

Caliban, De Rebus Que Greunter

what urge me to do right?

the emptiness - the consciousness of living in
the void of the feral muting against the vacant - cold
void - the incensed endeavour to
rescuing the fact of vacuity to be doomed
nevertheless - my imagination - just symbols or
repressed desires? - vision of adoration and
death? - and the disillusion of living in
a world that has to be rescued - an age
that is sainted to mental decline and
my incapability to struggle for liberation
my last minute should not be marked
by the realization that I never really lived