

Hieronymus Bosch, Tired Eyes

Walking through the streets plexus
The air smells like plethoric fantasies
Esplanades are littered with debris
Streets are filled with eclectic melodies
Looking forward, moving straight ahead
Old diary pages in hand
Moving silent through the city of mind
That shows its dirty seamy side

There is something stronger than him...

[CHORUS]

The only thing that keeps him going
Is the fact that he could stop someday
Turn these hateful streets to ruins
Now he sees his only way

Keeping the silence,
thinking aloud
Multiform thoughts
like furious crowd
No changes
in distand perspective
To destroy all around
It is only objective
Poet is in the gripe
of the pages
Dancers are trapped
in the rib cages
Broken strings
sound like desperate cries
And city stares into his tired eyes...

There is something stronger than him...

[CHORUS]