

Under Black Clouds, The Night Of Our Flight

Great fires, happy faces
a boiling cauldron before the eyes
the blood within the veins run hot
a thousand laughs fill the dusk
unaware of the cloak rising
defeated by the mighty flames
while everything lives for the moment
and among all merriment is me.

I dance within the trance of ecstasy
till I step out of the burning circles
and - for a second dance - the jig
of midnights slowly rhythm
the rains of fire surge towards me
to surround me and bring me back
but still I feel the chillful breath
between the columns of the heat.

And I see the darkness blue and black
the eye of the night opened so wide
i leave the glade
to meet the silent trees.

And somewhere on my way i find you
still warm, your face towards the sky
while silver blackness caresses our cheeks
shapes our upright bodies
there at the brink within the forest
from where we see eachothers way uphigh
until we know that this is our night
somewhere on my way i found you
it is the night of our flight.