

We go
both in our course
in our own
-move away
Going
and still talking
in a low voice
-two paces

Our two heads
the ranks of the big stone faces
hiding the impress
of old time
Come out from soft ground

For the ages
reek and shout
ghosts of the past
From without and from within
on and on and on and on

We go
and have ourselves in our heads
-in the dark
Going
and unreeling the thread
-leaving traces

A sea breeze
the evening sea breeze blows over
fixed heads
And inside is big space
big dark stone space

And the footprints
of the past
still reek and shout
From without and from within
on and on and on and on