

Soliloquy of the Stigmatised Shepherd

The Ruins of Beverast

How long have I been wandering uphill?
My lord, did you paint these meadows?
They are colourless

Roar... agonizing distant noise

Look at me
I kneel down before thee
Bow my head
Cover my ears
Weep...

This soil did never alter in two thousand years
I wonder if it is you who hunts them -
Or are they following me...?

This is a burden I was never taught to heave...

To you I implore, oh father!
Take this noise away from me!
Save me!

Father, make (of) me the seed for a silent meadow

Limp as a doomed horse I resume my way
In tears, on chafed limbs

There is no herb to be laid
Upon the stigmata of immortality's burden

Father, make (of) me the seed for a silent meadow.