

Torn Being

Dreadful Shadows

I wake up, it's dark
It's cold, but I'm not freezing
I don't know where I am, don't know how I came here
I try to get up, but I'm paralyzed
The last snow is melting, it's march
It's always cold in march, isn't it?

I'm trying hard to remember
What happened yesterday, or was it the day before
I see blood beside me and on my hands
I see your face

It's raining heavier and life is coming back to my body
I try to find the moon, but it's too cloudy
I try to move - and I can move

I try to make out where I am
There's a lake with silent waves and there are trees
I see your body with dislocated limbs
And I see your face

"My shivering hands vainly try to touch your face
Something holds me back approaching your face..."

Your eyes are open, are you crying?
But these tears are rainwater filling your eyes
You don't move, you don't answer, you don't react at all
It smells like burnt rubber, I see a car
And I remember it was ours
And now the fog is clearing
Very slowly I begin to understand
Begin to understand

We wanted to end our lives
Of sorrows and agony
We wanted to escape
And now you're dead
Now you're dead and I'm alive

Why do I live when you're dead
Why should I live when you're dead