

Escape

Infected Rain

She doesn't need a creator
Nor a salvatore
Never need anyone
That can make things batter

Here she is with her open body
Here she is with her open soul
She wore a mask that everyone can study
But inside she is a frustrated little doll
Sometimes she wants to be caressed
Sometimes she wants to be hated
Other time she wants her tears to be buried
Far away where her fears are cursed, cursed

She wants to run naked through the rain
She wants to be clean to feel no pain

She is talking to the clouds
She is begging the sky
The words die in her mouth
And she wants to die

Now, now you're sleeping
No pain, no regrets, no speaking
Now!
Now, now you're dreaming
No thoughts, no words without meaning

Her only wish is to escape
Her dream is to see what else she can take
To find in this mass an empty place
To be alone in her own space,
in her own space,

She is talking to the clouds
She is begging the sky
The words die in her mouth
And she wants to die