

Kirlian Camera, Austria

The lights went out in winter
January nineteen eighty one.
Your dreams, your name, your ghost
You cannot know the drama of exile...
So many letters, so many years
A slow ship to die
His empty silence, his nervous smile
Really I'm waiting for the last day
His distant eyes, his bleeding past
You don't know where I am
He hold the gift of the martyrs
On your endless nights
Wonderful sister of my agony
You sleep alone in the dark
The names of the saints are on the stone,
At the feet of the black statue
You sleep alone, your soul is broken
In a wasted and silent place
You sleep alone, your soul is fading...
In my memory