

See the snow and the red flowers in the fall, strains of
marble on the angel with crying eyes,
Passing shadows in the fire of the last room
And like spectres wrap around the ashen sky.
Distant words and the last island is now near,
Like a Bocklin's picture now the sea is quiet.
He is Christ and she is Christ
And near the cross
They are angels falling in the silent sky.
Touch my body for an instant in this dawn,
Touch the stone, it's cold like the heart of your church
And if you can feel something special in your tears,
Remember, ghosts like me are roses for your years
Because the black names will return
To drown the roses of your dreams,
Because the stigmata are bleeding
Over the sanctuaries of the rain
And if you can't forget the pain of this return,
It doesn't matter, now the time is not your friend,
Remember all you want remember if you want
And no one scream and no one tear could give me life.
Touch my body for an instant in this dawn
Touch the stone, it is cold like the heart of your church
And if you can feel something special in your tears,
Remember, ghosts like me are roses for your years.
And all the gates of the cemetery
Are closed forever on your reasons.
Only mercy's eyes will shine
Over the dark lights of your treason.