

In heavy fumes  
The visions I admired  
Homesickness I have lost long time ago  
Smell of the fresh bread  
Richly embroidered shirts  
The apple trees I used to sleep beneath

In vivid slumber  
I didn't dare to move  
This hissing was a melody to ears  
Obliviate me  
And feel my solitude  
In frigid land of opium and rice

The more you fight  
The more I insist  
Spider's delight  
Watching your tangled wings  
Long inert life  
Or two charged years  
What do you choose  
What do you inbreathe?

Your desperate obsession  
Was led by excessive  
Self-control  
Through dense vapour  
Understand my unattainable  
Asian soul

Black drops of poison  
Became a remedy  
The bitter smoke became my friend and foe  
And twelve pipes later  
No trace of ashes left  
You will burn like fire in the wind