

## Poema Arcanus

# "The Average Man's Odyssey"

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Same cold, same coffee, same me  
The same old movement performed again  
A thousand times rehearsed  
Pretending all of this... had a sense

Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream  
White bearing the burden of emptiness  
Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream  
The average man believes

Same strangers, same train, same void  
Dropping hours like old papers from my pockets  
Suddenly they became so necessary  
Lost things are now so necessary

Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream  
White bearing the burden of emptiness  
Still waiting for that change, still waiting for that dream  
The average man believes

The sequence of these days

A clock that ticks always the same  
A gesture blooms, but quickly fades  
Forgotten days, forgotten years

The average man's odyssey...

Silence, the only one answers. Silence, the void speaks  
Days are dripping from my chalice  
Timeless sands, the early death's caress  
Silence, god is speaking. Silence, just empty words  
A lip-synched preaching, words of stone  
The old white lie: go, get your crown

The same train, watching me age. The same train, a  
circle trip  
An endless journey, a battle lost  
The script of this life: small miseries wrote in  
Silence, god is speaking. Silence, just let him talk  
Fighting a war no one cares about  
Until death finds me lost in the crowd

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