

108

"Solitary"

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Condemned cell incarcerates me
No walls, no bars on this cage
It's just "me"
The penitentiary is my "identity"
In this solitary
I learn what it's like to be so
Alone

Crouched in a lonesome corner I shiver
Head faced to the wall my eyes

Glued to the mirror
Masculinity beats the living hell out of me
Vanity is only my reality
My only cold companion

Each moment without you I die
Each moment without you I die
Each moment without you I die
O, Krishna

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