

# The Ones Left Scream

Dorsal Atlântica

In the morning a train came to pick up the clandestine  
to the city erase a past to believe in dreams.  
IAN distrusting and  
the pals celebrating everybody's come to realize so it  
was easy to run away

The wall's been returning

The two sides have always been the same piece they  
were returning  
maybe to the readjustment they broke into the door IAN  
and his pals climb the train until the roof.

The law always triumphs.

Staring eyes on the horizon useless to ask IAN the  
cables come flying inside cars the ones left scream  
desperately IAN lying cries  
freedom comes dignified.

The train crosses the boarder IAN drops off and  
disappears it's dawn  
and both follow their destiny.

[IAN:]

"I've always imagined the sunrise as an omen on  
the end of the world before this statement.  
I'm only a child in torment they can  
call me a man, I already have a raped soul how much  
weight do I still have to carry for the mankind?"  
Go to next door.