

# The Torture Detachment

## Rome

Is this some kind of confession?  
Am I obliged to let you speak?  
Are you still wondering whether  
our actions are ever  
completely pure?  
How could I be sure? When all thieves lose their composure,  
when starvation is forcing its way  
through the trees  
all the way down to the beach Mourn for me,  
as the sounds fall asleep.  
Smother me  
with your mad charity,  
with your poisonous mercy.  
Smother me with charity. So we seek out the lonely roads  
to rush towards the useless  
and leave this riot of blossoms  
to the simple minds If you decide to accept my offer  
to understand this sacrifice  
think of me as inanimate matter  
to hide me from their lies. So let me yearn for you  
as you have yearned for me.  
This storm has left us stranded,  
but there's method to this madness.  
Torture me with their ugliness  
and their ugly dreams  
hidden from the eyes of men. What courage  
What foolishness  
What strength If you decide to accept my offer  
to understand this sacrifice  
think of me as inanimate matter  
to hide me from their lies." ...Es gibt einen Weg in die Freiheit..."  
("...there is a path to freedom...")

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