

Nico, My Only Child

My only child be not so blind
See what you hold
There are no words no ears no eyes
To show them what you know

Their hands are old
Their faces cold
Their bodies close to freezing
Their feelings find

The morning small
Too small to fill their ways with breathing
The evening tall

My only child remember well
The words that you are told
For some of them it is only easy to survive

Their hands are old
Their faces cold

Their bodies close to freezing
Their feelings find

The morning small
The evening tall

Man and wife are feasting the time
The time that lies behind
At home in sweetness and delight
Drinking the bitter wine

Their hands are old
Their faces cold
Their bodies close to freezing
Their feelings find

The morning small
The evening tall