruption. Therese knew how psychic and magickal I am. Therese knew that I know a lot about psychic vampires and she knew that they are demons who live amongst us in a human form. More, Therese knows the consequences of feeding those fuckers: You can and will become demon-possessed before you lose your Soul. It is against Cosmic Law for Light Beings to consciously feed demons.

Therese agreed to keep Caatje away if I lived there with her. Like I said, I had a wait-and-see attitude. My Vibes told me that Therese would betray me but I hoped she wouldn't betray me. I had no idea how great that betrayal would be.

I stayed at Therese's for almost six weeks and before she announced to me that Caatje was coming over. Therese hadn't kept her word. Right at that moment, I decided I would move out as fast as possible.

I asked Therese, "Why is she coming here when she's so dangerous?" Therese told me, "But she's so sweet and beautiful." I told Therese, "What does sweet and beautiful have to do with it? Evil is EVIL."

Therese began to defend Caatje again, but all she could say in this defense was that Caatje was so sweet and beautiful.

I told Therese, like I had told her many times before, that Mouravieff had written in his book *Gnosis III*, "regarding beauty, we must not forget that pre-adamic man and woman were created by God on the sixth day, in His image and after His likeness, and that the daughters of this race were beautiful." (pp. 108-109)

Note here: Mouravieff was a Christian, so he believed that one god had created the two races of man: pre-adamic (soulless, psychic vampires that steal energy off the Souled's chi or prana) and adamic people, people born with a Soul. I know better not to believe in one god. First of all, I've seen two of them and second of all, monothesisism will get you killed because the hidden vampires on Planet Hell will eat you alive if you don't know about them.

What I didn't understand was that Therese was under the spell of evil. I should have figured that out when all Therese did was talk about Anne Rice and what a "wonderful" writer she was. I should have figured it out that when Therese harshly criticized me for the type of books I read (information) and tried to get me to read an Anne Rice book because it was such "great literature." (Anything that sells evil and an evil world is shit to me). I told her this, too, and then Therese would bring out Rice's newest novel "Jesus Out of Egypt" and try to "prove" to me that Rice was somehow "good" now because Rice had some kind of religious conversion and now was writing theology.

I made my comments on this very short and clear, "Of course she's had a religious conversion! That's what happens when many get older and are facing the Great Beyond. And what is she (Rice) writing? Stuff that upholds Catholicism and Christianity, and both are evil institutions in themselves because they exist to control the population directly or indirectly, stifle the Soul from growing, hide the facts about the demons hiding among us, promote patriarchy and worship the god of the bible who is not the God of the Souled, but wanchenlu, the god of human sacrifice."

We had a few discussions on this but they went no where when I proved how evil this and similar "literature" was. I would also point out to her that reading dark seductions to evil kept her busy and away from working on developing her Soul.

Then, on that Fateful Day, Therese Announces to me that Caatje, the Vampire Queen, was coming over to "visit." Therese is a MSN junkie when she's bored. She had been talking to Caatje on MSN when she had promised to leave that evil chick alone. Obviously, everything I had taught Therese had been wasted. I felt ugly and used. More, the Alarms in my Soul began to blare. It felt like Therese was forcing me into

an evil situation. I checked my Vibes thoroughly. Therese was trying to force me into an evil situation. A dangerous one, too.

I looked at Therese and told her the Truth, “Caatje’s not coming over to visit, she’s coming over to feed!”

Right away, Therese went from sweet to bitchy. She began defending Caatje. “Caatje is too beautiful and sweet to be evil,” Therese told me. “No,” I told Therese, “She’s evil. We’ve talked about this in detail many times. How many times must I ask you, ‘What part of evil don’t you understand?’ Evil is Evil. It is our job as Soullled Beings to stay away from evil people.”

Therese replied that anyone who’s as beautiful and sweet as Caatje could never be evil. I remembered the hypocrisy and negative messages that Therese so devotedly buys in the dark, sensuous stuff she reads. I asked her, “Aren’t the female vampires in Anne Rice’s books beautiful? Aren’t many sweet as well?”

This tripped her trigger, but I didn’t care. I KNEW how Dangerous that Caatje IS.

I CAUGHT IT, TOO: Therese was somehow trying to seduce me to accept vampires as “normal” and “misunderstood” people. Therese was doing this because Caatje could give her what I couldn’t: Feed on her. Caatje also had been a source of cocaine for Therese. Therese had told me a few times in the past, but had emphasized that she wasn’t going to do hard drugs again. She’d always Emphasize this because she knows how I’m against hard drugs (I don’t want to be around them). My Vibes told me that Caatje was bringing over coke for Therese.

