

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 frustration, 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 ...