

## Yves Montand

### "Unbounded"

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Why do the words of silence always end up in a cold  
and unclean bed?  
These pointless conversations and the same thoughts  
in my head  
Repeat, repeat the process and the pattern plays again  
Regrets they seem to merge with fears in dreams of  
lust in vain  
Nothing is faithful  
Moments of construction hurting, heading me to loss  
And in my deepest aching picture no more I see us  
Sorrow acts my doubtful servant, I border lines so thin  
Unbounded are my sacred areas, sentenced to die  
within  
Nothing is faithful

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