

Once he woke up at midnight
With fear in his eyes
He walk so long in the darkness
Till he saw by the road an old man
Father Pio I came to you 'cause I suffer
From the plain that knows no bounds at all
Between childrens's game and war of morons
Between torture and relief help me find my home
Son, you're only a tool of fate
A little piece of eternity

Son, you can change your way
All what you have to do is change yourself
Look, my left hand is bleeding
Because you're never loved a girl
Look my right hand is bleeding
Because you're lying to your friends
Son you're only a tool of fate
A little piece of eternity
Son, you can change your way
All what you have o do is change yourself
Son you can go back your home
And carry on your great work.