

Sine Macula, Joey

(Dedicated to all those who have suffered in silence)

A small diary found in a forgotten loft
Faded witness of distant times
Pale writing...of a dead boy

Wasted shots of a remote reality
They breed ravaging memories
Stolen feelings details of life
Daily adolescent recollections invade my mind

A cold autumn day, a trip with my friends
A tormenting image... and that boy dressed in black!
A cold autumn day, Lady Pain is here
An image of death, a scream in my head!

I fear that my feelings are useless
Our games and those strange things...
Recollections of a boy and his unforgettable voice;

In memory of the innocent ones
Of all those souls betrayed by ignorance
An image of death, a scream in my head...

Joey

Ill pretend not to remember, again and again
Ill shield my essence, my pride, my consciousness
I know that a tear could slash my face
A blue point on an endless white space
Ill shield my essence, my pride, my consciousness

Everything happened in just a moment
time of a breath, and I was lonely with my regret,
with my pain
time cannot soothe a memory; that strange laugh,
sunny days, the yellow dress
a flower for a memory

A cold autumn day, a trip with my friends
A tormenting image... and that boy dressed in black!
A cold autumn day, Lady Pain is here
An image of death, a scream in my head!

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