

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