

## Blind To The World

Benighted

Doctor, I've read your last diagnosis  
About my pathology, this chimera which obsesses you  
Are you serious when you call me psychotic  
Just because my reality is not yours  
I would be insane for that, look at your world  
You live behind a wall of lies  
Your children born in laboratory  
Developed in bottles, fed with plastic  
You dare to call it progress

Are you so far from insanity?

The physical inferiority increased by the slow destruction  
Of your body with old age, illness and death  
These are ill's I've never dread

You work so hard to cause your own ruin  
Colonize environment as a never sated parasite

Finding your pleasure in pain of the others  
Domination you can enforce  
Because I refuse this state  
This human nature which chains up to eternal mediocrity  
You think I'm deranged, affected by disease  
Psychotic as if I was blind to the world  
Blind to the world

I just wait my rebirth in a superior entity  
To all these creeping larva, reminiscent of naught