

5 chambers, 5 saviours, 5 walls, 5 traitors

Observing my inhuman environment
Nothing here to become attached to
Makes it easy to let go ...
A plague on you! No placebo left for you.

What is sanity?
What is serenity?

Maybe one day, in my white room,
someone remembers me?!
And maybe some day some creature
might even cherish me?!

How disturbing! A demon in my eyes?
You put me here, I guess to let me die.
The cannibals mask is only for your protection
The virus travels through my tongue, they say.

Compassion, not part of your vocabulary
Forgiveness, not of mine
Fear my revenge you pathetic fool
I am not yet forsaken