

## Dispossession

Katatonía

it is to see a traitor go free  
it is to feel a filter in me  
it is to leave the lights that I saw  
it is to ask: is it easy to go

in this dead hour  
here with you  
seconds are worthless  
in this dead hour  
when all is blank  
minutes are worthless

how long will it take until  
there will be room again for hope  
it is so sad to see  
dispossession  
it has become my obsession

it is to have a knife in my back  
it is to say my soul got a crack