

Music Place

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...At Supper For Example

alessandro · Tuesday, October 8th, 2013

I extinguished the ultimate fire

To give respite to my eyes

I'm imprisoned in the bowels of an ox

And here indeed I can no longer lift my arms

I listened to the myths of heroes and bawdy poets

I dug within tombs of love and of the saints

But the furious cry of the earth

Beats my ears again

And still I'm forced to hear

Now I'm here with you, my friends, my friends forever

You are more than a brother, you're drunk from my glass

You hold my arm while I speak

You look at me in silence

But it's from you that I ask help

My hands, that are so tired

All my weariness lain over my shoulders

All that's left to me is your help

The air feels the dawn, trembling as it waits

My throat trembles, long waiting dawn

Outside the day is born

And we, at length die.

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