

# Enslaved Existence

Tactical Sekt

Helpless prisoner body is no temple, flesh is a cell where my soul is kept from flight  
I want to end this horrible existence, machines and tubes keep me from the light  
I see closure they see a victim I taste paradise they sense the outcry

No existence please erase me  
I can't live like this dementia  
Raped of my body every breath so painful  
Politics revenge is no euthanasia

They say I'm crazy and I am unable to choose my destiny, I want to die  
Can you help me? Can you save me? Will you kill me? Don't enslave me  
Destroy these wires that shock my heart to beating  
Cut these tubes that drown my lungs  
End this nightmare once and forever  
I pray every day that darkness will come