

A Pure Formality

Esqarial

The wind brings the news that the new one arrives
The night she'd a tear driven to despair
The fate does not belong to him anymore
He must take part in spectacle the nature prepared

Life, it is nothing but a clean
Blotted out and patient sheet
What a great responsibility
For this who holds the pen
Reminiscences of youth
Closed in the old photographs
Testimony of reality
Writing it down is a pure formality

I can see him sitting at the table
In manners and gestures he behaved so exquisite
I'll never forget the words he said
"The world you brought to life I often visit"

The darkness came
Scenes before my eyes
Now I know
Where the truth lies.

I close my eyes I can feel no pain
The sound of blast echoes in my head
His face with a worried frown
I can see myself lying on the ground

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