

The little boy stayed alone, closed eyes, in his room
He is dressed up as a girl and is playing with a doll
On the floor have rolled some marbles like eyes
And his black-stained handkerchief
Flew away in the corridor
In the empty cupboards, he stowed his things away:
Dead leaves, branches and mummified animals

Unceasingly he sees his story without understanding
The meaning as transformed by time passing by
He does not feel cold nor hungry anymore
But in the hollow of his hand
He strongly grasps his little sister's heart
In the empty cupboards, he stowed his things away:
Dead leaves, branches and mummified animals