## Spiritual Front, Redemption Or Myself

I wrote in my ehxausted body the comedy of redemption and lies I role that I played so well... That of the loser and fake No mothers talked to me Kindly No priest gave me consolation What can your love offer to me? What can my virtue give to me?

But no one paid me back No one gave me my life back

How can continue my comedy Without seein'me bleed on it Adore the viles that adore us Implore the gods that implore us There isn't a hell without Its own equilibrium And a opera that doesn't kill his actor

But no one paid me back No one gave me my life back

You deprived me of my conscience And the word that will be action And of the infinite sleep that will Drag me through these seas But I will run along these banks That you traced for me

But no one paid me back No one gave my life back