

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.