

# Conscience of a Mad Man

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Last night

I heard sleep talking to death  
during the battle of unconscious  
thought vs. sanity

Life lost inspiration to live  
the daydreamer stalks

**the sleepwalkers' thoughts**

with nightmares of the past  
the crystal ball is square inside  
my head

Foggy recollections of who I am

**and where I've been sends my future**

running to the past  
trying to figure out where I went wrong  
and how to pick up the pieces

Prison doors shut behind me  
but my heart still wears chains  
my thoughts still lie,  
beaten, behind bars

I watched a prostitute  
give birth to a beautiful  
thought

**She didn't want to keep it**

said she saw the bastard  
who raped her in its eyes  
so I claimed it as my own  
molested its body  
plundered its mind  
and raped its soul  
because in its eyes

I saw my own demise  
and in its tears

I felt my body burning  
questioning my own

existence.