

# Ad Hominem, Schlachthaus Der Gedanken

This is a fading trace of reality  
Distorted lines of freedom  
Where the mediocre man prevails  
Absolute flattery of equality  
Like the procession of the hearse  
Slowly leading the lamenting mob  
To the burial of existence  
Industrie des fleisches  
Schlachthaus der Gedanken  
No more traces of reality  
It fears, it cries, it hopes, it loves  
That little sphere filled with fragile life  
Already crawling into death row  
Industrie des fleisches  
Schlachthaus der Gedanken  
When followers drown into non-self  
Irradiated by constriction of mind  
A grandiose self arises to stand and refuse  
The innocence of his peers mangles his deep ego  
Cracking like whips on flesh  
Altering his senses until all humanity is gone  
Perceptions are swirling - visions darkened  
And as lucidity vanishes - anger is soon in control  
This outburst of violence - pure and devoid of reason  
Takes hold of a new reality  
He reigns  
They fall