

# Wooden Memories

Krampus

This is my last day  
The end of a long life  
I saw so many things  
All worth to be told

I went from an empire  
To the born of the machines  
From bronze and iron  
To plastic society

I lived the apex and the decline of the human race  
I saw the war and the pretence of the peace

The man is changed and he's set forth to his sunset  
Before I leave I'll tell you what I saw.

Leaves, falls on my winter  
Memories printed on the wood

When the earth will take my corpse  
To bring me to new life  
All the warmth of my death  
Won't have so much to heat

Centuries of war and kings  
Will be dishonoured  
From the shameful end of their  
Weakest heir

Legions were marching  
Centurions on the head  
I felt the power and the discipline of Rome

I lived the invasions of  
Barbarians from the north  
Burning destruction  
The mighty of the horde

Leaves, falls on my winter  
Memories printed on the wood

When the earth will take my corpse  
To bring me to new life  
All the warmth of my death  
Won't have so much to heat

Centuries of war and kings  
Will be dishonoured  
From the shameful end of their  
Weakest heir

Then came the church  
Enslaving the free minds  
It was a Dark Age  
Contested by the lords

They found the light

Asleep under their minds  
Their revolutions  
From justice to a crime

And when the ambition overtook the last respect  
The insane ants from the womb of steam engines  
Soon they infected all the planet like a pestilence  
Convinced they are the only rulers of this world

The beauty of the nature usurped by a consumerism god  
I leave this world.