

As the shroud cleared from my mind,  
The sights I saw, the remnants of my world,  
Were all grim apparitions.  
Ghastly remnants of a past, interior night.  
The pawn lay dead, banished from my head.  
And the scent of self deceit grew weak.  
The story of I, needs to be revised,  
Behold the pawn lay dead!

I've banished my false self I have shred my wretched hide.  
I have turned the tide.  
Those ills I have suffered affected both mind and skin,  
My demons were my own kin.  
My fire still remains.  
I'll gladly fall from grace.  
I'll sacrifice no life for false ideals or for your false ways.

With sight free of taint, a clear conscience regained,  
I began to realize my fate, was not to be subject nor be pawn,  
I'll bear no crown of thorns.

With all of my heart I forsake the term normality and the illusion of its existence among  
the ranks of mankind. Normality is an image constructed by the powerful to further  
strengthen their cause and their hold on the subjective realm one calls reality. The normal  
person has never existed in flesh, nor will he ever do. He is merely a manifestation of the  
person who best serves the interests of the elite who controls the definition of normality.  
To be free one must thus rid oneself of any aspiration to be normal. Normality is slavery.  
Be Abnormal! Be Free!