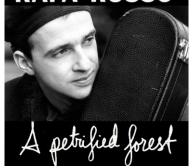
RAFA RUSSO



INVISIBLE FIRE

He gets up one day Rubs his bleary eyes The house is getting colder As future loses size The mirror shows a man Like a naked tree Shivering and stooping To the teasing autumn wind

And he gets lonely and he gets tired His soul's been burned by the invisible fire And he gets lonely and he gets tired Can't heal the burns of the invisible fire Invisible fire

He declares a hangover But it's only a poor excuse For not facing the days ahead The he don't know how to use Like a soldier counts his bullets He counts his memories And in the shadows of his ruins He awaits his enemy

And he gets lonely and he gets tired His soul's been burned by the invisible fire And he gets lonely and he gets tired Can't heal the burns of the invisible fire But it's not much that he knows Compared to the things he ignores Sometimes it's better not to track the road When there's not much faith inside And not much strength in store

He gets up one day Finds himself trapped Must be some kind of ambush Something beyond his grasp Time creeps like a cat With its silent, treacherous paws You can see in the man's face The trace of its claws