

I still see an army of shadows at the lethal assemblies
A recollection of people with dead gazes
I see skin pulled on exhausted despair
Unceasingly hanged between life and death

I still see a heap of bodies at the dreadful square
Dummies shrouded in a silent lack of reverence
I see a smiles af uniformed hatred
Collecting a toll for the implacable destiny

... and I am still afraid of dreaming

I still hear a scream of metallic deliverance
Smashing up skulls by the wall of tears
I hear a thousand sighs of unimportant numbers
Whose prayers flow with blood among laughter

I still hear steps of countless transports
While they go into the flaming arms of the unknown
I hear the last words of convicted temporality
And a wind dancing with clouds of smoke

... and I am still afraid of dreaming

I still remember belowed faces contorted with pain
And horryfying masks on triumphal sadism
I remember cruel ruthlessness of stripped slavery
In a dishonorable world of reversed Decalogue

I still see, I still hear, I still remember
Do you?