

Hear them calling again  
I'm shedding no fear  
A roll of the dice  
hear you calling just twice...

In the surface of pond  
believes and thoughts,  
dreams in the circle of light  
the truth will defame.  
Pride can defame  
possession is name  
The name of your life  
the same as your child.

Will we come again  
from the dust at last  
A roll of the dice  
hear you breathing just twice...

...tomorrow we die...

The poem so neat  
so pure and weak  
Beloved by a breeze,  
singed through a tree

...shall I love thee like  
death loved me?  
In greed we fall,  
amorous soul...