Jester

Uneven Structure

You! On the other side of this perverted echo.
I'm now a toy and you kill my faded ego.
For those who rejoice in reveling in strange things.
To touch closely the impenetrable thoughts of beings.
And kill the apathy that they face in their own reflection.

That smile, my smile is only a knife-drawn facade.
Only their black eyes immersed into the void could erase that.
Those who don't see, those who don't lie and those who can read the truth.
Why?
Stuck in this dilapidated carousel turning into infinity.
Stuck in this endless day, this spiral sinking into absurdity.

Every day I put on my trained monkey suit.
And I tirelessly do my trick over and over again.
Surrounded by these shiny plastic clowning faces.

It will have been enough of a spark.
The frightened child is now sleeping soundly.

It's now my turn to play with souls and bodies.
I laugh, I run, I dance, I enjoy this ballet of unspeakable feelings.

I thought that all of this would be fun.
Why?
But I see (Why?) everything slipping into a beautiful nonsense.

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