

PRAY

**It is night, my sweetheart, and I hope for a new day
to come out of the blue and you will awake and say**

**my name again and I'll console you offering up
coffee with milk flowing into a small silver cup**

**and flowers in the vases will bend in front of you
draining pieces of gladness and sorrow out of you...**

**Love, the son is here, and so am I, why do not you
open your eyes and your breathing is so hard to do?**

**We give many kisses on your cheeks bedewed with tear,
and speak tender words; give us a sign that you can hear!**

**Come, my sweet heart, tell the world about our malice,
that we robbed you of your lovely years and act like thieves,**

**and the cup of sorrow, all that was, remained in you
without ever expressing the pain inside of you,**

**but only into smiles and words of spirit air/sight
you have burnt, all-gifted woman, at the stake of heart...**

**Or, love, you'd rather bring consolation to us all
with your word and your sweet hand. But you cannot console!**

**A hazy smile is hardly passing throughout your face
But aren't there, in the sand glass, any sand remains**

**and does the last one grain of sand fall into the depths?
Allow me in your body to burry all myself,**

**Let it be me the one who departs – and you outlive
as holy virgin mother and the first love we breath.**