

## Shadow Project "Other Flesh"

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All the disease and lonely remorse  
What treasures in solitude  
With which we caress  
Eyes straining to see through the Blackness  
Through the still, damp air

All day long I stare  
A child alternately sobbing or asleep

The whole world is broken  
In new life and motion  
And I know I can never go back  
In sinister beauty  
Above my empty grave

An anticipation of disaster  
Brings forth collective nightmares  
And in silence, behind them  
Come the twisted bodies of the dead

(Bodies in balance, bodies in peace)

Some enjoy the miracle of loving,  
The mirage of caring,  
The confusion of innocence -  
In the other flesh

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