I asked Therese if this was True? Therese didn’t answer, pretended that she didn’t hear. I Hate Games and Therese knows this, but Therese tried to play her game with me, anyway.

Finally, I had enough. “Prove to me that she’s not evil,” I challenged Therese. “Prove to me that she’s not only an Organic Portal, but she’s not a psychopath as well. Tell me one good thing she’s done for another human being. Tell me one unselfish thing she’s done for others. Show me a Conscience. Show me something that reveals a Soullled person. Prove to me she’s not a vampire, especially when I SAW her feeding off you that time in February.”

Therese began to think, but couldn’t find anything good to report about Caatje. We had many conversations about this in the past and Therese always admitted that Caatje lived selfishly with no conscience and that Caatje used people to get what she wanted.

The only good thing Therese could say was that Caatje was good with animals. I told Therese, “Of course she’s good with animals – I told you before, the real powerful vampires have a knack with animals. They’re almost like Dr. Doolittles as they can basically talk to animals telepathically. You know this because I showed you this before.”

Therese had a determination in her eyes to make to someone evil into someone

“good.” I knew that her inner world, thus her thoughts, were sometimes dark, and I had called her on this several times. But she would always make the her rote excuses that she was molested by her father as a child and the trauma of it turned her into a “borderliner.”

Once again, I told her, “You’re using that as an excuse. You’re not the only female or even male that has been raped in this world, even by their own relatives *including fathers*. Over half the women living on this planet have been raped, even if it is just in marriage. Rape is as old as Time Itself because we’re living in a metaphysical hell. You’re always using your rapes as an excuse not to do the WORK that you need to do so you CAN SAVE YOUR SOUL.”

Then I Reminded Her, “The SAME MONSTER that RAPED YOU is the SAME ONE that RAPED ME! Your Father is a Psychopath and Unsouled. He is not only a Portal for wanchenlu, he’s a SURROGATE just like my husband was!” It wasn’t your father that raped you. Your father was the Link, the Portal, the Surrogate for wanchenlu to rape you. Wanchenlu raped you through his proxy, your Father.”

Therese and I had discussed this many times, but as usual and because she was determined to play with evil, Therese tried to change the subject again, but because she knew I was Speaking the Truth, she began struggling for something to say. All she could respond with was, “But Caatje is so sweet and beautiful.” Then she got defensive, “Besides, Caatje is my step-daughter, even though I’m not with Speedy now.”

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It’s a long story, but I’ll make it short and maybe expand on it in another essay. Speedy is a former boyfriend of mine and Therese’s. I was with him when I met Therese and after she met him, they began an affair. Now she swears this didn’t happen, but my eyes saw for themselves. I saw them kissing passionately and I called them on it but of course, they denied IT. I had wanted to leave Speedy for a long time, but every time I tried, he’d cry and beg like a baby. I saw this affair as an open door to make my exit. Besides, who am I to deny them happiness? I let them have each other. In the end, Therese and I stayed friends, mostly because I felt guilty because I had cursed her and Speedy and after my anger cooled, I couldn’t take it off. I’m a Magician and back then, I had the Power to do curse or Bless but because I got beat up over their affair, I cursed them.

I kept Therese as a friend because we shared the curse of being directly raped by wanchenlu through his strong agent, because we are what is known as “Pure Souls,” because she was a Bohemian and Socialist like me, because I felt sorry for her in general and because the MOMENT SHE MET ME, I Knew that she was a LINK to my “Divine Comedy” (again, see Essay #1 – Introduction) although I couldn’t remember her there or in any other part of my Life, including former reincarnations.

As for being a LINK, I searched my Mind and Soul for years trying to figure it out. I couldn’t get any Visions or any other Psychic Clue, including Dreams. When I asked the Spirits, they wouldn’t tell me. The God of the Souled wouldn’t tell me, either. They said I had to wait and see...Ironically, staying at her house this autumn SHOWED ME what the LINK was: Her Soul Mate. I knew him in New Heaven.

When I met him, I was shocked! Unlike many of us, some Souled look the exact same in New Heaven. He is one of them. His story is one of the most tragic stories I've ever known and I will write about it in another essay because there are LESSONS to BE LEARNED from his tragedy.

