

# Timo Rautiainen & Trio Niskalaukaus, H

poika ullakolla yksinn  
isn ladattu ase kdessn  
rinta raastaa julma tuska  
ktt polttaa kylm rauta

yksin istuu miettien  
ttk on elm ihmisen  
ilma tynn pelkoa  
tuskaa ja eptoivoa

hiljaa ovat kiusaajat  
vaikeina he pois katsovat  
vanhemmat arkun vierell  
kynttil ja kuva pydll

miksi teitte hnelle tmn  
hn olisi valinnut elmn  
lapsi hpen lvistm  
poika mullan peittm  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

||

==English translation==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
the son alone in his attic  
fathers loaded rifle in his hand  
soul torn by cruel pain  
hand burned by cold iron

sits alone thinking  
if life is really always like this  
a space filled with fear  
anguish and desperation

finally silents are the bullies  
they look away in shame  
the parents by the coffin  
candles and photo on the table

why did you do this to him  
he would have chosen to live  
this child pierced by shame  
our son covered in sand