

# Disability Of Homo Sapiens

Aeon

What will happen when the stars  
Will blind us with the brightness of an explosion?  
When the madness of words and beliefs  
Will finally flood the simple wisdom?

O world great big world  
Where is the cure for your worst disease  
Antidote for worry and pride  
Of homo sapiens

Dreams of freedom and fire became the curse of the spiritual world  
Rebels and poets lost their sight and hearing  
Their hands became creased like the surface of desert

I'm alone but never lonely  
Let the exile be my penance

Behold the one who tainted our mother  
Behold the one who killed our father

Mankind's fear of limb amputation  
Is the engine of history

Light of hope or of nuclear blast  
Awaits at the end of the path