

Third Moon, Mondbluttrauer

Through my monumental scars
the tears I drink that taste like wine
the frozen stars that cover the silence
where the ash bleeds that I behold
Through the sapphire nebula veil
pain nails me on the heart
Thine sleeping calamity lies on
my marbled breast, covered like with leaves
Mediterranean tears on my scarful face
I bleed through thine astralized
dimension of pain
Thou art drowning marbled charon
I sip thine scarlet weeping tears