

Ancient Rites, Ypres

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the sad last post

Celebration in the city of Ypres, again a new year was born
Not on this place of eternal silence, where quietly souls mourn
For time did not matter on this site, of the graveless dead
Near the leafless trees, we somehow met

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the sad last post

Born in different times, we never knew each other,
Born in different times, we never even met
But on this night when the world celebrates, believe met:
But on this night when the world celebrates, I regret your dead

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the sad last post
Thousands of names engraved, poor souls fate did not spare
The night was cold, the wind unkind, still wondering what brought me there

Born in different times, we never even met
But on this night when the world celebrates believe me: I regret your dead

Tragic appearance, your uniform torn, your skin full of dirt
We did not speak, nor laugh or cry, did not utter a single word

We kept an honourable distance, borders of time cannot be crossed
As there is between the living, who hold on to live at any cost
And the dead, whose lives and dreams along with their bodies lost
Here you appear, probably a trick of the mind that I might have lost