Vesania, Posthuman Kind

I want you to believe that I reveal to you your insecurity senseless your disguise and none of your masks can hide your face I want you to see that you're dying in your own eyes that these are not real rules and that the joy of a day is gone with the daylight I want you to hear the whine of the wanderer with a face cut by the years of silence I want you to remember the blind man, for you've been seeing with his eyes and the mute man, that still performs his speech to the deaf crowd gathered and all of them listening with hypnotic curiosity I do not believe in your truth can't see you, while you standing right before me can't hear you, while you're talking to me but I'm afraid I remember you and that is the only thing that I regret