

Spiritual Front, Ragged Bed

You should let me rot
In this smelly ragged bed
It's not my will that I want back
I will count my father thousand steps
I will count my mother thousand lies

The marches of people fighting
The tragedies of emperors without crowns
I will never ask myself again
What's the meaning of believing in myself

Is there a reason to remain besides
My stray ideals of purification
Let me rot in this bed of crimes and sweat
Save from my empty nights of alcohol

And everytime your hands
Grasp my neck I feel saved like
Like the christ
Is this your courage?
Is this the courage?
How true is the luck of dyin'
Without changin'?

I know how useless is to ask you to spare me now
I know how useless is to believe in the bold

Fascination of my sexuality
But what nails inside?
Is the ecstasy of your lifeless body
The decadent shine of your lust
I ignore the sense of perfection
The end is between our lips
While we deny love Its coronation
I want to embrace you
And forget the condemnation that god inflicted us

Have I ever been free

And everytime your hands
Grasp my neck I feel saved like
Like the christ
Is this your courage?
Is this the courage?
How true is the luck of dyin'
Without changin'?