

*OUT OF THE PAST*

*I've Been*

*Searching My Place To Start*

*And I've Been*

*Dreaming With My Promised Land*

*And I Have Been Walking*

*Around Many Paths To Find Out*

*What's Beyond The Secret Of The Past*

*Out Of The Past*

*I've Found Nearly A Million Roads, But All Of Them Are Closely Watched*

*By The Infallible Eye Of The Cyclops, Who Looks Everywhere.*

*And Its Threatening Rage Spreads Through All The Valley,*

*Like The Legendary Wings Of Antediluvian Animals.*

*Sometimes I Think I Don't' Need This Endless Brainwashing Around.*

*Past Is Sailing With Future Time, While The Present's Ship Gets Lost.*

*Cos' They Only See The World Giving A Frown.*

*Why Did I Expect Anything Else Instead?*

*If I Go Insane, Take Care Of My Brain,*

*Lead Me To The Outer Space.*

*Ten Million Miles Away,*

*There I Could Find*

*The Fountainhead Of All My Dreams.*

*I've Been*

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*Feeding My Mind With This Time*

*And I've Been*

*Talking With My Gentle Ghosts*

*And Now I've Found Many Ways*

*To Synthesize The Essence*

*What's The Essence Of present Time?*

*Chained To This Time*

*I've Discovered An Alternative Periodic Table Of Elements Of My Own,*

*But It's So Changing,*

*As The Riddles Of Ferocious Sphynx.*

*So The Ancient Enigmas Are Floating In The Air*

*With The Uncertain Levity Of The Unsolving Phenomena.*

*Sometimes I Think I Don't' Need This Endless Brainwashing Around.*

*Just Like A Bird Making The Nest On The Hanging Tree,*

*Past Is Bound For Some Place*

*Where All Thoughts Disappear.*

*Just Like A Barfly Pouring Tears In The Jar Of Beer,*

*Present Looks For Something*

*That Sweeps Away All Fears.*

*Future Rides A Wild Horse, Chased By Cavalry.*

*They're Going Deep Into The Desert Land*

*With A Low Reserve Of Water.*

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*Past Is Sailing With Future Time, While The Present's Ship Gets Lost.*

*Cos' They Only See The World Giving A Frown.*

*Why Did I Expect Anything Else Instead?*

*If I Go Insane, Take Care Of My Brain,*

*Lead Me To The Outer Space.*

*Ten Million Miles Away,*

*There I Could Find*

*The Fountainhead Of All My Dreams.*

*Past Is Cooking Some Recipes,*

*Present Waits At The Table,*

*While Future Choose The Moment To Start To Eat.*

*I've Been*

*Wearing The Mask Of The End*

*And I've Been*

*Living Into a Sale Tent*

*And I Have Been Building*

*Nine Hundred Walls To Get Surface*

*For Painting Words In Future Tense*

*In Future Tense.*

*I've Built Stone Refuges In The Deep Of The Darkest Forest.*

*But All Of Them Are Too Near The River, So When The Waters Grow*

*Nymphs Take Over The Rooms And Take Control Of My Buildings*

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*Even Try To Charge Me The Rent, As If I Was Just A Tenant*

*Sometimes I Think I Don't' Need This Endless Brainwashing Around.*

*I've Walked So Many Paths To Meet*

*The Script-Girl Behind The Scene*

*But I Had To Talk Before*

*With The Producer Of The Film.*

*Here I Am By This Wall To Stamp*

*My Weird Graffitis On It,*

*I Had To Build It Before:*

*Put Up One By One All The Bricks.*

*Past Is Sailing With Future Time, While The Present's Ship Gets Lost.*

*Cos' They Only See The World Giving A Frown.*

*Why Did I Expect Anything Else Instead?*

*If I Go Insane, Take Care Of My Brain,*

*Lead Me To The Outer Space.*

*Ten Million Miles Away,*

*There I Could Find*

*The Fountainhead Of All My Dreams.*

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