

Where are the limits of selfishness  
I hope that the man is not only a perverted matter  
Is not only a beast  
That grabs everything he wants  
Instinctively, without thinking.  
I hope that we are not losing  
The faith to each other  
Obsessed with ourselves  
Living without sympathy, drifted apart  
We are making cages  
Live passes as the clouds on the sky  
It is up to you choose the way  
The clouds that grow big will fly away, disappear  
Once they will part another time they join  
But unlike them the man has a choice  
To be the one that get at the expense of the rest?

Where is the equality before conscience  
Why the man acts in the way  
He does not want  
The others to act

For the love to himself?  
For his comfort?  
For own pleasure  
Without remorse  
To satisfy the ambitions to kill humanity

I stretch out my hands and cry out  
As I rise for the seventh time  
From the dust  
When friend knocked me down