

Astarte, Naked Hands

Wondering hands, the trees!
The naked stones of grey beauty,
Gathered to kiss the ground's hunger.
Extatic hate upon man's reply.
The war against human instinct.
I summon the dirty blood of what we are covered.

Still I watch the sky
I see within a cry.
For what we fear!
For the why we leave!

Naked hands, the forgotten trees.
Stare as I paint the last eagle.
The symbol of life
The black sign of the sky.
A last leaf of a tree,
The only breath left.

Questions have been made to give no answers
On the hill I gaze the fortress
Made by Nature's hands.

It stares useless for the weak ones,
But precious for those who know the way.

Still! I watch the sky,
I see without wanting to cry.
For what we still believe,
For the reason we live