

Naumachia "Speculus Mundi"

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Born a monarch with no crown
Here I am to reclaim my rights
Watch me command the thousand-head-crowd
In the glare of bright lights
A throne for hundred sages
It works its magic on the hungry ones
Time freezes on the voice command
Of the next magus entering the stage
Slaves of Illusion
Playing the game of awe
Slaves to mirrors
Trapped in the purgatory of ego

Slaves!
Ready to enlive his own decease
To fill the audience pit
Bleeding real drops, swallowing sweat
And working every wrinkle crease

Artisan among masters
Unable to shrug his costume off
Grown into his mask with flesh
The spectator of his own act
Illusion arcana apprentice
Hunched behind the set
He vanishes into lethargic oblivion
Till the next curtain-up call
As magus major
Entrapped in servant's role
Performing his mute swansong
To the careless crowd
I'm enlivening the ravish of soul
Each time I enter the stage
Trading the new mould
Shaped of sweat and sleepless nights

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