

Miguel Migs

"The Heart Perfected"

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Last, but not least
Infect the children
The seeds of today
Are the embers of tomorrow

Painted on the walls by lepers
The prophecies of death
Death beyond human understanding
This disease was only the beginning of woe

"I'll make you wish you were not human"

When our religious immunities betrayed us
We turned to machines

The cold infrastructure
Born without witness, devoid of intelligence
The curse of God

"I will repair you with my love,
I will repair you with my humanity..."

The seed of today
Is the death of tomorrow

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