

MY EXISTENCE
IS LIVED IN COLD RESISTANCE
OF WHAT THEY DO TO ME
THINGS YOU CAN'T SEE
FOR I AM BEHIND A WALL
WHERE I FALL
AND SOMETIMES STUMBLE
TO THE MIGHTY RUMBLE
OF THE S.H.V. MACHINE
IT MAKES ME WANNA SCREAM
AND HOLLER OUT
THAT WITHOUT A DOUBT
THIS INSANITY
THE RAW INHUMANITY
THAT PREVAILS WITHIN THE S.H.V.
IS TORTURE, PURE AND TRUE
BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO HEAR ME OUT
EVEN IF I SHOUT
FOR MY VOICE IS OFTEN SILENCED
AMIDST THE HORRIBLE VIOLENCE
THAT CUTS US OFF LIKE CANCER
DO YOU THINK THAT'S THE ANSWER?

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