

Show me the lines of your hand,  
I want to know who you are,  
Who hides behind your gaze,  
Your smile, who hides behind your tears,  
What you did and will do,  
Who you loved and betrayed,  
Caressed or killed...

Which roads did you cross,  
Luckily or unfortunately,  
Which bodies have you penetrated,  
Struck or soiled,  
Honored, dishonored?  
In which undergrounds did you hold out your hand,  
Rummage these pockets,  
Glide between these thighs.

Show me the lines of your hand,  
I want to know your end,  
Standing or kneeling in the light  
Standing or kneeling in the mud,  
Standing or kneeling in the night  
Perhaps forgotten, of everybody and everything...