

## Ancient Rites "Ypres"

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On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost  
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the  
sad last post

Celebration in the city of Ypres, again a new year was  
born  
Not on this place of eternal silence, where quietly souls  
mourn  
For time did not matter on this site, of the graveless  
dead  
Near the leafless trees, we somehow met

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost  
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the  
sad last post

Born in different times, we never knew each other,  
Born in different times, we never even met  
But on this night when the world celebrates, believe  
met:  
But on this night when the world celebrates, I regret  
your dead

On this site of reflection, you came to me as a ghost  
Near this monument of the fallen, where one hears the  
sad last post  
Thousands of names engraved, poor souls fate did not  
spare  
The night was cold, the wind unkind, still wondering  
what brought me there  
Born in different times, we never even met  
But on this night when the world celebrates believe me:  
I regret your dead

Tragic appearance, your uniform torn, your skin full of  
dirt  
We did not speak, nor laugh or cry, did not utter a  
single word

We kept an honourable distance, borders of time  
cannot be crossed  
As there is between the living, who hold on to live at any

cost

And the dead, whose lifes and dreams along with their  
bodies lost

Here you appear, probably a trick of the mind that I  
might have lost

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