

# 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]