

## **Infliction**

### **"A Credit To Dementia"**

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Invisible oppression  
No sensations nevermore  
My frustration caused the sickness encircled  
abandoned  
Total dementia  
Shelter from thoughts we'll find in space  
Taste of brainwash as a foolproof fucking cage  
And from behind, the need of being blind  
Abuse is my view in complexity of mind  
Somehow confined nonsense, my crude decision  
Absence of static visions  
My rusted soul can't hide no more  
I made this mess and now it's over...  
After an entire life in sanity fill my soul, then let me die  
Dreadful shapes all around, darkened as macabre...

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