

You're breath means leave taking
Cause the cancer is marching
My bird dies with lost wings
Wounds will heal, but the scares will remain
In this hut where the childhood lives are the
Tales of the moist future eyes
Your warm whispers in water drops count the
Symbols for the blue times
Proud walks our landlord
With his magpie in our yard
What will become of him
Mother's tales let his evil symbols rain
In this hut where the childhood lives are the tales of the moist
future eyes
Your warm whispers in water drops count the symbols for the blue
times
Lamps break the chill of this night
In nooks of my sight
Calm in the smell of your clothes
Your shoes have no more walk with you
Burn, hut, burn forever!
Pearls for magpies and love to ashes!
In this hut where the childhood lives are the tales of the moist
future eyes
Your warm whispers in water drops count the symbols for the blue
times
Future is the multiface
Future is the short gold trace,
The coincidence-machine
And the all-answer screen