

Joerg Vogeltanz, Farewell

i'll go by
and i will never smell the nights
they'll seem to me
like lustreless pebbles
hitting the ocean-floor
in slow-motion
with this sound vanishing in my head

i'll go by
and you will hold my hand stronger
and i'll sense your hand going lighter
you'll become low-tide
on the beach of death
while i'll overflow it