

## Overpast

## Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

That time, is dead for ever child,  
Drowned frozen dead, for ever  
We look, on the past and stare aghast  
spectres wailing pale, and ghast

The stream. to gazed on them rolled by  
Its waves return not, return not  
And we, yes we stand in a lone land,  
Like the tombs to mark memory