

# Banco Del Mutuo Soccorso, Towards My Door

I transverse myself

On the thread of the world  
Tense in space

Until I reach myself  
On the steps of your refusal

I am climbing towards my door  
This time the harp of the night

Plays it song of fears in vain  
Once for all I have risen over my body

Higher than my heart  
Tonight I have asked of the earth

That she model me in the shape of her skin  
With the old life, and with the new.  
New not in kind, out new in dimension

Not in kind, out in dimension.