

Wooden Memories

Krampus

This is my last day
The end of a long life
I saw so many things
All worth to be told

I went from an empire
To the born of the machines
From bronze and iron
To plastic society

I lived the apex and the decline of the human race
I saw the war and the pretence of the peace

The man is changed and he's set forth to his sunset
Before I leave I'll tell you what I saw.

Leaves, falls on my winter
Memories printed on the wood

When the earth will take my corpse
To bring me to new life
All the warmth of my death
Won't have so much to heat

Centuries of war and kings
Will be dishonoured
From the shameful end of their
Weakest heir

Legions were marching
Centurions on the head
I felt the power and the discipline of Rome

I lived the invasions of
Barbarians from the north
Burning destruction
The mighty of the horde

Leaves, falls on my winter
Memories printed on the wood

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To bring me to new life
All the warmth of my death
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Will be dishonoured
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Then came the church
Enslaving the free minds
It was a Dark Age
Contested by the lords

They found the light

Asleep under their minds
Their revolutions
From justice to a crime

And when the ambition overtook the last respect
The insane ants from the womb of steam engines
Soon they infected all the planet like a pestilence
Convinced they are the only rulers of this world

The beauty of the nature usurped by a consumerism god
I leave this world.