

Blind Man

Euthanasia

I was alone in a burning house,
I arrived there just in time.
This was to be my last act...
But my mind froze my steps.
I couldn't go on.

Please take my hand
And put it on the cold ground.
I swear, that anything I have not seen
I'll find afterwards.
And maybe one day you'll understand that I looked forward to this.

Ref.:
Where is light on my way? I'll give the stone cold heart to fallen angel
Where are their prophecy? I can't dispose of feeling of danger.
I promise, I will be praying for coming souls, theirs fates are here
There are too many worlds, which I would like disclose someday.

I was alone in a small town
I stayed there all my life
I used to hear songs of night in the cemetery
And the tones of church psalms,
Songs of my solitude....

Please show me the sun,
I want to see Mother Earth once more.
I keep seeing the final scenes
when chimeras of life are passing through
my ideas about family and coexistence with love...

Bridge:
I wanted to leave quietly
But the opportunity did not come.
Balancing on the edge of madness
With a black candle I extinguished the light of days.
Behind a curtain of sound I felt at home,
In a burning city with the remains of an image in my memory...