

Poema Arcanus, Metropolis

Endless tension , walking corpses
You see in their faces sad frustration
Cops are hitting , cars are crashing
And piles of people are sucking smog

1. And I die slowly in this grave
My grave , in wich millions will die

The glasscases are showing fashions
While beggars beg for a piece of bread
Busses are filled with human masses
And a dog4s crushed by the wheels

2. And I cry surrounded by stress
and I think , How can I live in this mess?

Chorus:
And the hate is growing high,
And the city grows to the sky,
We're just some little scums,
Trapped in our own pretty tomb