

The child

*I was so young, and I loved my life so much,
but then came you and with you came your brutal touch.
I trusted you and I trusted the world all along,
but then came you and love and faith were suddenly gone.*

I will never forget this wonderful afternoon,
the flowers were fiery, the sun played high noon.
My parents wanted to have for themselves a night
and a babysitter seemed an adventure to their only child.

I will never forget, how many birds were singing,
as if to prepare me to a pain, so clinging.
I liked you for doing so much funny things with me,
I even liked it, when you took me on your knee.

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But what you then did, I did not like at all,
since that time, I am trapped behind a wall.
This wall locks out the pleasure that birds and flowers bring,
but it locks in the memory that in my soul stings.

You told me not to talk about this to anyone,
you told me I would be hated by everyone.
You made me feel dirty and full of crime,
and for many years I thought I was nothing but slime.

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I've lost myself and I cannot find me now for years,
I even banned myself from the right to tears.
Your deeds and your words worked on my soul well,
I felt like mud and that feeling never fell.

It took me much more than twenty years,
to bring this urgent question to your ears:
How could you do that to me, you old fool?
How could my eyes full of terror leave you so cool?

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You took my childhood with one single act,
you took away from me self-assurance and self-respect.
How deep did you put your conscience asleep,
that you could make a child for your twisty pleasures weep?

How could you do something so very sinister
to the beloved child of your one and only sister?
What made your soul become so merciless?
Well, I don't care, I just want you to confess!

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I want you now to go to prison for your crime,
and I hope the guys there make you feel like grime.
And I want you to never get out from there again,
I want the jailbirds to rape you every fucking day.

I couldn't care less of the existing laws, so slack,
that make it possible to you to come back.
I don't want you to molest any other little soul,
I want you to stay there in your deep and dark hole.

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für Spider und Neo