

Camafeo "El Tiempo Es Mientedor"

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Me voy
Dentro
Del mar

Y tambien
Hubo un incendio de luces
Que no supimos ver
Partido de en dos,
El camino de ida
No fue demasiado largo
Y no volvio mi cuerpo
A encontrarse...

This little girl
She keeps calling for me from up the ground
She's lost one more finger today
And leaves for you
This closed lungs
And bitten rotten fingernails
Like small letters.

And the standing light
For me to let you know
What I can see from right here
No regrets
Spines on the clouds that I cannot
Touch
Will be the only way
To climb up and see
That I don't have a room
In this ground.

I've never told you this
Is better place to escape

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