

Homo Iratus

"Disintegrating Rotor's Authority"

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Upon pillars of salt
Built to withstand the wrecks of passing time
Not ready to bear the weight
Of human indifference
"The poison that keeps the rotors of the world in
motion"

Now as tongues lick
Mouths get numb
As speech becomes inarticulate
Minds nauseate

Both sides of the coin bear the same figure
Both sides have the same story to tell

The real one fades away as time passes...
Leaving nobody behind to remember it.

Lies and truth dance around in circles
In a constant change of positions
A rotating diameter where ends never confront
eachother

And at the center stands
The rotor that sets the circle
That engulfs us all
In motion.

Forged ages ago
By the blood and sacrifice
Of innocents that died in vain

On the altars of political
And religious confrontations.

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