

Vesania, Posthuman Kind

I want you to believe
that I reveal to you your insecurity
senseless your disguise
and none of your masks can hide your face
I want you to see
that you're dying in your own eyes
that these are not real rules
and that the joy of a day is gone with the daylight
I want you to hear
the whine of the wanderer
with a face cut by the years of silence
I want you to remember
the blind man,
for you've been seeing with his eyes
and the mute man,
that still performs his speech to the deaf crowd gathered
and all of them listening with hypnotic curiosity
I do not believe
in your truth
can't see you, while you standing right before me
can't hear you , while you're talking to me
but I'm afraid I remember you
and that is the only thing that I regret