

# Agresion, That Day

Who would go to where I grew up  
who would care to know my last name  
who would judge my written past when I am gone  
when I am gone  
I'm dizzy, I'm weak but with blood enough to notice  
My finger prints in red over the curtains  
My only link with pain is breakin' slowly  
I think I'm falling asleep, I'm loosing conscience  
I haven't bled for so long, I could just stop it  
but I'm so tired it's a casier to go  
I think I'm not too far, I could just go back  
But everything is dark, the music is fading  
And I, I just left, left my senses away somewhere  
And I just left, no one noticed that day  
no one cared  
Who would keep my favorite records, who would read  
my secret letters  
De maracay.....  
My wounds don't even hurt  
I see no longer light  
I hear the music end