

# Schlachthaus Der Gedanken

Ad Hominem

This is a fading of reality

Distorted lines of freedom  
Where the mediocre man prevails  
Absolute flattery of equality

Like the procession of the hearse  
Slowly leading the lamenting mob  
To the burial of existence

Industrie des fleisches  
Schlachthaus der Gedanken

No more traces of reality

It fears, it cries, it hopes, it loves  
That little sphere filled with fragile life  
Already crawling into death row

Industrie des fleisches  
Schlachthaus der Gedanken

When followers drown into non-self  
Irradiated by constriction of mind  
A grandiose self arises to stand and refuse  
The innocence of his peers mangles his deep ego  
Cracking like whips on flesh / altering his senses  
Until all humanity is gone

Perceptions are swirling - visions darkened  
And as lucidity vanishes - anger is soon in control  
This outburst of violence - pure and devoid of reason  
Takes hold of a new reality

He reigns  
They fall.