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 laugher 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?