

# Metropolitan Roots

Kromlek

Factitious mountains crown the plains  
Yersinian symptoms sprawl like blains  
Inversely proportional is kin to ken  
The mature [Greek letters] became like men

I call the blacksmith not to fade  
Reside in patience on 11th grade  
The iron era is yours to win  
Mount the skylines an spawn your kin

Adamantine flush affects all veins  
It is no longer mortal life that reigns  
The magma core inside the termite hill  
The gift of matter is open still

Downwards our deeds aspire  
Upwards is our mind's desire  
Sideways through eternal shadows of blue  
Backwards into blur without any clue

Down below the marrow's arid crust  
Earthly veins get parched by rust  
A hidden apprehension's germination  
The final seal if man's determination  
The more, the closer - the marrow got rude  
An odd magnetism of solitude  
While identity is made by alien reflection  
I relocate my dot within the matrix section

Urban rooting without population  
A thousand strangers called "population"  
Lone wolf temper within scores of sheep  
The pool we're drowning in will never seep

So I long for the roots of my city, so I dig for the origin gro  
und  
Where the lupa proved the triumph of pity  
Lies a reason for that place to found  
Birth-giver equals live-taker equals peacemaker equals god  
Bone-setter equals life-fetter equals root-digger versus god  
I will cure the plague by now - I will find myself somehow  
Let me set this world aflame - down is up and you're to blame