

[Lyrics by Eduardo]

In the nails with which you crucified me,
I no longer hang a thing. Alone...
It would be better, if you had changed into the bronze mirror
That encloses my blurred reflection in a unique compatibility.
I do not leave you alone by the scent of my opportune passage,
Which would come to you... Lonely, in life's conceded death!
The brilliant and fused foresight in which I had you.
You're delaying your appearance.
So I suspect you've forgotten the thousand ways
By which you would burn to me.
You're late...
Static night-light of tormented plasma that steals your pulse.
Inviting, the frozen eyelids burn. Dark...