

Galas Diamanda "Blind Man's Cry"

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by Tristan Corbiere

The Murdered eye is not dead

A spike still splits it

Nailed up I am coffinless

They drove the nail in my eye

The nailed eye is not dead

And the spike still splits it

Deus misericors

Deus misericors

The hammer pounds my wooden head

The hammer that will make the cross

Deus misericors

Deus misericors

The undertaker birds

Are thus afraid of my body

My gologotha is not over

Lamma lamma sabacthani

Doves of Death

Be thirsty for my body

Red as a gun-port

The sore is on the edge

Like the drooling gum

Of a toothless laughing old woman

The sore is on the edge

Red as a gun-port

I see circles of gold

The white sun bites me

I've two holes pierced by an iron bar

Reddened in the forge of hell

I see a circle of gold

The sky's fire bites me

In the marrow twists

A tear which comes out

I see inside paradise

Miserere de profundis

In my skull twists

A sulfur tear which comes out

Blessed the good dead man

The saved dead man who sleeps

Happy the martyrs the chosen

With the Virgin and the Jesus

Oh blessed the dead man

The judged dead man who sleeps
A knight outside
Reposes without remorse
In the hallowed cemetery
In his granite siesta
The man of stone outside
Has two eyes without remorse
Oh, I feel you still
Yellow moors of Armor
I feel my rosary in my fingers
And Christ in bore on the wood
I gape at you still
O dead Armor Sky
Pardon for praying hard
Lord, if it is fate
My esyes two burning holy-water fonts
The devil puts his fingers inside
Pardon for crying loud
Lord against fate
I hear the northwind
Which bugles like a horn
It is the hunting call for the kill of the dead
I bay enough on my own
I hear the northwind
I hear the horn's knell
(Translation by Kenneth Koch & Georges Guy)

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