

Disability Of Homo Sapiens

Aeon

What will happen when the stars
Will blind us with the brightness of an explosion?
When the madness of words and beliefs
Will finally flood the simple wisdom?

O world great big world
Where is the cure for your worst disease
Antidote for worry and pride
Of homo sapiens

Dreams of freedom and fire became the curse of the spiritual world
Rebels and poets lost their sight and hearing
Their hands became creased like the surface of desert

I'm alone but never lonely
Let the exile be my penance

Behold the one who tainted our mother
Behold the one who killed our father

Mankind's fear of limb amputation
Is the engine of history

Light of hope or of nuclear blast
Awaits at the end of the path