

They began to scourge me at the pillars.  
Tools ripping away at my flesh.  
The figures have abruptly become killers,  
And my memory starts to refresh.  
The holy hands of the sky, the architects of life,  
Brought me back as I began to die.  
The wrath of the gods, unleashed upon me.  
Through my wrist they place their pins.  
Their blackened eyes are filled with intent.  
How can I speak or resist?  
My body's in paralysis.  
These surgeons are artists, my body is canvas.  
The needles make my skin peel.  
This cannot be. This isn't real.  
This is the pain of a million deaths.  
My anatomy is the theatre of war.  
I am the witness of catastrophe.  
My structure is shattered, it lies in ruin.  
My body is gone, but I'm still alive.  
They are the artists.  
The sole creators.