

Sopor Aeternus, Anima (I & II)

The Woman I am no mirror can see,
My breast are still small and my voice is so deep.
The Woman I am unable (she cannot) feel love,
I wish to cut my genitals and feed them to the dogs.
The woman I am prepared to receive the pain.
The needles shall burn only the ugly remains.
Suppression is impossible, I must live it out,
My true self is female how could I ever doubt...