

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...