

They said I was schizophrenic  
Rebellion to a steady order  
The mass kills empty containers  
The mass smashes heads full of air  
Those who try to escape from the gears of mediocrity  
Neurotics, they call them  
Those who want to be  
Haldol interferes with the complex  
Biomechanical activity of my nerve cells

Devastating effects: no joy...  
No joy, no colour, no feeling  
My body doesn't react  
My soul refuses to talk with me  
Trapped in a shroud, my refuses justified the diagnosis  
I swallowed Luvatran and I vomited my life  
My psychosis was developing  
They were making me mad  
I was feeling disgusting: hatred for myself

Spontaneous explosions of violence - uncontrollable  
Regurgitation of suffering  
Remembrance of humiliations and blood  
They sewed on me a heavy strait-jacket  
Attraction - repulsion - obsession  
Hatred for myself - self-mutilation  
Me, horrible insect  
Me, horrible insect - brand of infamy  
Banned from the mankind community  
Is this my punishment? For what?