

Whilst I thought I was climbing  
I found myself descending  
Having lost my way let me go up  
Having lost my way let me go down  
I have no other work to do  
It would have been better  
no to be the mother  
It's sorrowful when a son goes away  
let alone and when he dies  
I watched quietly  
when the grave was being dug  
knowing that he won't come back  
and I won't be here for much longer  
Even if I become like a king  
or like the wind  
never never will death stay away  
But when he called me from above  
neither voice nor word to say yes  
we just say quietly yes to him  
It is a debt which must be paid  
Here is our flesh  
Take it from me  
It seems to me  
that I can't destroy it  
Having spent the day with pain  
Am I going to spend the night with pain?  
This living to eat  
is so tiring for me  
I am feeling cold inside  
Let me go on seeking fire  
Even death is better  
than this useless life  
The mast of a ship - a nakedness  
The leader of horse  
sheds the female breast  
He tramples down  
the vast furnace  
Godlike and piercing  
Binding and bitter  
and cleaving asunder  
Breaking and mending  
Abiding in a place  
Tending over nothingness  
Darkness tending onto corruption  
Darkness tending unto corruption  
Darkness tending unto corruption  
Merchants are trembling  
Dragged down unto horror  
Terrible and (?)  
The dust and the (?)  
Sublime circumcision  
  
Solitude and desolation  
A goatherd unto lost  
All destruction  
Grinding to hold her  
Withering and fading,

The weeping of horses  
Flesh turn (?)  
The mountains are cast out  
Lions trembling with fury  
Thy braking in my bareness  
The destroyer of days  
The silent lion -  
we know him fury  
The death of flesh  
He moves with a creeping motion  
They destroy by the sky  
flame of their smoky breath  
The painbringers  
They shrieked with a  
long  
drawn  
cry