

## Furtive Monologue

Despised Icon

This in-audible voice has flattered my ears  
An unreal sound of distress, a sensation that aroused my being  
This moment was all yours but the pleasure was all mine

All the weight I've been carrying vanished for a valuable instant.

One day when this curtain will fall  
Masks will be shattered.

Your eyes silently scream astonishing grief  
The satisfaction I devour is not retribution  
Your sorrow's my devotion  
I'll be rewarded with your degradation  
Nourished by bitter passions,  
My hunger for human deprivation will be quenched  
No retribution  
Your sorrow's my devotion.

A furtive monologue.

This unspoiled opus wasn't meant to persist eternally  
Masks and disguises returned to their relevant closets  
This theatrical masquerade will be lead  
to its irrevocable ending.

One day or another,  
One day when this curtain will fall  
Masks will be shattered.