

# Spiritual Front, Redemption Or Myself

I wrote in my exhausted 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