

Nefarium

"An Old Black Cage"

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Enclosed in an old black cage suspended
In the middle of a sterile mind,
Far and distorted, thousands, one on top on the other,
We are (slowly) suffering under the weight of our
fellow beings.

Wet from the never-ending rain of lies from him,
Whom from time immemorial has promised;
On the iron, the rust of our tears is mixed

With the bitter-sweet and dark blood.
In the darkness, the strong wind of hope is mistaken
For the sighs of him
Who is closer to us,

An Old Black Cage
In which iron screeches on the bones, [x2]

The cage moves by the smallest contractions (of the
muscles),
While the bodies are mingled with their own pain
And in the bliss of those
Who are finally getting closer to the truth

And by freeing a space give yet another breath,
Falling in the deep pit of knowledge.
After every instant, he goes
Back to the starting point,

Trying to perceive his destiny,
Imploring hope to show,
Through the old bars of a tired world,
The universal focal point (to which everyone is
hanging).

The eyes are raised once again
To look for the end of the thick rope
Which sold it's origins to credulity and submission.
An old black cage in which iron screeches on the
bones,

Those who try to run away

Between the bars are crushed like food
Between the jaws of a beast

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