

Pictures From Paradise

Euthanasia

I'm walking in my paradise
the charming pictures, all around.
I was choking in the fire of this violent world,
blind loves passed through my pain.

Sacred light still watching my soul
empty heart, empty heart.
Confused games buried our bodies
in the river of flames, forever in flames.

These struggles for free lands
detected human simplicity.
And the spirits of neverending wars
they remain like pictures in my paradise.

Sacred light...

Remains of bones, they were my friends,
who's praying for lost souls, it's imprisonment.