

I am a lonely man
That lives in a strange labyrinth
I don't know how I can scape
I am a living statue laying in a bed
Only my mind wants to abandon this jail
I am a tired woman
Full of constant pain because her loved
Wants to see her dead
I am the the boy that lost his eyes
And the one that forget his voice

I only want to remain
Talking with solitude and to never return
I need to feel, I can breathe
And my sad heart is free again
This world isn't for me
So I search other place wherever I can dream
Outside reality with my own fantasy

We are shadows of the great filth
That the hungry made victims of his evil game
We are soldiers of fortune far away from home
Marching near the fear to a wrong war
We are helpless angels slaves of
Pleasure that let their own bodies
In hands of the devil
We're the children of poverty
And elders of agony