

## Depersonalisation

Illdisposed

There's no door in these cold walls  
surrounded by the infinite

My card is reading cardiac  
my thoughts won't seem to comprehend

Why? The lost sentence, in varieties of religious experience

The truth: a direful legacy, has driven me to my knees  
I'm hurt  
Pschiatric disbelieve, "good luck when you're panoplied"  
A force divided by slavery, a senseless futility

A must to see the unholy state, in which I was held for a while  
A study in grief taking over my mind, as I declared my soul to  
behind  
Just longing for the first day, to say, I'm back this time I'm  
here to stay

Can't you see the one aspect, that makes my gift to innocence  
The metaphysics were caressed, by every bit of air I breathed  
In lustfulness

I've lost, a loser without a name, must be my contribute  
Your trust, the effort of ficticiousness, my grief is compellin  
g me  
The sign, the sign is for all to see, I know what to do with th  
ee

Waverer, to bewail, led defeats  
Engrossing my fate, my heart's decadence, capitulation  
Time to intrude, to declare the fate, an angel will fall  
My aspiration, you beg, the iteration, imbibes, as only you can  
I've tried, to leave this fucking hell