

Distorted walls cannot tear the lights of thunder  
and the flashes of reason  
If something must still happen, it shall happen  
following the rules of anti-logic  
Flee from the ignoble joke of nature,  
that vegetates in company of the fetid ignorance  
Don't burn your energy trying  
to stand your anti-you  
Scratch lunacy and remember that, after all,  
everything can be brought back to a ridiculous  
game by the vox of anti-time.  
You cannot separate happiness from your life,  
as your life is not exempt from tragedy  
World is made the contrary of what  
the common sense is done  
It leans on a ignorant and unthankful substratum,  
that sings hosanna to the ones who kill  
and spits on those who celebrate the excitement of life,  
that worships the false prophets refusing the simplicity  
of sincere feelings, to protect his own inconsistent shell  
from the disappointment of raw truth.  
I am against every stereotype or icons  
I yearn an antiseptic space,  
impatient and devoid of shame  
I know it exists, it is inside me  
Sometimes outside me  
I've been there with my mind.