

...If The Dead Can Speak

Lost Soul

I stand at the altar of the liar
And I can see his bleeding face
So tell me now
(If the dead can speak... ?)
How long can you plunge in hypocrisy

Your plastic eyes
Watch the universe
Burning with the heat
Of fate soon to come
So show me how
(If the blind can see... ?)
How you walk your lambs
Through the Tiber's deadly streams

Old man,
You look away, you don't want to see
You hide your face when I say:
"please, look at me"
I'm just a spotless child
Who can really feel...
That your prayer is just like you
You shall burn in your lies!

After the changes,
When you leave your hideaway
I will meet you at your field
Don't tell me now
"lord, please forgive me"
'Cause for ages you've had freedom of will

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