

Neolith

"Fright Emblazoned On Faces"

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As millenia have forgotten so many names
As the centuries have passed in silence
As days have seemed to lock mysteries
Still the visage of the traitors disgust
Still the "nay" so rage
Still the "yes" so eagerly whispered
Where to seek the outspoken words?
Where to dream of zonei if not in madness?
Where to kneel and cry for anger?
When to hear the voice of sin?
When to cross sagalla if not today?
When to tear the heart apart if not now?
Call them now! dead but dreaming!
Burn the scarled! bolt in fury!
Let the mind flee from sacred patterns!
May the scared melt like wax!
May the humble choke with their purity!
May their be laughed at truth
May their work be destroyed
These are the words cursing faces
Emblazoned fright on their pity
On compassion so weak and pointless
Ala! la ala!

Inspired by unforgettable "Limes Inferior" by Janusz Zajdel, one of the most important political fiction writers.

The reality soaked in control, terror, injustice, mystery and somehow lost identity.

The word of the distant future!

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