

Those eyes were
staring at me
through the glass.
A silent face
filled with anger
filled with blind hate
and despair.
I couldn't say anything more
and I couldn't clear my name.
I've been sentenced 'cause I've been dreaming
but it's too easy to say these things...
And the eyes will stare at me again
through the cold glass
of the whole world.
And they'll sentence me again
all those moments
I feel myself
falling down.
So they'll sentence me again
for the wrong things
I have made
all days when
I've been thinking
I would have lost my strenght.
In the end they did find me
and my weapons were stained with blood
Don't remember...
but I would swear
I have been not really harmed.
So, they did find the corpses
which I don't remember having killed.
One cold morning
after a restless night
I remember I was trembling
had a blinding light in my brain
and my eyes were so tired...
Yes, a blinding light was coming down
coming down to my eyes.
What would be the point of telling the truth
when everybody wants me to forget about it...?