

# Le Grand Guignol, I, Who Brought Forth Myself

In deceitful hours my thoughts are threatening me  
Encoffined in my mind they choke my will  
Entwining my inherent they change my brain  
To the womb that incubates insanity

My inner voice: A screeching, scraping choir  
Performing in a cranial theatre  
The end of act sick's a rebirth,  
A climax of feelings restrained  
In contractious pain I give birth  
To my sombre self, finally unleashed

Bewildered and numb I gaze at my corpus  
Beholding a wry cavalcade of remains  
At last I am victorious  
Over me, who brought forth myself !