

Father Pio

Varius Manx

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.