

The Old Dead Tree, How Could You?

Sometimes I try to realise that you are gone.
Sometimes I think that I'll never, (Can't) go on alone.
An endless fight, to look normal, to be funny.
I can only paint deadly smiles on my poor face,
My poor face...

How could you leave us so suddenly?
How will we live?
How could you leave us so suddenly?
How will I live?

I'm so angry with you,
How could you
Hide your pain this way?

I'm so angry with myself,
How could I
Be so blind?

Every morning the same nightmare
Won't I wake up?
It's the worst pain I've ever felt:
You've given up, given up...

Because you hated life as life hated you.
Like a nameless disease, like an aimless torture.

I have searched for answers to explain your suicide.
I've preferred the version of an impulsive act.

But you knew all this time that you'd finally go.
You've prepared your own death with a smile on your lips.

We lost a friend,
(A) part of ourselves,
It will never be the same!

Something has died
With you this day
We're the orphans of your smiles!

How could you?