

If I could breathe the hate I found in humanity  
I would be suffocated by it's virulent fogs  
If I could live in my way - no mercenaries  
I would count on the pain, the only thing I own  
I am a man... I am without a leg  
If I look down I realize that I don't even have the other one  
I am a legless man and I don't have my left arm  
I don't have the right one either and I have no spinal column  
I have no hands... I don't have eyes... I don't have hair  
There's a lack of nose and ears in my face, I can't see anything of me: I am a black fly  
I am misery: I am nothing: you made me a "non-man" dear doctor world  
And if I transgress against your catechism I hope many will follow me!  
If I exist I am no one else: I don't acknowledge in me this equivocal pluralism  
My subjectivity and the Creator it's way too much for just a brain  
This place... in where huge instinctive pulsions are lost: here there is the Final Apocalypse