

Forlorn "Cubes"

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The madness is complete
Chaos is order, all as one
Empty shells without matter
Degenerating and collapsing

Untouchable are the sinners of slavery
Unforgivable democracy
False is true. The handmade truth
Molded to pleasure and please
To imprisonment the free

I say: "Arm yourself"
Release your fear upon others
Inflict pleasure upon the worthy
Upon the few

Mechanic order, organic chaos
A painting by sand bliss
A painting without paint.
An inkless tattoo
Dead. All are dead

Resistance is everywhere,
Will it ever end
By my hand or a simple wish

Power of thought.
Pain
Release me from captivity

Make way bastards
I am angry

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