

## **Rottin Razkals**

### **"A Dead Poem"**

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It's the season the trees die  
The birds don't sing anymore  
The rivers never come back  
Nature dies out.

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Focus tomorrow's horizon  
Sorrow means no future  
Cover my face  
With my guilty hands

This tragic future  
Destinied to hurt never heal  
What end can save me?  
What good gives me an end?

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First passion  
Now is lost  
A dramatic dead story  
I killed all I have

My sadness - Translated into madness  
I spell meaningless words  
A poem for sorrow and death

Nothing is innocent  
Nothing is fair  
I keep wondering  
I keep wondering

How did I end up like this?

Focus tomorrow's horizon  
Sorrow means no future  
Cover my face  
With my guilty hands

This tragic future  
Destined to hurt never heal  
What end can save me?  
What good gives me an end?

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