

## Esqarial

### "A Pure Formality"

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The wind brings the news that the new one arrives  
The night she'd a tear driven to despair  
The fate does not belong to him anymore  
He must take part in spectacle the nature prepared

Life, it is nothing but a clean  
Blotted out and patient sheet  
What a great responsibility  
For this who holds the pen  
Reminiscences of youth  
Closed in the old photographs  
Testimony of reality  
Writing it down is a pure formality

I can see him sitting at the table  
In manners and gestures he behaved so exquisite  
I'll never forget the words he said

"The world you brought to life I often visit"

The darkness came  
Scenes before my eyes  
Now I know  
Where the truth lies.

I close my eyes I can feel no pain  
The sound of blast echoes in my head  
His face with a worried frown  
I can see myself lying on the ground

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