

## Escape

## Infected Rain

She doesn't need a creator  
Nor a salvatore  
Never need anyone  
That can make things batter

Here she is with her open body  
Here she is with her open soul  
She wore a mask that everyone can study  
But inside she is a frustrated little doll  
Sometimes she wants to be caressed  
Sometimes she wants to be hated  
Other time she wants her tears to be buried  
Far away where her fears are cursed, cursed

She wants to run naked through the rain  
She wants to be clean to feel no pain

She is talking to the clouds  
She is begging the sky  
The words die in her mouth  
And she wants to die

Now, now you're sleeping  
No pain, no regrets, no speaking  
Now!  
Now, now you're dreaming  
No thoughts, no words without meaning

Her only wish is to escape  
Her dream is to see what else she can take  
To find in this mass an empty place  
To be alone in her own space,  
in her own space,

She is talking to the clouds  
She is begging the sky  
The words die in her mouth  
And she wants to die