

This is a sad day here in the world of shades  
but even pain has its own beauty  
even pain can perform a lovely face.  
Blinding stream, double-edged,  
in an extra-terrestrial gloom,  
beautiful creation of steel  
grown in my barren womb...  
They way into the light will separate me from my flesh,  
myriads in their birth-giving red  
swimming forcefully through-out space.  
This darkest space is wide  
and the mountain is still so high,  
fly up my black little eyes  
and cross the frontiers that dare to define my life...  
No space too vast and surely no place too far,  
the groping sister feels that her eyes  
must be somewhere alive.  
So she is afraid of all the dwellers of the dark  
in their blindness they will never understand  
the tempting gift of sight.  
This place is cold, blindly she can feel  
the dead wind caressing the rocks  
from high above they come way down,  
these angels kissing our undead bodies to stone...