

Hammill Peter

"Man Erg"

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The killer lives inside me; yes, I can feel him move.

Sometimes he's lightly sleeping in the quiet of his room;

but then his eyes will rise and stare through mine,

he'll speak my words and slice my mind inside.

Yes, the killer lives.

The angels live inside me, I can feel them smile;

their presence strokes and soothes the tempest in my mind

and their love can heal the wounds that I have wrought.

They watch me as I go to fall;

well, I know I shall be caught

while the angels live.

How can I be free?

How can I get help?

Am I really me?

Am I someone else?

But stalking in my cloisters hang the acolytes of gloom

and Death's Head throws his cloak into the corner of my room

and I am doomed.

But laughing in my courtyard play the pranksters of my youth

and solemn, waiting Old Man in the gables of the roof:

he tells me truth.

And I, too, live inside me and very often don't know
who I am;

I know I'm not a hero; well, I hope that I'm not damned.

I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these,

dictators, saviours, refugees in war and peace

as long as Man lives...

I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these:

dictators, saviours, refugees

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