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