

Subject

Panopticon

I own you: Trapped in a corner, fear in your eyes.
I own you: Alone and terrified, crying in the dark.
I own you: Slave to disorder, forever ensnared.
I own you and no one will ever care.

Listen. Listen. Focus on me. Listen.
Your life means nothing. Listen.
Listen. You'll never be redeemed.

Hear me.

Pray to some distant and silent god that this will all go
away.
This is who you are.
You were born to this fate.
You are crowded in an empty room.
A prisoner in your mind.
Your voice remains silent: They're screaming all the
time.

How long will this endure?
Is this all of your life?
Is this all of your world?
Or a nightmare to leave behind?

Never give in, never give up.