

The Room With Views

Master

I hate everyone and I hate everything.
No longer subdued, will I accept the blame.
Temptation is first and foremost,
in the depths of the mischievous mind.
No longer confused by the mental abuse did I act so
sublime.

When the piper piped his tune.
Death by suicide ensued.
When the piper piped his tune.
Death replaced the room with views.

I knew everyone and I knew everything.
So often excused, I was often abused,
I was forced to remain.
So typically focused, the hours I'd noticed,
my choices had all been in vain.
Subliminal voices, the sickness contagious,
I'd thought I was losing my mind.