

With borrowed smiles and masks,  
Selling values and frightening  
Spirits which had nothing to give you.  
I want to know if you live or if you are dead.

Dressed in mourning cursed beings,  
cut out since the beginning  
Of time with the original sin.

I want to speak and look  
So profoundly inside this debris heart,  
Can you hear me?  
She wrapped with ethereal veils and shrouds.

You tried to see behind wounded eyes  
Doomed to float in the maelstrom of war.

You sit there and wait  
They had nothing to give you  
Sinful passions and leer glances  
Want to rending your soul.

Dressed in mourning cursed beings,  
Cut out since the beginning  
Of time with the original sin.

I pity you for your wretchedness  
I don't think that you have ever lived  
For me you were always dead.

You tried to see behind wounded eyes  
Doomed to float in the maelstrom of war.