Poema Arcanus, Promised Light

I had been taught to speak The language of butterflies I have been used to think That we all could have wings

Who said we could not have wings?

So give me the illusion Then give me frustation, give me...

Promised light
For all of us denied
Mocks at this gray little being

Promised light
The prize for all those blind
Tamed souls who still believe

When disappointment kills hope
And hunger makes us forget
Forget that once we wanted to be free
Now the fountain of wishes
Belongs to me just to steal the coins and run...

Run away!

The flowing of a thousand Dead forgotten dreams Caged into the sleepy trance Of the trip back home

Where am I? Am I here today? Yesterday? Or ten years ago?

That's how I'm still piercing the guts The deep and complex anatomy Of the huge grey beast We are all slaves of ...