

# Artrosis, Under Constraint

I clench my fists instinctively  
Chilly wind of orders  
Quells in me zeal  
I am like a man-machine  
Ensnared by will-power  
This is right and this is wrong  
Empty grimace on my face

Under constraint  
My wandering thought  
Stirs up shiver of anxiety  
What I have lost - I know !  
Louder and louder I hear  
Ice cracking that I am standing on

That is me - the missed fire  
I treat to blurred smile  
Newer and newer words  
I am like a man-machine  
Ensnared by will-power  
This is right and this is wrong

Under constraint  
My wandering thought