

## No Martyr's Cage

The Hell

Constrained, find no solace here, my finite quest lies paralysed  
Sequestering dreams internally - indemnify my will to die  
Closed iron bars adorn my home, a palisade? A palindrome? The red  
regalia's savage chafe.....has sealed this bastard's fate

An annuloid penitentiary, in which humanity suffers brutality  
An aristocracy of inconsistency, whose hierarchy exalts monotony  
But your apology is sheer hypocrisy - a masquerade with no integrity

Forever drowning slowly in a sea of deathly dreams  
A caustic embrocation to the mental wounds of fear

Is this fantasy? - or insanity?

Mindless fascination with the cracks which rise and fall  
Constant masturbation to the pictures on my wall  
An epitaph to frustration, a nightmare, base disorientation  
A hopeless quest, I cannot rest, A shackled man, withheld, oppressed

Pallor taints my haggard face, I strain and struggle to remain  
A member of the human race  
Smash! Lash! Slap! And crack! - stretched and wrenched upon the rack  
Whipping, dripping, stripping slices cruelly from an aching back  
Piece by piece, torn apart, but still they cannot break my heart  
Or my spirit's deep elation  
This butchery, a bloody proof for those who cannot hear the truth  
Should not be loosed on any nation  
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