

To Sever The Hand Of Corruption

Vulture Industries

It was hard to see, through blurring eyes, my grave disease.
Had I been deceived, by hands of corruption, to fit their needs
?

Should I try to cut the line, and sever the bonds tying me to t
his vile kind?

Still, subconscious demons are hard to find,
Like finding daylight when you are blind.

Restrained, Deemed as insane, profane,
This disdain is my own shame, my only grain of self.

My body was forced through mental ties, ensnaring me as the ego
dies.

Had the bastards infected my fragile mind?
With a cancer designed to break my spine?

What are my options, where can I go?
To kill of this cancer or hamper it's growth?

Is this cancer me, am I the abnormality, killing the "we".
Or am I just diseased, with mental corruption from which I'll b
e free.

Once they manage to cut me free.
As soon as they find a cure for "me".
Still, subconscious demons are hard to find,
Like finding daylight when you are blind.

My pains and worries dissolved like melting snow, like a dying
glow.

I will become, a part of wholeness, in all it's glorious gray,
in its simple ways,
I embrace, the "we", the only true and refined unit of mankind,
we forsake the "I".