

Neuraxis, Shatter The Wisdom

A terrible racket makes me suffer, like a fanfare
Marching throughout my head, booming so loud my soul has become deaf...
Nevertheless, reality stands firm, but a very strange conceptual world
Occurs inside this mad, distorted ode
Behind my eyes, comes the ludicrous crowd, full of movie makers' imagery
So forth i am, so forth i dream
Frenzied and rushed unceasingly
Drawn by the wizard's patterns
My mind is no longer my own
Above those hard-packed illusions, bright with pictures, that shall kill the wise's vigour
Is spoiled a great generation
Mankind has lost its mind, and therewith the arable ground, the vast field, the great
Which the scholars own
Cursed species - humans
Can you imagine?
What shall save you, once the intelligence
Will become speechless?
Locked into silence?
When you will remain a fabric's device
Old majesty, deprived from her kingdom, her memory will never carry on
There goes the orb of a system
Ones, adorn with a sad eden, and others tried to make it perfect