

Something inside of me is watching me and waiting
And the thing which scares me the most is when I cannot fight a
nymore
I'm hearing speaking the voice of my father, disturbed by fits
of abstraction,
Silences of mind.
I always do what voices in my head tell me to do
"You are no one, a child of naught, you'll burn in fire. You ha
ve to hide,
Shame of life, mistake of nature, swathe your face, your monstr
ous features,
You are condemned!"
I always do what voices in my head tell me to do
Atered and disfigured, dysmorphophobia.
The eye fixed, a razor in the hand, determined to comit the wor
st,
The cost of the loss, a psychic rebirth,
Through this path enslaved to my own delirium, delivered by aut
o-mutilation.
In front of my reflection so detestable, I tear pieces of my fa
ce,
Again until I will be unrecognizable.
My acts relieve my mind, I forgivemyself his absence,
But the voices still present, speaking to me.