Specimen

Pornopop

A sculpture constructed for perfect system
Not knowing your true origin
You wander through life as instructedNot knowing the end of it all
The entity has written your life
Showed you your path but not how to walk itI know now the reason
Why these visions from beyond
Haunted me through life
As a supposed guidanceSo this is your way
Of showing me the truth
I'm tired of this game
Playing with my mindHands that cannot move
Eyes that cannot see
Mouth that cannot speak
And a body that cannot feelLifeless, limbless, speechless
No gestures of my own will
Soulless, mindless, feeling less
Even death won't greet me stillEntrapment is all that's real
My mind is wired to your's
How long will you test my strength?
What follows when I am dead?How long will you test my strength?
What follows once I am gone?
Wired to you
Encagement is all I feelSo this is your way
Of showing me the truth
I'm tired of this game
Playing with my mind

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