

Mar De Grises

"Wooden Woodpecker Conversion"

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[Woodpecker A:]

Pecking the rays of the sun

Watching the falling of a tree

Stop this nonsense at once!

And swallow the flow of the sea

[Woodpecker B:]

But wooden is the tool of fate

Drawing the dawn of my tears

Let me peck a hole in wood

And plunge myself into bliss

[Wooden woodpecker:]

No longer a tree I'll call

This wooden-hearted sun in me

As a tree is what I'm now

Living the rotting of my seed

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