

Chaostar "Miasma"

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How useless to keep my heart pure and wash my hands
in innocence.

When I was stricken all day long, suffered punishment.

Day after day.

Heavens are away.

Can he who made the ear. Can hear?

Can he who formed the eye. Can see?

Sin speaks to the sinner

Sin speaks to the sinner

Heaven or whatever

I cry loud for you.

But you are deaf to my tears, how will I confess?

How will I confess my offence to you?

Can he who made the ear. Can hear?

Can he who formed the eye. Can see?

Sin speaks to the sinner

Heaven or whatever

Is this a place For me?

Heaven, whatever, but first safeguard my fate

Is this for me and for them the way?

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