

Homo Iratus

"The Age Of Numbers"

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Before "me" innocence
Protected me, shielded me
Words of the wise support the pillars of the world

A false legacy of miasmatic ideas
Of a fanatic father and a subjected mother

The world ...what is it ?
A flashy game
With a beggining, middle and end
A royal theatre of tyrants
With a sterile imagination

Newborn "whys"
On one foot
A punishmet for every question
Answers "why ?"

With the passing years
The moist of philosophy got desiccated
And nothing but dry numbers were left

The world : numbers with simple excellents
Of corrupted teachers, a life of "yes sir"

"Why?" nourished a dream and a reality
In the years that passed
In the age of numbers
The passing age of numbers

The light I cherished has burned my eyes
And so I envied the blind
For they were not
Witness to my downfall
(Witness of our downfall)

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