

Shen

"Ulysses"

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Reaching the columns,
Limits that man can't cross.
Following the course of sun forgetting our fears.
We weren't created as brutes,
But to follow wisdom and virtues.
We turn our rows in wings,
Behind the hope of a sick flight.

Rowing to obscure soils, daring known border lines
All stars, above us, vanish, hiding under the horizon.
Moonlight disappeared, while through the fog,
On the top of the mountain, we will meet
Dreaming the end.

The sky, blacked out
The ocean, opened a gash under our feet.
The waves, blinded our eyes, we dropped still

Choking to death

The waters shut above us
Enchained to our fate
Deceived by a conceited illusion,
Striving for the infinite

Dreaming the aim

Oppressed by dogmas, we couldn't reach what we
need, endless quest
Without answers

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But to follow wisdom and virtues.
We turn our rows in wings,
Dreaming the end

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