

It was his law
That turned to our faith
And afterwards
No one could explain

His law they called love
But this love didn't leave anything
And now it's all silent
And you are what remains
From the man of feelings

For shure that wasn't you
Call him a saint or a full
Your tears are your payment
And nothing compares to you

His law they called love
But this love didn't leave anything
And now it's all silent
And you are what remains
From the man of feelings