

## 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