



Anima Mundi

Fire and stones inside your soul. Green and blue flow through your blood.
Flesh and bones feel your world. Thoughts and memories create your world.
Anima mundi animas hominum genuit.
Anima homini animam mundi genuit.

Build a new god, be his slave. Build a new world, fill it with pain.
Anima mundi rules the deepest flow of every human soul.
Every human soul believes at heart to have full control.
Human nature represents the world in its material shape.
But only a wise man can try to fix this big mistake.

Legions of prophets are trying to sell their lies,
They're selling their heaven, they're stealing your time.
They want you to worship all the gods they created.
Stop and see all the trouble they made.

His haunting melodies dissolve the noise, So deep inside I can hear his voice.
The poet sings "Where my fingers end somehow I'll find a guitar there".
My guitar has a wooden body and a steely voice.
It's the one I prefer among my many precious toys.
And I wonder how, I wonder how this wooden object can
shape all the ghosts that I hid deep in my brain.

Only a poet can overcome Time.
We enjoy these beauties, but our eyes are lying.
All these beauties will soon grow old and die,
But the power of words will survive.
We were two loving souls floating high in a perfect sky.
We promised the purest love, but we were both lying.
So miles and time and time and miles took you so far away.
If we'd just had a sex affair, a better taste would have remained!

Summer Breeze

Just a sailing boat shaken by a storm,
Can't control the sails, can't control where I go.
It was too late, I had to leave my home.
So far away, I've got so many miles to go.

Just a lizard that loses its tail to survive,
I tore my soul apart, but it hurts and I feel I'm dying.
Sitting alone in a jet plane, my pains don't blow.
I'm coming back home, but it's not my home anymore.

Summer breeze smells like almond flowers,
A smile lights softly and then makes my eyes shine.
Summer breeze blows through golden fields,
Petals of roses fall like pieces of my life.

Loneliness is not only a state of mind,
It can calm the nerves, it can shatter the mind.
Living, fighting, laughing, crying everyday far from home.
I'm a stranger abroad, I'm a stranger at home.

Summer breeze smells like peaches,
Echoes of childhood blow softly in the sky.
Summer breeze blows stronger and stronger,
Echoes of sorrow blow sadly in my mind.

Summer breeze smells like almond flowers,
A smile lights softly and then makes my eyes shine.
Summer breeze blows through golden fields,
Petals of roses fall like pieces of my life.

Summer breeze, please take me away.

Last minutes

I was alone, like petrified, when the police car arrived.
I was alone, I don't know where. And a dead man was lying there.
The Jury decided I deserve to die.
That man will be right When he reaps my life.

I couldn't eat at all, but I couldn't convince my son.
My pain grew strong and I puked my blood.
The doctor came there, I could understand.
He shook off his head. This will be my end.

I drank a whole ocean from a cocktail glass.
I burned a thousand years while I smoked my cigarette.
There are still 4 minutes left.
Tomorrow I'll feel better, I'll feel better I guess...

Young woman, but I got too old inside. **Old man, but there's still a child behind my eyes.**
I'd like to watch the sky once again. **I'd like to jump and run over there.**
Now it's too late. **I've got more to say.**
I'm not to blame. **I need another day.**

The voice says 3 minutes left. **My skin says 3 minutes left.**
My heart runs faster, now I'm afraid. **My heart gets weaker, now I'm afraid.**
The poison runs. **I'm getting blind.**
I feel so tired. **I feel so tired.**

What can I dream today without tomorrow?
What can I feel on the edge of my deepest sorrow?
The night is coming, last minutes flow.
The sun dropped down, for me it's time to go.

I'm falling asleep, where will I wake up? **I feel so tired I cannot rest.**

Apeirophobia

Part I - Απειρος.

Part II – Knowledge.

It was Sunday in June, I was just nine, alone in that church in that hot summertime.
But suddenly a cold shiver froze my spine. It was the first time I understood I have to die.
The deepest fear I had ever felt blocked my senses and broke my breath.
At least I got the knowledge of the end. A day without tomorrow, a day without today.

Where will I live my eternity?
Will I be in a place described by that priest?
Is it a place where we'll live in peace?
Is it where we'll have no more needs?
Maybe it's just an empty ocean, the darkest of the seas.
Where we'll have no future, where we'll have no memories.
Will I drown in the eternal light of peace?
Will I drown in the darkness? I fell on my knees.

There's no way out of the eternity! I will float in that eternal sea.
My eyes were opened wide, I was trembling terrorized.
I was drowning in the Apeirophobia.

Part III – Steps.

Part IV – Conscience Builder.

Maybe I'm the Builder of this World. Maybe I created the life on Earth.
And I know everything but I don't know anything
And I keep hiding the deepest truth from myself.

But this world is dark as my darkest side and I'm afraid of the infinity I built there.
Ocean of light or Ocean of darkness?
I am drowning in my Apeirophobia!

Part V – Jungle feelings.

Part VI – Another life.

Sometimes I dream about another life with my own life.
I want the chance to choose in every moment what kind of life I like.
Parallel lives or diagonal lives or following lives...
I want another life to explore every part of me.
All I need is just another life!

I want a life to have the time to learn everything I need to be wise.
I want another life to feel the shivers of velocity.
I want a life to enjoy the darkest part of me,
Trying every perversion and creating new ones.
All I need is just another life!

Conscious metempsychosis? A thousand years of different lives?
Maybe I need just a new store in the mall, where I can buy the life I want.
Where I can change it and get a refund, if I don't like the product they sold.
Or maybe I'm just afraid because my life is getting short and flat.
Don't wanna live the same life forever.
Don't wanna be who I decided to be long ago.
Don't wanna be who they decided I am.
All I need is just another life!

Part VII – Memories.

Maybe the poet was right, the eternal soul lives in survivors' memories.
Memories are the other life.

But memories will die too.
They can live hundreds of years.
Or thousands if a man was really great.
One day they will all drown too.

Part VIII - Home again.

Part IX - I will never be alone.

It's November and now I'm ninety-nine.
I think that my ship is about to sail away.
There's an endless ocean I have to face.
Will I find the darkness? Will I find the light?

If I built eternity once, I can build a better one soon.
I'll create new illusions and new ghosts for my soul.
If I'm just a creature lost in the eternal flow of Time,
I will find other creatures like me,
I'll find all my old friends, I'll make new ones.

I will drown in an ocean.
I don't mind if it's all dark.
Now I'm not afraid to go.
I will never be alone.

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