

## Comandante

Klimt 1918

Here is a man with his clothes soiled with earth  
It's been a long trip through strange lands  
His beard is long, eyes are tired  
There is no way to find our where he is  
Here is the man who looks so far away  
The lips that once kisses are now split  
Away from it all he still hopes to dare  
Would you say he's a commander?

Here is a man who kenew true tenderness  
He pulls his gun in the grass  
With pale and trembling hands  
He shows no fear, despite the pain  
Would you say he's a commander?

"Ever failed.  
No matter.  
Try again  
Fail again.  
Fail better",  
Someone said

His face lights up, again for a while  
Then the wind blows hard on the dusty trail  
Birds don't dare to sing to the southern stars  
Rain does not come down to stroke the night  
The river stops flowing through the black stones  
While he smiles fear had never left