

Pale Song

Klimt 1918

Giddy stars, Legends tell
Ceasing their hymns
Falastin attends you now
Israfel is your name
So legends guess
Despisest all pale song

No one sings so wildly well
As angel that trods skies
And red loving moon
We move:
And they say
He fades in our eyes
We sing now
Of freedom and rain
But she is gone
Brown eyes can't rain no more
Just marble skin
Where sun grew up us

In Heaven, a spirit dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute
Her lyre was, a little gun
It sang like freedom calls

I touch the mud
So sweet
So warm
It's inside me
I touch the mud
You see
So warm
It's inside me
We touch our mud
A dream
Our will
It's a grave in filth
I touch the mud
Your eyes
Your hand
It's inside you

No one sings so hardly well
As poor man that loose
Love and red loving fear
As soldier that
Swim in the fields of bodies
He holds a lyre of doom
The doom of earth & wish
The wish Israphel