

So long ago but still no end...
the creeps that I feel
More pain than a young child could stand...
much too real
I skim these lines with trembling hands...
do they speak of me?
Forlorn child... forlorn child...

Out of the dark, please shine, my child, don't cry!
Against all this pain, please fight, despite... please try!

And while I have fight my tears I live it again...
My bruises start to reappear... like back then...
Forgive me, I was far too weak... but I was just a child!
A forlorn child... forlorn child...

Out of the dark, please shine, my child, don't cry!
Against all this pain, please fight, despite... please try!

What the hell, they think they're doing? Can't they feel the shame?
Stainless innocence they ruin! Who will take the blame?
Killing sanctimoniously... filthy, heartless men...
I am you and you are me... it won't take place again!