

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF INSANITY

When will I be rescued from the league of normal men?
Looking right, looking left, looking if I can
find an emergency exit. But there aren't even doors
in this narrow hallway, on this predetermined course.

Like maniacs in the padded cell I bang my head against your wall.
Like suspects in american movies I insist upon my call.
You did a good job with that prison that you've built.
It seems not to have any visible weak spot.

**THE WAY YOU WANT ME TO BE
LEADS TO THE CENTER OF INSANITY
AND IF IT MAKES ME FREE
I'M PREPARED TO GO TO THE CENTER OF INSANITY**

You communicate through the statements of fact.
You disregard the input of an active intellect.
You administrate the truth.
Nice move, buddy, but I'm gonna find the weak spot.

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*What if I choose not to see
all the great things that you show me?
What if I choose not to agree
with your claim of superiority?
What if I choose not to be
another soldier in your self-righteous army
What if I choose insanity
instead of your standards of normality*

A sign in the hallway reads "human waste".
Besides, there's a pick-axe to my taste.
Goodbye to that prison of conformity.
Hello the unknown, hello insanity!

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