

FREEDMAN

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March 5, 2023

Freedom for the strong
Feters for the vile
On the minds of the lesser
Just burn throughout, start fresh
Fowl and decay
The lesser is lifted-up
Freedom to look-up-what's down
Freedom to decay
To live faster, to grow bold
The Just, Irrisory, In chains
They grow starker
Speak poison words
They wane and go numb
The mind of the mighty, a flesh-machine
Sorcery is combed-through,
Perfected the arcane art
Freedom for the bold
Your kunning is pure gold
Words change what is
The skeletal-frame nurtueres the mind
Musique nurtures heavenliness
Words are of fire
Love was but it is now lost
Gold is scarce, means everything
The masses are based
They feed from the produce of the wise
They have this so called art
It is based like they are
Camaradery and fraternity

Lost word long ago

Of this heart I exhort you while I can, I say: Lead me to a better land,
I desire holding your hand
And go there with you
'Cause you gloom in darkness
Dear utterly
I will give you my blood and power
But writing this I pine for you
My wishes, they are not for me
I am already burnt and scared
I just fear dying here
In this glory-less place
I know hoping is fantasy
But hoping is all I got
Only, alone, no-one cares or knows
Needing will kill you