

Redemptive tunes turned out as spears
Cathartic words became a sword
Stones to smash the brother's head

I said:
"Your music is too weak to save a soul perished by cold"

You said:
"Your words are too putrid to wake a sleeping child"
Stones, self-righteous stones
God loves you so much more than me
We lost ourselves in grudge

I took the stone and smashed your head
You took the stone and smashed my head

The one escaped in music mute
The other in empty words
Stones to smash the brother's head

Brudermord