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 beachMourn 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 mindsIf 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 strengthIf 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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