

## Miserables, Les "Javert's Suicide"

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Who is this man?  
What sort of devil is he  
To have me caught in a trap  
And chose 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 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 that 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 that world  
From the world of Jean Valjean  
There is nowhere I can turn  
There is no way to go on

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