

TO THE WARLORDS

From the afterlife, the hushed cries
Of all the dead piled up
In the deep cellar of oblivion
Climb the walls of your nest

You have raised a vast bunker full
With unmeasurable fruits dug
On mute lips frightened
On behalf of a grave and offended god

Contempt, ambition and hatred without borders,
Crafty alertness of the alligators
And destruction are your banners.

If the planet expires for the eagerness
Of such black dreams and soar chimeras,
Shall we ignore your outrages?

Contempt, ambition and hatred without borders,
crafty alertness of the alligators,
and destruction are your banners.

If the planet expires for the eagerness
of such black dreams and sour chimeras,
Shall we ignore your outrages?

"Fullness in the Mirror" (1993-2005)