

"With whom shall I have this dialogue?
The mad, the noble, the wit?
The past lurks under layers of fog,
Evolution's hall is unlit

Thoughts and visions confuse,
Mental wounds start to grow
But the questions never reduce
About the anonymous cosmic shadow"

This demon keeps my conscious awake
From sleep, rest and the calm
Disillusioned I rinse my ache
In the ocean's whispering psalm

The ocean theory covers Earth,
But I seek what has entire control
What nature introduced the genesis birth?
Known Deities? I curse 'em all

I've set my sails for this odyssey
To locate its mystic exile
A crusade through the mind's liberty,
Not a journey in nautical miles

A voyage in science and fate
To disrobe the acceleration from zero
To dive into it and investigate,
Terrifies even the bravest hero

In the corridors of time we're sons,
Entrapped in lonely spaces
But star dusted electrons
Are my kinsmen, just with odd faces

Still fantasies unveil their sloids,
When patience turns to fear
To examine the darkest, coldest voids
For the hiding engineer

But our past is still our present
If we can't the knowledge rift over-span
An eternal transformation is what the matrix represents,
Like the child is father to the man

"Some hide their confusion behind a religious mask,
Like puppet thespians in "God's" masquerade
'Cause the blur grows for every time we ask,
What generates the spherical parade?"