

Alain Boublil "Javert's Suicide"

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(Javert walks the deserted streets until he comes to a bridge over the river Seine)

JAVERT

Who is this man?

What sort of devil is he

To have me caught in a trap

And choose to let me go free?

It was his hour at last

To put a seal on my fate

Wipe out the past

And wash me clean off the slate!

All it would take

Was a flick of his knife.

Vengeance was his

And he gave me back my life!

Damned if I'll live in the debt of a thief!

Damned if I'll yield at the end of the chase.

I am the Law and the Law is not mocked

I'll spit his pity right back in his face

There is nothing on earth that we share

It is either Valjean or Javert!

How can I now allow this man

To hold dominion over me?

This desperate man whom I have hunted

He gave me my life. He gave me freedom.

I should have perished by his hand

It was his right.

It was my right to die as well

Instead I live... but live in hell.

And my thoughts fly apart

Can this man be believed?

Shall his sins be forgiven?

Shall his crimes be reprieved?

And must I now begin to doubt,

Who never doubted all these years?

My heart is stone and still it trembles

The world I have known is lost in shadow.

Is he from heaven or from hell?

And does he know

That granting me my life today

This man has killed me even so?

I am reaching, but I fall
And the stars are black and cold
As I stare into the void
Of a world that cannot hold
I'll escape now from the world
From the world of Jean Valjean.
There is nowhere I can turn
There is no way to go on...
(He throws himself into the swollen river)

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