

How can there be pleasure?
How can there be joy?
When the whole world is burning
What joy is there in this body
Seeing these discarded bones
Scattered here and there
Where they were tossed upon the ground
Through the same moment of the night
Humans first emptied in the womb
The journey of their life to death begins
Once gone there is no turning back
At daybreak many people are seen
At evening one is gone from sight
At evening many people can be seen
Next morning one is gone from sight
Nights are long when one can't sleep
The road seems long for those exhausted
Life's obliterated so soon

Some die when they are in the womb
Some on the ground where they were born
Some die just as they learn to crawl
And some just as they learn to walk
Some die old and some die young
Some in the very prime of life

All people pass away in term
Just like the fall of ripened fruit
As all ripe fruit always falls and rots
So all who are born by their deaths destroyed
Collection in the end dispersed
Whatever rises must also fall
All meetings end in separation
The final end of life is death

Sorrow arises from all beauty
From all beauty arises fear
When all beauty is given up
Neither sorrow nor fear exist
And the law is Imperium
Imperium, imperium, imperium, imperium