

Alas

"Schizophrenia"

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I think of death as if it's near
Plan my future as if it's doesn't exist
I'd like to die without having lived
Disappear without regret nor joy
Death is perhaps a delivery
Nobody's never managed to prove it

I'd like to have no future
Kill without remorse even friends
Be an animal without faith nor law

Mad, I begin to be mad

I feel my nerves that are cracking
I want to weep and to laugh
An interior force pushes me to suicide
An other one pushes me to folly
I think of death as if it's near
Project my future as if it doesn't exist...

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