

Cantos

Manticora

["I'll write the story of the world"]In cryogenic sleep I lost my sense, I lost my soul

Experiencing craziness has made my heart turn cold

For centuries and more, I've searched my head for perfect words

I'll take my chance or live forever in a world of hurtImpalement on a tree of thorns is definitely an option

I need the Beast to write my cantos without interruption

The trinity is split, parts roaming back through time and space

And Empathy is to be lured out of its hiding placeI'll face the pain with open mind,

Coz' otherwise I'd die inside

The perfect irony in my life

I know the answer to the future,

Now is to be solved by us

The seven pilgrims of mankindOn the verge of suicide the butchery began

And writing capabilities came back to me again

The disappearance of my muse had ceased with all the killing

The cantos only lived through all the blood the Beast was spilling

My poem burned, destroyed in desperate screams of misery

And so, I'll find my inspiration on the shining treeI'll face the pain with open mind,

Coz' otherwise I'd die inside

The perfect irony in my life

I know the answer to the future,

Now is to be solved by us

The seven pilgrims of mankind"With ashes flying to the sky

I realize the reason why"

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