

## Clepsydra

### "End Of Tuesday"

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I understand the infinity of my thoughts  
which mean nothing now nobody but you can judge me  
and your judgement concerns me ever less  
I understand the little importance  
I give now to those who hurt and overwhelm me  
now there is no one not even myself  
I have nothing more to tell you  
I wish to go back where I belong  
I wish to go back home where I can tell the morning  
flowers  
And the drunks of the night sleeping at daytime

The road taken until today has been the same for  
thousand years  
I go along it always with the same bad ideas  
Trying to change is simple because many are the awry  
ways  
But these are full of everything and they all scare me  
still

Of those that last, the great eulogy of history remains  
which getting older narrows itself to mistakable void  
Until it blends with little less true events so that  
all becomes anonymous like a ticket collector on a train  
The final goal of every being is to integrate at the best  
in the reality  
Is living in, to possibly participate in a society taken as  
real  
this is only a mass reading of events bound to things  
above  
every human control

in the past years till now with gloomy light of reason  
meeting foolish warriors  
I created armor and shields able to stop wounds  
leaving the field free to dangerous enemies nourished  
with soul  
entering without delay between the armor and pine  
away from the inside

