

Banco Del Mutuo Soccorso, ...at Supper For Exa

I extinguished the ultimate fire

To give respite to my eyes
I'm imprisoned in the bowels of an ox
And here indeed I can no longer lift my arms
I listened to the myths of heroes and bawdy poets
I dug within tombs of love and of the saints
But the furious cry of the earth

Beats my ears again
And still I'm forced to hear
Now I'm here with you, my friends, my friends forever
You are more than a brother, you're drunk from my glass
You hold my arm while I speak

You look at me in silence
But it's from you that I ask help

My hands, that are so tired
All my weariness lain over my shoulders

All that's left to me is your help
The air feels the dawn, trembling as it waits

My throat trembles, long waiting dawn
Outside the day is born

And we, at length die.