

Charon, Morrow

Hear them calling again
I'm shedding no fear
A roll of the dice
hear you calling just twice...

In the surface of pond
believes and thoughts,
dreams in the circle of light
the truth will defame.
Pride can defame
possession is name
The name of your life
the same as your child.

Will we come again
from the dust at last
A roll of the dice
hear you breathing just twice...

...tomorrow we die...

The poem so neat
so pure and weak
Beloved by a breeze,
singed through a tree

...shall I love thee like
death loved me?
In greed we fall,
amorous soul...