

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