

You will find him dirty and tattered at the bottom of a trench
Trembling and tired, clung to his opium
The burst hate doesn't speak to his heart anymore
Yet overwhelmed by terror and remorse
And he has no time for his memories
Nor voice to weep his mistakes
In the depth of never ending night
Lonely and mad he runs away embracing the steel of death
She wept for long that night away from him
And the blood of her son is on their hands
The world dimmed and turned upside down
Hiding her shame and her pain uselessly
And the tears got lost in that moment
She dreams her son grown up and strong
And she's smiling beautiful with no veil
The sun of those days lost in time
The warm wind, his favorite horse
But he has no time for the memories, buried in the mud
Nor voice to weep for his mistakes
Fading away without a trace
No witness to the indignation, only the silence
She wept for long that night away from him
And the blood of her son is on their hands
The world dimmed and turned upside down
Hiding her shame and her pain uselessly
And the tears got lost in that moment
Only the silence