And when I met him, I TOLD HIM that it was nice to see him again! All my memories of him in New Heaven began tumbling out and I told him the Highlights. He never denied anything, either, just made a comment, "Déjà vu."

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Back to the early afternoon conversation of that Fateful Day. Therese was now saying that Caatje was her stepdaughter.

I cut that down to size. I told her, "Caatje is no more your stepdaughter than she is my stepdaughter." Of course Therese didn't like my answer. It was the Truth.

So Therese does into her diatribe about how she never had any children when she really wanted them and how Caatje was the closest thing she would have to a "daughter." I thought to myself that Therese would have been a young mother at 13 if Caatje was really a "daughter" because Therese is 39 and Caatje is 26. Oh I knew Therese was trying to play games with me to justify having Caatje come for a (deadly) visit. I learned a lot in my "near-death" experience, including my hatred of games because I learned Bitterly that they lead to destruction and/or self-destruction of the Spirit because even if games affect the flesh, they affect the Spirit and vice-versa.

Therese was trying to force a game on me and I was getting sucked into IT, whether or not I wanted to play. Even the Truth didn't stop the game.

She must have picked up on this, too. She's fairly psychic and very intelligent, despite the stupid fascination with Darkness. Therese "changed" the subject. She still wanted to play a game but disguise it under another category.

Therese said to me, "I thought you Blessed this House and Neighborhood, used all kinds of Magick to make this place safe. Caatje can't hurt anyone because of this."

I looked at her with disbelief and shook my head horizontally, right to left and back again. "YOU INVITED HER IN. HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ANYTHING FROM ME, YET? NEVER INVITE A VAMPIRE INTO YOUR HOUSE. IT RENDERS THE MAGICK NULL AND VOID."

My eyes caught hers as I said, "All that WORK and ENERGY I put on this place for you to instantly vanish it."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I already explained it to you before," I answered. The place you live in is a Symbol for your Spirit. Not only when you invite a vampire into your house, you are also inviting them into your Spirit. You've rendered my Magick useless. All that prayer, all that Blessing, all those Enchantments, everything is now a waste of Time and

Energy.”

Her face and posture showed me that she didn't like my words because I was spoiling her vampire party. But she KNEW I was Speaking the Truth. That's the Way I Talk, too. I Tell IT Like I SEE IT. I Tell IT As I KNOW IT.

Therese began to plead with me, “You're supposed to have Power, change Caatje! Give her a Soul. Save her! Save her!”

I looked at Miss Sunshine with disbelief. She knew that what she was asking for was out of the question.

“You know better, Therese,” I told her, “These are the Things of the gods. Go to our God – the God of the Souled and talk to Him about This.”

“No, No! I don't want to hear this!”

I replied, “Well you better hear it because THIS IS OUR REALITY and Because we are Souled, IT is OUR JOB to say away from evil and evil persons. Underneath, they have no Love or Compassion for us. They are flesh-puppets under control of wanchenlu. It's not my fault that Caatje doesn't have a Soul and that she's a powerful vampire. I told you, she's one of their queens.”

“What did Caatje ever do to you?” Therese demanded.

“Oh, let me see...” I replied. “She's threatened me several times including the time she threatened to steal from me and send all the vampires of the world after me to kill me.”

“She was making a joke.”

“No she wasn't. There was evil in her threats. Besides, we both know she's evil. I told you before, the Spirits told me explicitly to stay away from her. They said she is dangerous and my Vibes tell me she's dangerous. What part of 'dangerous' don't you understand?”

Therese was fairly drunk by now when she moaned, “No...No...I Love Caatje.” I shook my head and told her, “No you don't. You just want to do evil. You've got a problem with self-destruction. I warned you to clean it up or I would move out.”

She struggled to think, “What are you going to do when Caatje gets here.”

I looked at her coolly and calmly and said, “I'm planning not to be here. I think I'll take a train to Haarlem and get some weed. Hang out at the coffeeshop and maybe talk with magickal people. I'll stay away most of the evening. By that time, Caatje should be gone.”

“Don't you want to stay here and visit with Caatje?” Therese was still up to her games, trying to force me in a room with a very evil person. I've had plenty of time to think about this and I've come to the conclusion that Therese either wanted me to

embrace evil or she was setting me up to be devoured by Caatje.

I wanted to leave before Caatje came. To my surprise, Caatje was early. I put up my psychic walls and decided to watch the last ten minutes of my favorite TV show. Besides, my Vibes told me to wait...

