

# Cryptopsy, Open Face Surgery

I've learned to control my thoughts  
ever since I recognized the first eavesdropper:  
those who listen in on my thoughts,  
my logic, my sanity

I cannot let them know I don't know  
the verses, or converse in my head:  
lash out at future foes,  
banter with friends I've not yet met

The psychoaggressive minions of  
your lord mock with laughter I can't hear,  
with hidden scowls they admonish me

Nothing's sacred, Nothing's safe:  
your filthy god is omnipresent,  
this undying nonentity that haunts  
my every waking dream

They watch me, his mortal flock,  
they know me now by sight alone:  
my thoughts are too well concealed...  
Yet I sense more scrutiny

Fleeting lucidity's too loud for me,  
let me be my silent self:  
our existences irreconciled

Make them stop! I'm rotting fast...  
The answer, painful though it may be,  
is change

Alter my outer shell...  
The listener's may not, then, know it's me  
Open Face Surgery: short of pain  
and long on masquerade  
Ounce by ounce, lose a little weight  
nip here, tuck there... So who needs eyelids?