

## My Only Child

Nico

My only child be not so blind  
See what you hold  
There are no words no ears no eyes  
To show them what you know

Their hands are old  
Their faces cold  
Their bodies close to freezing  
Their feelings find

The morning small  
Too small to fill their ways with breathing  
The evening tall

My only child remember well  
The words that you are told  
For some of them it is only easy to survive

Their hands are old  
Their faces cold

Their bodies close to freezing  
Their feelings find

The morning small  
The evening tall

Man and wife are feasting the time  
The time that lies behind  
At home in sweetness and delight  
Drinking the bitter wine

Their hands are old  
Their faces cold  
Their bodies close to freezing  
Their feelings find

The morning small  
The evening tall