

The Average Man's Odyssey

Poema Arcanus

Same cold, same coffee, same me
The same old movement performed again
A thousand times rehearsed
Pretending all of this... had a sense

Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream
White bearing the burden of emptiness
Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream
The average man believes

Same strangers, same train, same void
Dropping hours like old papers from my pockets
Suddenly they became so necessary
Lost things are now so necessary

Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream
White bearing the burden of emptiness
Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream
The average man believes

The sequence of these days
A clock that ticks always the same
A gesture blooms, but quickly fades
Forgotten days, forgotten years

The average man's odyssey...

Silence, the only one answers. Silence, the void speaks
Days are dripping from my chalice
Timeless sands, the early death's caress
Silence, god is speaking. Silence, just empty words
A lip-synched preaching, words of stone
The old white lie: go, get your crown

The same train, watching me age. The same train, a circle trip
An endless journey, a battle lost
The script of this life: small miseries wrote in
Silence, god is speaking. Silence, just let him talk
Fighting a war no one cares about
Until death finds me lost in the crowd