

Rafo Raez, Suicida De 16

Si yo no me hubiera arrojado la tele y la prensa
toda agolpada en torno del edificio me hubieran
hostilizado preguntandome una y otra vez
una y otra vez una y otra sobre mi pena eee
u waw waw waw ye eee

mi depresi&ocute;n me haba llevado al borde y antes de arrojarm
yo quera pensar yo quera pensar yo quera pensar
al llegar ellos, todo se hizo mucho ms confus&ocute;
me sealaban con sus cmaras me transmitan en vivo
a toda la sociedad
si regresaba nadie me tratara de igual a igual nunca ms
cada segundo que demoraba se destrua ms y ms
mi imagen pblica
la nica y pequea
imagen pblica que me importaba
la de los chicos y chicas de la escuela
en cuyas casas ahora
les preguntaran sobre si me conocan
no dejndoles perdonarme nunca ms
mientras abajo vea ese revoltijo de bomberos, curas y seoras
las muy perras, esperndo que me salve
para que les deba la sonrisa
para cobrarmela con la mirada
para que les debiera la vida

si me arroj al fin
no fue por la pena que inicialmente me hizo subir
sino porque ah al borde del abismo
fueron desde abajo gradual y pblicamente
gradual y pblicamente
gradual

destruidas todas las vas que an me quedaban abiertas
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suicida de 16 (x4)

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==Translation==
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If I hadn't throwm myself to the abyss
the TV and press all crowded around the building
would have harrassed me, asking me over and over again
over and over again about my grief

I was taken to the edge by my depression and before I threw myself
I just wanted to think, I wanted to think, I wanted to think
when they arrived everything became confuser
they pointed at me with their cams and broadcasted me live for the whole society
if I had went back nobody was ever going to treat as equal anymore
every second that it took
my public image was destroyed more and more
the only and tiny public image I cared
the one of the boys and girls from my school
at whose homes now
would be asked if they knew me
never again letting them forgive me at all
while I saw down there that mess of firemen, priests and the ladies
those bitches, waiting for my salvation
so I could owe them my smile
so they could charge me with their sight over me afterwards

so I could owe them my life

If I threw myself in the end
it wasn't because of the grief that had brought me up there in the first place
but because there, in the edge of the abyss
all the ways I still had opened (for me)
were gradually and publicly destroyed from below

sixteen years-old suicidal