

Through Your Silence "Scarred By Your Hands"

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Often you saw me
In your nightmares
Or during your apathy days in front of the tube
Sometimes you felt scorn and shame, sometimes you
just turned off
I was far away, too far or too pitiful to stand
But in the end I was like you
With my home and my love
Now I crawl in a tents camp or I stagger in sweat during
the usual P.S.D.
Maybe a badge on my chest
Surely a web of scars that entangles my soul
Maybe victim maybe not
In rightful wars or genocides
My age is that of man
Sometimes too young to understand
Sometimes too old and tired to stand something more
I've always been wandering your lands
Since the day you learned how powerful you felt
With that stone in your hands.

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