

Lack, Primo Levi

The damage I've wrought, the death that I've brought, the pain I support
All makes a sordid mirth of my good intentions

For every yes a thousand nos and for every dam
That I tried to built there is a promise of flooding

And a memory of the ocean

Once I thought it for the best
To never, ever give up and I still do
Think it for the best
To never, ever give up

Hopelessly so, for every good reason
Just sounds like a bad excuse

Oh, I've grown weary of saying no, but friends it's all I've had
Only nails in flesh, nails in wood, a crown made of barbed wire

Still at the end of the day all that remains is bitter shame
Of having survived by compromise as others die

Bitter shame

Once I thought it for the best
to never, ever give up and I still do
think it for the best
to never, ever give up, give up, give up.

I hope I die before the day
when I have to give up, give up, give up, give up.

If you choose the burder
Is it still a burden
Even if it takes your life?

The fool and the martyr
Are bred of the same soil
Who can tell us apart?