

[Tick-Tock]  
Precariousness  
[Tick-Tock]  
Is flowing mild  
[Tick-Tock]  
Inside the head

They ask me what this depressed face is  
This gothic face that I wear when I'm with people.  
Give me a second, please,  
there's a trout thorn in my throat:

This glass needs wine!

They ask me what this dazed face is,  
Good-hearted people, sooner or later,  
will go away from here.  
What a coincidence!  
This morning I booked my flight:

The cave awaits me like in my childhood!

I'm running late,  
But it seemed weird to leave suddenly.  
I'm already thirty,  
I don't have a future,  
But down on the streets, for some reasons,  
people notice me.  
I understand that there are  
A series of rules,  
Unwritten rules,  
Needed to live in this  
Increasingly complex society.

Yet I am delighted that  
Those little things I did  
At least have been enough  
To make you smile  
In this mess.

Can't you see that  
You're beautiful even when you dance strange rhythms?  
Please, talk about you,  
now that there's more oxygen in your brain  
Don't you know?  
I almost died when you stuttered.  
And, I'll tell you,  
If what you say is obscure and you can barely speak,  
you make me feel like myself.

Illusory masks,  
Often cover our boredom.  
Why do we have to hide

Behind rationality.  
Algorithm forests  
Decide what to do,  
What to eat,  
What to think,  
Even who to love.  
And, like squirrels,  
we are living in a borrowed den.

Let me nibble  
Your busy schedule.  
I'll give you a bite, or maybe two,  
of my healthy madness...

...that shakes the buttocks!  
...that tastes like the ocean!  
...and that makes viral  
my huge desire of you.

Up to the sky,  
The stars are playing for us.  
Please, dance with me,  
and don't pay attention to the whistles

I will applaud you.