

Dorsal Atlantica "History Starts"

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But the wall wasn't there. It never been there.
It was a moral concept, just like a mirage.

The posters warn that the readjustment began last
night.
Next to the parade place, hundreds of hard
Workers dance on a viaduct.
The loudspeakers play
Readjustment songs to exalt the spirit of the fighters.
The dance blocks up the traffic.
The trucks that try to get through are plundered.
Police come beating them up.

Fireworks burst uninterruptedly.
Powder rises among the sweat of the crowd.
All the air screams the claim of war and licentiousness.
A band goes leading the way, a fat travesty with razor
Scars passes in an open car.
Two snakes around his neck, the head of one of them
being swallowed.
The drunk people follow in procession like everything
else
Were useless living like the last of their days.

IAN starts running in the battle square.
The guards laugh at the show almost over.
What's left is the smell of blood and urine.

How to recognize someone among ruined flesh?

The tourists dance excited exorcising for love later,
And take a chance to shoot the dying and see how they
Have fun, drink and admire from near the bloody
skulls.
Mothers with sleeping children in the laps
Talk about what to do tomorrow.
Children running on the remains, the posters sweep the
splinters.
The firemen wet the corpses.
The urban trash company takes the remains away.

Bodies are gathered, at last they understand one

another united in eternity.
All the gangs, enemies, lovers, parents, children,
abortions.
Now they're all dead, from now to five minutes they'll
be out of date.

History Starts to Take a Route

IAN locks himself in his room and just waits, nobody in
his home.
Two other people walk to IAN's house.
They're two drop outs.
They had given up surrendering.
They hope that IAN would come to take them.
They break into the door, floor is all vomited IAN's
body's in
Fetal position, the two still tried to cheer him up but
they ran away
Scared leaving IAN and a dream behind.

Fireworks explode in the air party is over another one's
just begun
People celebrate victory of the opposition's candidate
Salute to hierarchic democracy.
Nothing looks more like an old rule than a new rule.

History starts to take a route.

Everything can happen again another way another time
mankind
Lives in circles that never meet.

[IAN:]

"I'm me I'm one I'm everybody I'm what I've always
been
Things are changing all around me there's a reality
Inside me and I'm on it the light no longer transmits me
anguish I know the dreams
Will leave beyond us. A new beginning of life where I
ended up".

Hours later the state doctors came to exhume the body
they found
Sings of death by suicide and an unknown name in
death certificate.
People start talking about a martyr thinking about
whatever hope
They might have.

History starts to take a route.

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