

# Naked Hands

Astarte

Wondering hands, the trees!  
The naked stones of grey beauty,  
Gathered to kiss the ground's hunger.  
Extatic hate upon man's reply.  
The war against human instinct.  
I summon the dirty blood of what we are covered.

Still I watch the sky  
I see within a cry.  
For what we fear!  
For the why we leave!

Naked hands, the forgotten trees.  
Stare as I paint the last eagle.  
The symbol of life  
The black sign of the sky.  
A last leaf of a tree,  
The only breath left.

Questions have been made to give no answers  
On the hill I gaze the fortress  
Made by Nature's hands.

It stares useless for the weak ones,  
But precious for those who know the way.

Still! I watch the sky,  
I see without wanting to cry.  
For what we still believe,  
For the reason we live