

By The Cliff

Poema Arcanus

Distant light announce my silence arrival
The wind brings memories without regret
A childhood place where everything knows me
A place where nobody seems to know me

Cold sun crystals dance over raging waves
These powers deep down unseen
A fearless, reckless grazing flight
The softness of feathers, the cold of the sea

In this hidden stage I will only witness
Unable to understand these ageless words
To grab, to kill and to dissect with my hands
Trying to make mine something is not

Cold sun crystals dance over raging waves
These powers deep down unseen
A fearless, reckless grazing flight
The softness of feathers, the cold of the sea

On this last corner, by the cliff
As small and lonely as this life
A failed design made for a long lost oblivion
An old and forgotten sign for centuries rusting by the road

Trying to tell apart the worlds
Of a language that floats with the haze

While I'm still here tied to the earth
I see the habit turning into slavery
The killing comfort brings its warm and smooth death
Dying slowly as I'm longing for the imaginary

On this last corner, by the cliff
As small and lonely as this life
A failed design made for a long lost oblivion
An old and forgotten sign for centuries rusting by the road
(2x)

On this last corner I breathe the remaining air
A countdown of heart beats
All around goes on
The air, the moment, the place
They escape from my hands

The air, the moment, the place
They escape from my hands