

## Sun Eats Hours, The "September 2001"

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There's something  
That upsets man  
More than anything else,  
A word is not enough  
To define it.  
Hate, fear, terror, anguish,  
Anger and bitterness,  
The will to hit back,  
The desperation for the deads,  
Rancour exploding  
Towards the guilty heads.

Ideological hate.  
Implacable.  
Always present through the centuries.

The vile and brutal scorn for life.  
Billions of people that think,  
Talk and suffer  
From the same incredible event

Rit.  
Only one point.  
Nothing else.  
We are here powerless.  
We would like  
To not be part of this history,  
But we are.  
And we're on one side, inevitably.  
We're humans, man/men/wolves.  
The world revolves  
In the same old way.  
Life will never change.  
Never.

And God will have pity and mercy  
For our souls,  
God will have pity and mercy  
Even for their' s.  
For this reason we'll fight,  
Aware of the mistake

We're about to make.

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