

Megalomaniac Trees

Unexpected

Running in a cage like freak beasts on a stage
to acquire the honor of dishonor.
Humble idea for Machiavellian seeds
to grow their old megalomaniac trees.

See no evil, hear no evil;
Ellet tse erton esived.

In sick organic shadows,
Where nano-things are the crutch of life,
The test-tube men eliminate themselves
Inside this asymmetric archaic circle.

See no evil, hear no evil;
Ellet tse erton esived.

Tragedy of selfishness become as they are,
Their old bark left bare and infected.
Root's thirst so immense,
It could transorm the sea to salt.
Enu ratis, will ends the events
I know you will be, lenger arelurb
You will see, Trom te eiffiret
Tnemeleus at xiork Arengiomet ed nok reunnohsed
Enu ratis, will ends the events
I know you will be an ancient shadow.

See no evil, hear no evil;
Ellet tse erton esived.

The tragedy is just beyond our roots
The world stops...

We wander here, where only the mad knows the truth
And knowledge testify in their names
We barter our bark like stupid pawns sacrificing for
their king
Like some miracle boy's transformations
We transmuted our sap into living bribes.