I sat in my chair and watched TV as I heard them talking. The first point of conversation was started by Caatje. She told Therese that she had “just been talking” to a male witch in Alkmaar the past Saturday and on Monday, he had died of a heart attack. I started recalling terrible memories of my experiences in my “near-death” experience. I remembered that when it got close to the end of the world, demons started killing all of the Magickal Peoples of the God of the Light. Witches, Magicians, Oracles, Prophets, Healers, Psychics and the Others With Souls were killed all over the earth by these hidden demons: powerful psychic vampires who could be temporarily possessed by the big, mean demons of the 4th density, including death demons called “Core Killers.”

Then I started having Visions of the male witch who died. He got vamped by Caatje. Predictable because psychic vampires feed wherever and whenever they can.

My Visions were interrupted by Therese. She asked me, “Did you hear what Caatje said?”

“I’m watching my TV show on antiques and it’s almost over.”

“Well!” Therese replied and then she gave me a run down of what Caatje said plus added something else, “He kept saying your name telepathically over and over to Caatje.”

Caatje chimed in a plastic, innocent voice” “What do you think that meant? Did you know this guy? ”

“Yeah, I knew who he was. He was too young to have a heart attack, too.”

That ruined the TV show for me. I got up, got my coat and headed for the bathroom so I could go catch a train. As I came out of the bathroom and started going down the stairs, Therese caught me. She whispered to me excitedly, “Why do you think Caatje wanted to tell you about the witch who died?”

I looked at Therese with disbelief. She wanted me to confirm what we both already knew. So I told her, “I think Caatje might have sucked his Soul so dry that he died right afterwards. Make sure she’s not here when I get back.”

“I promise.”

“Make sure that you don’t feed her, too,” I warned her. “If she can kill that witch, she can kill you.”

“I promise.”

I got back from Haarlem about ten that night. I took my time getting back because I wanted to make sure that Caatje was gone. She wasn't. Therese and her were partying in the living room. I felt the negative energy in the house and I instantly KNEW that Caatje had been feeding on Therese.

Hungry, I made myself some sandwiches in the kitchen. Then I was going to go upstairs to my little room and barricade myself in. Therese wanted me to come into the living room and I told her, "No. She was supposed to be gone by now, remember?" Therese continued to press me into going into the living room when she knew that I didn't want to. I told Therese to leave me alone.

Then Therese drops a bomb on me, "Caatje is going to stay the night."

"Therese, you have betrayed me. You promised me that you wouldn't do this."

She replied, "But Caatje is so sweet and beautiful..."

I replied, "No she isn't. She's a vampire and she's dangerous. Haven't you learned anything from me? Didn't you learn what I Taught you about Light and Dark and how Light must stay away from the Dark or be Consumed by IT? Again, what part of evil don't you understand?"

"You just don't know her like I do, if you did, you would love her so much," Therese told me.

"I don't want to know her and I don't want to love her. For the most part, all she's ever caused you was grief. Why do you love her so much when everywhere she goes, she takes more than she gives, if she gives anything at all?"

By the time I was done eating my sandwiches on the terrace, Therese found me and told me that she and Caatje were going to visit Fred, a really decent man who lived down the street. I cringed when I thought that Caatje might feed off him, too. At the same time, I was glad because I wanted to go in the living room and try to MSN my former boyfriend. We had been talking and we had agreed that we wanted to get back together after we got couples' counseling.

I had tried calling him earlier that evening, but he had been over at a friend's house and his phone was off. I was hoping that he was on MSN. He wasn't, so I sent him an email and told him that I felt I was in danger and for him to call.

After I sent the email, I thought of making a fast enchantment. I wrote on a piece of paper, "Keep me from evil people." Then I took it outside, prayed and burned it.

I went back to the computer to see if my boyfriend was on-line. He wasn't. I tried calling him but his phone was still turned off.

By this time, Therese and Caatje had come back with Fred. Now I was really beginning to wonder if I had been set-up because Therese had been trying to get me to sleep with Fred and I told her no way, that I didn't sleep around because it corrupted the Soul and because I didn't do it. She knew this, too, but she was always trying to

get me to do things that I was very uncomfortable about.

I left the living room and went to the bathroom to pee. Therese followed me in there. She was determined for me to follow her agenda and I was not going to be controlled.

“Why don’t you like Caatje?” She yelled it loudly so Caatje and Fred would hear her clearly in the living room.

“I told you. She is a vampire. She has no Soul.”

