

# Dead Can Dance, Black Stream

We scaled

the face of reason  
to find  
at least one sign  
that would reveal  
the true dimensions  
of life...

lest we forget.

And maybe it's easier to withdraw from life,  
with all of its misery and wretched lies,  
away from harm.

We lay  
by cool, still waters  
and gazed  
into the sun.

And like the moth's  
great imperfection,  
succumbed  
to her fatal charm.

And maybe it's me who dreams unrequited love,  
the victim of fools who watch  
and stand in line away from harm!

In our vain pursuit  
of life for one's own end  
will this crooked path  
ever cease to end?