

Mona Mur & En Esch

"The Wound"

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i saw today that secret mark
on purple white a coral fin
i saw your wound was bleeding fast
when all the lazy saints came in

i asked you to take off your mask
for better use of sense and sin
before the giant shadow falls,
i want to get into your skin.

(esch)

Die Oeffnung der Hoffnung, die Oeffnung des Gluecks.
Ich vermisse die Waerme, vermisse den Anfang.
Vermisse das Schweben, vermisse nie Dich,
Vormals ohne Abschaum, vormals ohne Anstand.
Nie delikate Probleme zuviel des Aufwands,
Keine Loesung des kargen, kein gefaelliger Aufstand.
Vermisse nie deine Formel zum Glueck,
Vermisse nie die absolut', goettliche Ganzheit.

now carve the marks into my skin
according to our ancient plight
and blood will flow and flesh will rise
and blood will flow and wash the cries
like scattered ashes, all away.

Lyrics: Mona Mur & En Esch
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