Caatje heard me and didn’t say anything to defend herself. Vampires who are conscious of who they are never deny their vampirism. Besides, Caatje and I have had several arguments and each time, I accused her of being a vampire and each time, she never denied it.

I went upstairs and put my nightie on and tried calling my boyfriend again. He picked up! I told him what was going on and asked him if I could stay with him if the situation got worse. He wanted me to come immediately but it was late-about midnight-and although I could get a train to Alkmaar, I wouldn’t be able to get a bus to the little dorp he lives in. I told him that I would take a taxi if it turned into an emergency. He said okay. He asked me if I had enough money for a taxi and I told him that I wasn’t sure. He told me that he would pay it if I didn’t have the money.

I was getting ready to go to sleep when I heard Therese stomp up the stairs. She kicked the door of my room open when she could have just turned the handle because there wasn’t a lock on the door. She flipped the light switch on and I automatically stood up. The alarms in my Soul that warn me about evil began to blare. I stood up (no one is going to jump me in my bed) and I looked at her in the eyes. Instantly, her eyes changed into eyes of a snake.

I said to myself, “Shit.” I knew I was going to be vamped and this demon inside her was a Core Killer. I wondered if I would be dead in two days like the witch. Then I remembered. I forgot how demons, including big demons like this one, could jump into Soullled Beings if the Soullled Being had given themselves (as in feeding) to a vampire. In a nano second, most of my Soul’s Energy was sucked out of me before one of my Guardian Angels stepped in front of me. He instantly threw the demon out of Therese, but it was too late. I had already started getting lethargic and weak.

As I was thinking about fleeing that place to save my life, Therese told me in a deep, ugly, screechy drunken voice, “You have to move.”

“Okay, I’ll move.”

“NOW!!!” She screamed.

I called a taxi, gathered up as much as I could carry and went back to my boyfriend’s house.

It’s been about a month since this happened and it’s taken me this long to get enough strength back to write. For the first few weeks, I was so weak that sometimes I had to

struggle to keep my head up. I had the classic symptoms of someone who had been sucked by a psychic vampire including headaches and backaches, and I never get those kinds of aches. I slept 12 or more hours a day when I usually sleep only 5 or 6. And I'm still recovering...

During this time of Healing, I thought about what happened and why. Oh I know I'm a Big Problem for wanchenlu because of my Divine Comedy testimony, but I also know that I know a lot about evil and how it operates. I also thought about being jumped like that (and how it all happened under the Skin in the Realm of the Soul). Then there was the fact that I was stupid. I should never have ever talked to Therese again after I caught Caatje and the other vampire chick feeding off her in March. I should have never listened to her beg and beg for me to forgive her and that she promised to turn away from evil.

So yeah, a lot of it is my own fault.

As I was recovering, I realized the need to write these essays so if I ever get jumped again and get killed, I will have left the Soullled important information about the Mechanics of Spiritual Evil, or how it all works.

I once wrote Therese a song in June about how you can't be good and evil; that you have to choose. I'll attach it below.

Angels or Demons by Martha Rose Crow

It looked like a girl party
But I could see underneath
I saw her open her soul
So the vampires could feed
It was so fucken evil
Real filthy and dirty
She gave herself to them
To make her spirit bleed

They flatter and gossip
To cover-up their crimes
And after they leave
She's sick every time

-chorus-

Some people love their demons
And just won't let them go
But demons are demons
And she don't wanna say no
It's angels or demons
You can't choose in-between
It's angels or demons
Paradise or Hades
You either live in the Light
Or fade away to the dark

But it's angels or demons
That defines who you are

You can lay in your shit
Or get up and fight back
If you don't resist evil
It will always attack
You can't go to Heaven
If you don't pass the Tests
And if you don't choose Life
Well, then you're choosing death
'Cause it's angels or demons
Either the Light or the Dark
And it's angels or demons
That defines who you are (end of chorus)

Christ, the saints and some angels
Watch down from the walls
But no one can stop her
When the soulless come to call
She dances with the Devil
When she knows those dances kill
Then she runs to fantasy
When the Truth is Revealed

So choose your friends wisely
Watch who gives and who takes
But go lie with vampires
And you make your own fate

-chorus + below-

The Souled Are to Leave
The anthropoids alone
'Cause when you feed vampires
Your soul will never grow
So choose your friends wisely
Watch who gives and who takes
But go lie with vampires
And you make your own fate
It's angels or demons
It's the Light or the Dark
It's angels or demons
That defines who you are