

# Amadeus, Sadman

I am the sadness  
I am the own sadness  
That looks at the world  
With the eyes of the pain  
And wait for the solitude  
Brutality, destroyed cars  
People in pieces  
Speed and imprudence  
Of who thinks to be GOD  
Listen the voice of the anything  
See as that is beautiful  
Get scared with the noise  
That breaks the hot silence  
And turns the coldest night  
And me that thought about killing me  
Aberration of who is imperfect  
That surrenders to the pain  
That have not afraid of suffering  
And have not afraid of dying  
Then we killed ourselves slowly  
Getting hurt step by step  
Tortured eternally  
For our naive hands  
Of who one day will be sorry