

# 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