

Depersonalisation

Illdisposed

There's no door in these cold walls
surrounded by the infinite

My card is reading cardiac
my thoughts won't seem to comprehend

Why? The lost sentence, in varieties of religious experience

The truth: a direful legacy, has driven me to my knees
I'm hurt
Pschiatric disbelieve, "good luck when you're panoplied"
A force divided by slavery, a senseless futility

A must to see the unholy state, in which I was held for a while
A study in grief taking over my mind, as I declared my soul to
behind
Just longing for the first day, to say, I'm back this time I'm
here to stay

Can't you see the one aspect, that makes my gift to innocence
The metaphysics were caressed, by every bit of air I breathed
In lustfulness

I've lost, a loser without a name, must be my contribute
Your trust, the effort of ficticiousness, my grief is compellin
g me
The sign, the sign is for all to see, I know what to do with th
ee

Waverer, to bewail, led defeats
Engrossing my fate, my heart's decadence, capitulation
Time to intrude, to declare the fate, an angel will fall
My aspiration, you beg, the iteration, imbibes, as only you can
I've tried, to leave this fucking hell