

Come down, my child,  
Take me to the core of the flame.

The world denied,  
Poisoned by the turn of the game.

One early morning, I woke, and sorrow gave me my name...  
Come rest, my child,  
Take me to the heart of the flame.

Calm down, my child,  
Tell me about the scent of the rain.

Something has died,  
Silent and in absence of pain.

One early morning, I woke, and no one whispered my name...  
Calm down, my child,  
Stagnancy is bliss for the sane...