

# Third Moon, Mondbluttrauer

Through my monumental scars  
the tears I drink that taste like wine  
the frozen stars that cover the silence  
where the ash bleeds that I behold  
Through the sapphire nebula veil  
pain nails me on the heart  
Thine sleeping calamity lies on  
my marbled breast, covered like with leaves  
Mediterranean tears on my scarful face  
I bleed through thine astralized  
dimension of pain  
Thou art drowning marbled charon  
I sip thine scarlet weeping tears