

## Poema Arcanus "Metropolis"

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Endless tension , walking corpses  
You see in their faces sad frustration  
Cops are hitting , cars are crashing  
And piles of people are sucking smog

1. And I die slowly in this grave  
My grave , in wich millions will die

The glasscases are showing fashions  
While beggars beg for a piece of bread  
Busses are filled with human masses  
And a dog4s crushed by the wheels

2. And I cry surrounded by stress  
And I think , How can I live in this mess?

Chorus:  
And the hate is growing high,  
And the city grows to the sky,  
We're just some little scums,  
Trapped in our own pretty tomb

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