

Vennaskond

"Death In Paris"

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Death in an autumnal park in Paris
Go to heaven from hoarfrosty land
Call to your mind last leave-taking caress
Send the letters, until send you can

You need some nocturnal hours
White is paper, letter-line is black
Broken streets and house and flowers
On that address you go never back

Noone does not open your sad letters
Silent tone sounds from the telephone
You took vengeance - upon these ones betters
You fulfilled the mission - you are noone

To drink wine in candle-light and
To commemorate yourself with tears
Spend in lux-hotel last night and
Take from trunk the pistol, now and here

Death in an autumnal park in Paris...

But foreign city lights here
Radiate and radiate still then,
When you so depart like nightmare
In the city of Paris - the end

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