

BLACK ERA - "THEN"

TESTI

Bark

Nature gave us possibilities
thousands, millions,
and we choose
the simplest
to bark, to bark,
barking dogs.

Hands digging
and the globuline stealing.

i' just one
i cannot stand
i'm just one heart
i cannot pump water
i'm just one
water is not
water is not
water is not for me

...then...

Scenes pointing
just one image
and everyone choose
ignoring these questions
that our head propose.
Painful marks
that should induce
minds to discuss

mandatory lies
manglers of the flies
reality we construct
is just to not destruct
little realities fly
little realities die.....

chorus

Distinct instincts
of regression
are these answers
to my questions

Distinct instincts
of possession
Distant instants
of repention

then....
manufacturing the blindfold
then...
living
then...
fairly avoiding question mark
then..
living

Trilateral (realize u are in the middle)

won't talk about the money,
nor about the builders,
i'm talking about the earth,
my violated homeground.

three corners three sides,
all poison inside and they sleep.

three corners tree sides,
all poison inside and they sleep.

this way my people die,
eating the government poison.
three corners three sides,
people living that cancer,
the government knows and stands.

three corners three sides,
all poison inside and they sleep.

Fulcrum

among us
freely flows
a binding rope
i wish you know

look for symbols
over paper
under symbols
over people

builders breed
freely spreading
over right
under your pain

builders see

and simply sitting
over chairs
under nets

who are you
to size my steps
claiming chairs from god
who are you
to twist the truth
manipulating gods

builders hands
digging deeper
under my skin
and taking under dignity

builders head
decorating
over my wall
under my feet

Vicious flag

logic
anthropologic control
through isolation
through controlled deviation
this is real

fear, emptyness

fear, emptyness
your weapons i fight

i fight the control
i fight your flag
i fight you parasite
i fight you liar
i fight all flags
i'll die for sure
but i'll die trying
fear emptiness
your weapons i fight

The tunnel

what tunnel gives me?
tunnel does not give me my memories.
i left long time ago.
I don't remember
where i was going.

and my nose in front of the wall
and tv screaming,
just searching doors,
banners crawling.
but i got my soul
and i still got my eyes,
still got my eyes
and i can move my sight.
and i promise,
i will always remember
who i have been.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

i wanna be me
i wanna i wanna be me
i wanna be me.

Bowtoday

The one that should talk is silent
the one that should be silent, rules
deafening is easier
is easier than educating

and screaming is convenient
is convenient than talk
this is a game in which every player
chain next player for the nuts

this usual connivance of power
is sending us in regime pit
bowing is easier
is easier than isolation

and faking is convenient
is convenient for you
this is a game in which every player
chain next player for the nuts

ch

is just a trick to suffocate information
conspiracy of silence along with servile disposition

Will rise

i will light a candle
for every word i spit,
and i will hold the candles lit
with every note i'll do

brighter and brighter than
all the blows
brighter and higher than
all the fire

a light will rise
a light will rise

and the memories will surround
the light
and silence and respect * will
sedate memories

light upon the heads
that our holy war has killed
light upon the souls
that never weapon took

all i know is injuries
and all i preach is life
repent of being part
of blind existence through the screen

brighter and brighter than
all the blows
brighter and higher than
all the fire

a light will rise

Black nails

black nails
got some story to tell
back beaten
black blast
not hidden, not past,
not chosen, not last,
in black nails trust
cause they are just

shame, shame, shame
on our names
on willingness
on our attitude
to serve
it deserves nails
and it reserves face
to reverse the nails

one head weapon
and they harm
truth season
true words farm
big black words
black nails
big back stubbs
nail words nail shut you up

**black nails trace
a big black face
blaming each one .**

raining words
raining blames
blames or blades
are just the same
shame, shame
tar is bitter when it rains

and pain is due
flee for deuce

black era spits black nails
and shots you up upon your cross
black era spits black nails
dig your education

My little replica

i'm looking to noone
i'm not keeping my position
my child is still walking to know
my child i steal from his right...

to be fooled and blinded
to be fooled and convicted
to be fooled and blinded
to be fooled and convicted

he is building another world inside
i can tell him there is no room
i can give him nothing to do

he is building another world inside
i can kill him and give another birth
i can shut up and go back on my steps