

Endless, Silver Moon

In the horizon by the fall of the dark
Even today appears silver and glossy like my jewel
In the darkness a cold diamond
The touch of dreams
A ceramic flute sounds in your picture

"Why the sun also doesn't shine on the reverse side of the moon?"
I ask myself when your light divides my room into shadows

Lots of clouds in a face of white dust
Imprints of stellar heaven messengers created your face
Lots of old-men know your outlines surely by heart
When they can't sleep in the dark nights

And I'll also grow old and my hair will become a silver shine
As grey as yours
And like all of us
I'll forget the stupid dreams which oppress me
And I'll again silently whisper to the darkness
"What are you hiding, why can't I know your reverse face?"