

The Blade Of My Brain

Arachnes

Old world, so shining,
your scent is like (a) rusty dream in my mind.
All your sweet abundance
is now a repulsive lie to my life.

I want to rest, to feel the taste of peace,
I want to see beyond appearances.
The blade of my brain is ready to believe:
there's the need of something else...

I'LL TRY TO BREAK THE SILLY THINGS,
(THE) MORBID BRAIN OF A SAINT WITHOUT A SOUL TO KNOW,
I'LL TRY TO TASTE (THE) EARTHLY GOODS
AND THE PAIN OF A FRIEND, WITH MY ANIMAL SENSE.

It's my new religion,
or if you want our new world, new time.
So (the) revolution can start,
simply, in the respect of human things.)