

I will celebrate myself again
Naked dying, proud of what I am
I dream and invite my fading soul
Observing human sphere at all atone

Swanlike I turn away from your despair
Can't you see there's no beg for pardon
Swanlike I turn away from your despair
A noble heart forever dying

Under a fading lamp half dressed my brain
Idling on some compulsive remain
I towel my shaven jaw and stare
Riveted by a dark exhausted flair

Swanlike I turn away from your despair
Naked dying, proud of what I am
Swanlike I turn away from your despair
Idling on some compulsive remain

I look into my glass and view my wasting skin
And say "would God it came to pass"
My heard has shrunk as thin
For then I undistrest by hearts grown cold to me
Could lonely wait my endless rest with equanimity

For the time being I return
Now plainly in the mirror of my soul
I read that I have looked my last on youth
And little more for they are not made whole
That reach the age of fallen Christ

A silent flight takes me away
From this ignorant world
A final cry deep in that night
Swanlike I turn away

My inspiration
Burning flames; glistening sounds
Sapphire-dark and marrow-deep, silence around us

Under a fading moon
Will you ever be swanlike