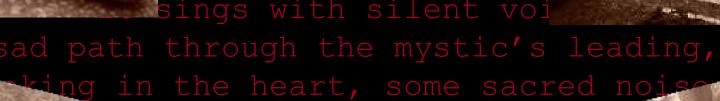
Memory of the silent







the ground is bleed sings with silent voi











Light a candle, say a prayer my friend, shed one tear for every pour dreamer, for everyone that wears an own cross, and whose soul, late in the night, shimmers.











For all those passengers, from whose dust is growing some beautiful three, for all those restless travelers, from their pictures that are able everything













And for all the soldiers

that are marching in my dreams, for all those nameless that wear nur

ied fighting in the fields











For all those precious kids, sent away from mothers embraces, for all those tender creatures, at are running now in heavens spaces





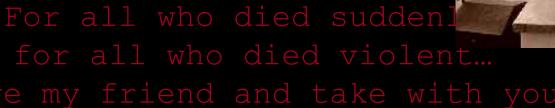












thing that lasts forever,







