My Dead Angel

Niobeth

For the blood of the innocents.
 For the marked bodies of the children.
 For the wounded women.
 For the lost souls.
 For the stolen innocence.
 For the trapped tears.
 For the deep sadness of the world.

 For you to return to the world.
 For there to be hope for those whom
 have it snatched from them.
 For tomorrow to be worth dawning.
 For there to be happiness
 where there is hate.

 I write a letter for my dead angel.
 Please, I ask you, my dead angel,
 to return to the world.
 A bit of light for darkness.

 For you to return to the world...

 I write a letter for my dead angel...

 A feather for each hurt soul.
 A flutter for each injustice.

 f your wings could fly again,
 if they could embrace
 the sorrow of those hurt.

 Who will heal the pain?
 Who will erase the damage?
 Will rancor leave?

 If your wings could erase the injustice of those who have suffer.

 I write a letter for my dead angel...

 My dead angel,
 I know why you departed.
 Pain is so hard to accept
 when it embraces you.

 Who will heal the pain?
 Who will erase the damage?
 How will rancor,
 hate and the hole in the chest
 be gone?
 How will helplessness
 and pain depart?

 Once again,
 Let´s fight,
 Let´s shout.

 Who will pay for

those marked children?
Who will swallow the filth left
in the world ?

Let´s brandish hope.
Let´s lift the fallen.
Let´s embrace those hurt.
Justice for monsters!