Sadness

PARADOX

If I could rewind – the turning hands of time
Only progressing forwards on a constant speed
A pace without disgrace – right to infinity
We must go on without correction of our deeds
It sounds like irony – "we all are free"
Captured by our past eternally
Those to me are fools – "who try to change"
The facts of history

Like our acts of hate – which will never fade
Inside our memory like a secret haze
On the day we die – sins evade from inside
Never to fade – impossible to erase
It sounds like irony – "we all are free"
Captured by our past eternally
Those to me are fools – "who try to change"
The facts of history

That's why we feel – sadness...madness

So many tears we shed – a lake of tears
To wash the sins away – but they never disappear
Memories always coming through
Life does not forget the truth
Our ancestors accused – same us our children
They point their fingers at us (it's us) you were killing
Time is running out – to correct the direction
Is there only sadness left or time – for correction?

A possibility – "that we are free"
To change fate with fantasy
We can make the rules "change the lanes"
Away from hate – away from hate

Away from sadness...madness...

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