

## Poema Arcanus "Dreamsectary"

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Restless and full of hell  
You've received the sun  
Where the holy mother machine  
Caresses you incestuously

Sucking her cancerous breast  
You drank the life... of others  
That you called dreams

Chorus I:  
Among plastic messiahs  
Behind fake true love  
Between masters with feet of clay  
Beneath this hunger you've got

Cross now your grey empire  
On your desolated chariot  
With the armour of gods  
To protect your insignificance

Hypnotic lucidity  
Freezes the blood on your wires  
To learn the electric movements  
Of the sacred heart-engine  
Betraying and leaving  
Those nailed children of thought  
By this self-catalepsy  
Their wings, flesh and bones  
Became your throne

Your dream sectary is symmetric to what I still love  
But there's a difference you don't know  
Between dusk and dawn

Because plastic messiahs  
Or fake true loves  
Or masters with feet of clay  
Can't calm this hunger you've got.

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