Autonomic

Die Form

My heart beats like a machine, auto-erotic stimulation, synthetic body addict, automatic neurotic pleasures.

Synthetic body illusion, the days don't exist anymore, neither seasons, nor feelings, just fights and fears...

- I became the prolongation of $\ensuremath{\mathsf{m}} \ensuremath{\mathsf{y}}$ own obsessions,
- I became the instrument of my own destruction.

Autonomic, auto-erotic...