

# Feasting Fools

Unexpected

Drinking words from a bone catheter  
Without consistence  
Tasting dominance as an appetizer  
Ambitious platters spiced with numbers  
My thoughts wander as I stare at the talking fish...  
Giving sound advices on how to silence my dish.

Billions of livings painting for the greedy  
In this summit of foam  
Invited by naughty titans in their inhuman museum  
To share not-so mysteries and their would-be decorum.

Feasting fools on a monstrous path  
Feasting fools in a soiled bubble bath  
Table is set for tragedy  
A misshapen mole in the face of decency.

Cybernetic fairies in loss of power  
Crushed by the work-till-death project  
Sick as wingless birds skewered on a numeric stake.

Look the synthetic clown is smiling  
And the children are starving  
Ludicrous pawn of despotic trampers  
Industrial monsters, jaws ripping the very fabric of  
this physical existence.

Elegant jackets, dragon-skin style;  
Mandrake cigars fathering tiny storms of snobbism,  
Fresh cemetery juice and electro-nerves floatting  
rubba' things.  
High educated horned giants worshipping shallow  
luxuries  
Boiling with a vain intensity just staring at the  
cyclic visual feast.

Just standing now in the middle of a past  
Marble still in the dead zone  
The cemetary walking over me and I wonder.  
Descending to visualization vault XYZ after an  
exquisite dinner  
Holographic sceneries depicting the all  
So many lives, frames no more, captured by digital  
Invisible bonds but still such nice colors...  
A juggling feat for the eaters  
A struggling beat for the wired.  
Are they stones or are they names  
Am I stoned or just ashamed  
Just a human with respect in his pockets  
Ready to share some with the face of the worthy  
Let the Grim be aware,  
I won't be reaped without guarantees  
I like my eggs boiled and that's it.