

5 chambers, 5 saviours, 5 walls, 5 traitors

Observing my inhuman environment  
Nothing here to become attached to  
Makes it easy to let go ...  
A plague on you! No placebo left for you.

What is sanity?  
What is serenity?

Maybe one day, in my white room,  
someone remembers me?!  
And maybe some day some creature  
might even cherish me?!

How disturbing! A demon in my eyes?  
You put me here, I guess to let me die.  
The cannibals mask is only for your protection  
The virus travels through my tongue, they say.

Compassion, not part of your vocabulary  
Forgiveness, not of mine  
Fear my revenge you pathetic fool  
I am not yet forsaken