

Miraculous Child

Furor Gallico

Run through the fields, take the pitchforks
Shield yourself from the wind, from the baleful word
Of the time passing by carrying
Fear and destruction... gods run with me

Thin arms but strong like oxes
Take brave warriors underground
Their wives locked in their homes harvest in futile prayers
Praying for theri children unaware of their paths

Miraculous child!

Run run women take away your children
Death attends you, stay nearby
Ravens on your way lengthen your path
The death your companion, is mother of your cry

The forks of your land are now gravestones
The seeds of your crops are now lost souls
Your forks like crosses, your tears like rain
The lives still standing are children of the pain

Echo of Christians prayers in the wind
Left in the memory of the poets children
Seek salvation to their god
And the wise poet children thank death that took them