

Something inside of me is watching me and waiting  
And the thing which scares me the most is when I cannot fight a  
nymore  
I'm hearing speaking the voice of my father, disturbed by fits  
of abstraction,  
Silences of mind.  
I always do what voices in my head tell me to do  
"You are no one, a child of naught, you'll burn in fire. You ha  
ve to hide,  
Shame of life, mistake of nature, swathe your face, your monstr  
ous features,  
You are condemned!"  
I always do what voices in my head tell me to do  
Atered and disfigured, dysmorphophobia.  
The eye fixed, a razor in the hand, determined to comit the wor  
st,  
The cost of the loss, a psychic rebirth,  
Through this path enslaved to my own delirium, delivered by aut  
o-mutilation.  
In front of my reflection so detestable, I tear pieces of my fa  
ce,  
Again until I will be unrecognizable.  
My acts relieve my mind, I forgivemyself his absence,  
But the voices still present, speaking to me.