Axis Of Advance, Cube Of Odium

Seven Y's; No response
The door is locked... the hydrox is off
The food has run out
That lens watches relentlessly

(Constant) Hours pass like days
Days like weeks (so weak)
Cannot stand up to descry
That slitdow (total weariness)
Mouth burns, blistered, so dry
Temp raising and lowering drastically
Slow and sure they're torturing me
They hate me now more than ever before
(Now and forever more)

Where - are they - there? Have they forgotten me...?
I was their worker I did it good for them

Days and nights a blur
Nothing clear - greys - only shades
No more toes, only one hand
No commands, just screams of silence

Brain rotting, skin greyish yellow from the urine
It's as though my cells are coming apart
And falling loose
The body feels no pain now that all is numb
Staying alove my only true battle - they've won
My final task is just to concede
Mind in complete decay, world looking away
Repented vulgar shell at loss against the machine