

Youth is the shortest and most fleeting chapter of our existence

"I hope I die before I get old"
That shit has been told so many times
I've been thinking about it for 20 over 2.000 years
We turn the page and so we happen to be serfs
After believing
We've been kings

I wish I had more time to guess my role
Let poet rhyme with little sister insistence
Through the unknown
Idealism takes its price

This isn't only my generation
It's not mine!
I don't want to be part of it,
I don't want to be

I'm not a lamb stuck to the dogma of the unique generation
I just want to live far from drugs and hatred,
Violence toward everything,
Call me as you want, reactionary, a terrible kid.
Give me a rope for my throat,
As I can't avoid having it around my neck
Let me solve this riddle

How to externalize the meaningless?
Should we all know it?
Would we be able to comprehend it?
How can I write about the indescribable?
What would we do?
Why should we try?

This isn't only my generation.
It's not mine!
I don't want to be part of it

How shall I understand the soul?

This isn't only my generation.
It's not mine!
I don't want to be part of any
Eternal generations