

With hollow gaze  
The bird looked deep into my eyes.  
I saw sadness,  
Followed the blackbird into the woods.  
"I am the ghost of the child without a name  
I sing out my tune □ a song from my tomb."  
"Cry in the midst of the woods is mine,  
A hapless mother took my life.  
No sacred ground to lay in rest,  
In the shape of a bird I escort your way."  
Cruel is the fate of that child.  
The blackbird standeth on a branch  
And from the shadows of the forest  
Flew ten blackbirds  
Gazing at me with their gleaming eyes.  
Following my path through the woods  
Sad were their eyes, in undeserved doom.  
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A hapless mother took my life.  
No sacred ground to lay in rest,  
In the shape of a bird I escort your way."  
Cruel is the fate of that child.  
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