Rome

"We Who Fell In Love With The Sea"

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i shall retrace my steps
to cover up my tracks
to conceal my taste for treason
to detach you from me
and the hatred offered by a fathers heart
will always keep brothers apart
we are tranquil and benevolent
we don't like noisy surprises
we stay on the move
for stillness brings death
and slowness brings fear
we men of cold politeness

shall never melt into that kindness of yours no matter how we try you say why weep over what? we say weep until the weepings done and we shall weep for another day for what binds us to our grief binds the sculptor to his clay for what binds us to our grief binds the sculptor to his clay we are the most alive the most rootless with whips and chains we cross

the ruins of Europe
and from time to time
trapped in reflections
we feel there's no place
no home for us but this land
this land is mine
this land is yours
you only suffer as long as you want to
men like us do not let each other drown
we share the sweetest black bread
that delicate grain of scorn
no god, no master, no master slave
i no longer serve you, nor your palace of flesh
when loneliness spreads out between our sheets
our sacrifice is a knife at the throat of time

but we shall cut it up some other day for what binds us to our grief

binds the sculptor to his clay for what binds us to our grief binds the sculptor to his clay in life, in love, in longing i know i deserted like you without wealth, without property without official title or office...

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