

From the Silence

Beto Vázquez Infinity

Pure things remain untouched
hidden behind imaginary scenarios
even if I try, I won't make it. Why?
silence and the void two proud warriors
are mysteries, and fragments of lived life
Like mysteries the crumbs of memories died

Again and again scream, tremble and modify
again and again defeated but still alive
Though you dare to walk your way

There is no right way or easy choice
no limits or insanity for living, no
no harm done while you're true to yourself

Go, fly, fly free, brake the chains
Become what you were born to be
no labels, no strings, no poisoned veins
pure souls, pure souls have their reason for being

A pure soul will always be untouchable
and only children, madmen and lovers which
smile with the smallest attention - so frank
they do not look if you were good or bad

Go, do not fear, who really love you will
laugh with your insanity and cry your pain
Come on, spread your wings.
Though you can, keep on being a pure soul!

Again and again scream, tremble and modify
again and again defeated but still alive
Though you dare to walk your way

Keep on being a pure soul!