

The lights went out in winter,
January nineteen eighty one.
Your dreams, your name, your ghost,
You cannot know the drama of exile...
So many letters, so many years,
A slow ship to die.
His empty silence / his nervous smile.
Really I'm waiting for the last day.
His distant eyes / his bleeding past;
You don't know where I am.
He hold the gift of the martyrs
On your endless nights.
Wonderful sister of my agony,
You sleep alone in the dark.
The names of the saints are on the stone,
At the feet of the black statue.
You sleep alone / your soul is broken
In a wasted and silent place.
You sleep alone / your soul is fading...
In my memory.