

## **Naumachia "Centurion"**

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The hollow loss has crept into my life  
And shaped it to be its home  
I fall asleep into a tar black hole  
And wake up into the shades of the past day

I am centurion  
For there are hundreds of me alike

Here today gone tomorrow  
Born of emptiness and sorrow  
Into sadness and shaded lot  
Hollow realm devoid of deeper thought

One of millions points of darkness  
A diamond in sand though

I am centurion  
There are millions of us  
Ordering our one-manned armies  
I am my own subordinate and superior

Unnamed army of indifferent swords  
Summoned to gather upon the shore  
No servants they need, no lords  
As obedience to themselves they swore

Past centuries were my shelter  
Brought up by stone statues I was  
Fed on dew that hasty night left  
I have been forsaken by Light  
Clad in century-old armour  
Corroded by acid of memories  
Covered in rust of my anger  
Here I rise - centurion

Against hope, against dreams

For suppressed will I fight  
Confined imagination  
And, oh, upright pose

Retrieve the mind equilibrium

Revive words their might  
Give the night its moonless darkness  
And the warriors the cause to fight

My summoning call dies into the sky-high wall of  
groans  
The orphaned widows mourn their youth  
The silhouettes of swords buried in memory  
Are cutting through the realms' screen  
To stop the rocking of the empty cradles  
Stone hits the stone, the clatter, as hypnotic chant,  
fades in blizzard's spell  
Ecce Centurion, marching with his alikes  
I am Centurion  
And there are millions of us

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