

"With whom shall I have this dialogue?  
The mad, the noble, the wit?  
The past lurks under layers of fog,  
Evolution's hall is unlit

Thoughts and visions confuse,  
Mental wounds start to grow  
But the questions never reduce  
About the anonymous cosmic shadow"

This demon keeps my conscious awake  
From sleep, rest and the calm  
Disillusioned I rinse my ache  
In the ocean's whispering psalm

The ocean theory covers Earth,  
But I seek what has entire control  
What nature introduced the genesis birth?  
Known Deities? I curse 'em all

I've set my sails for this odyssey  
To locate its mystic exile  
A crusade through the mind's liberty,  
Not a journey in nautical miles

A voyage in science and fate  
To disrobe the acceleration from zero  
To dive into it and investigate,  
Terrifies even the bravest hero

In the corridors of time we're sons,  
Entrapped in lonely spaces  
But star dusted electrons  
Are my kinsmen, just with odd faces

Still fantasies unveil their sloids,  
When patience turns to fear  
To examine the darkest, coldest voids  
For the hiding engineer

But our past is still our present  
If we can't the knowledge rift over-span  
An eternal transformation is what the matrix represents,  
Like the child is father to the man

"Some hide their confusion behind a religious mask,  
Like puppet thespians in "God's" masquerade  
'Cause the blur grows for every time we ask,  
What generates the spherical parade?"