

The Slept Scream

The Nomad

My eyes don't want more
To look at this pain
My ears don't want
To hear about the sufferings
My hands don't want
To wash your wounds
My mouth don't want
To blunder in your truth

I creep in a swamp
I curse towards the sun
I wash with blood
My sick consciousness

Yes, I am sin
But not the first one
Born in this pain
I am lost in your fate
Your pain is a passion

I died for you
I hate him
I am winged
I drown in laughter
A fate in you
Come to us
Come to us

I am the word of my master
His creation in your hands
His ignominy and your suffering