

Herman Düne

"After Y2K"

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First: when the bad times come
I need to know: will you be here?
When surrounded & trapped I'll cry
Will you stand by me?
Hold my hand when it shivers
As I'll hear them coming
My breath hard & the fever
The blood in my throat and in my temples
Exhausted by fear, when I need to rest; You
Would I hide here?
In the bottom of your cellar
Or under sheets: would I hide here?

A walk through the cold
Struck down by hunger and the light
Of your room at night, can I trust the light?
When I am gone after Y2K because of you
Will you bring me books of truth
With a little candle
Stand still, under the threat
Would I hide here?
In the tunk of your car
Or in your bathroom: would I hide here?

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