

I ran away from the black church on fire  
golden and silver trees falling on me  
their leaves just like tears of mercy  
I reached the lake whose waters changed into ice

they tried to bury me  
as a violet light  
took me  
a wild scream skinned inside

I looked around, myriads myriads of mirrors  
all my images went out of their glass  
showing me their hands a red cross stamped with  
blood  
I was the victim of a sacrifice

they tried to bury me  
as a violet light  
took me  
a wild scream skinned inside