

## 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!