

How might I say this?

My knowledge is that of a puppet, hollow, embracing power.

Who speaks? Who feels?

When I keep quiet, when I nod in agreement, but also when I shout.

Each leap I take I sink deeper.

What's happening? What do they want? Where does all that noise come from?

How might I say this?

What's happening is that we are at war. It is the sound of war.

They want to win it and annihilate the prisoners.

When the show is over, when, from the darkest corner, the night becomes beautiful, I wonder, I wonder...

It is terrible but at least it is something. Now I can breathe, now my mouth begins to be mine.

Puppets of the world... first, kill the ventriloquist.

D.I.S.G.U.S.T. is not a new acronym  
it is disgust.