

Cube of Odium

Axis of Advance

Seven Y's; No response
The door is locked... the hydrox is off
The food has run out
That lens watches relentlessly(Constant) Hours pass like days
Days like weeks (so weak)
Cannot stand up to descry
That slitdow (total weariness)
Mouth burns, blistered, so dry
Temp raising and lowering drastically
Slow and sure they're torturing me
They hate me now more than ever before
(Now and forever more)Where - are they - there? Have they forgotten me...?
I was their worker I did it good for themDays and nights a blur
Nothing clear - greys - only shades
No more toes, only one hand
No commands, just screams of silence

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