

All the damned animals of the world
are howling inside your head.
Eyes wide-open, you're wrapping in penumbra filled
with laughter and moans.

Escaping from all sides and leaning over her, asleep.
Under the silk veil, they are watching her beating body
and following each bitter blue vein, diluting with the
paleness of flesh.

Under the closed lid, her moving eye seems to wander
through glooms
like a disturbed compass.

The electric fur of ghost animals and the villous
feelers
are stiffening her limbs,
while a wounded orca rattle's tearing her throat.
Tracked onside her dreams, they are clutching at her
flanks.

Despite the fervour of her prayers, nobody will push
them away,
before one of them half-opens the door of her beauty.
Nobody will push them away, before one of them
creeps in her body.

I know your fears and your secrets,
I know your tears and your prayers,
I know your fears and your secrets,
I know your tears and your mysteries.