

Pettalom

"Irate Lizard"

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The irate lizard
Creep by the dunes
Of a idea's desert, the lizard take on
Among the cold and the misery
By the skin and realities
Of your heroes, killers and strangers
Feeling the taste of mazes
And the colors and the leaved pains
Over the infinite trails
Of the lost and the conquered dreams

Walking by the sun light
When finish in the evening end
Your rays in my face
Big memories, of times that no more return

Oh, sensations, my forgotten rage
Is the place where the sun ends
Over my old secrets words
My body cry at the touch of old dreams
The lizard take on by sweat
By the fever of the burning heat
Where the dreams doors of realities
Of the life and death are confunded

Eyes of the lizard
Tears of the moon
Songs of the insane
Storms before the sun

The irate lizard
Devour my mazes then rest in peace
Of the times that cross
That cross streets and lanes

Like a crowd without control
Your memories photograph the floor
In each dream that breathe
Drinking the perspiration of thoughts that move
And end

Moving to the end.

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