

ABOUT THE SIGHS OF THE MOON
AND THE CRY OF THE SNOW

I AM AMONG MY BROTHERS
BUT DON'T KNOW ANY OF THEM.
EACH SECOND I SEE ANOTHER;
HARDLY SEEN, HE VANISHED AGAIN.

WE LEFT OUR PLACE OF BIRTH
AND NEVER SHALL RETURN.
WE ARE ABOUT TO DIE ON EARTH;
AT LEAST WE CANNOT BURN.

IN FACT, WE'RE COLD AND PALE
WHILE THROUGH THE AIR WE SAIL;
A FALL FROM SKY-HIGH CLOUDS
WITH UNHEARD SILENT SHOUTS.

BUT NO ONE'S GOOD WITHOUT A BREAK,
WHICH ON STONE AND GRASS WE TAKE.
GIVING LANDSCAPE ALL OUR BEST
BECAUSE IT GIVES A PLACE TO REST.

WITH THE SUN FEAR COMES AS WELL;
THERE IS NO WAY TO FLEE!
WE FEEL LIKE BEING DOWN IN HELL
AND TEARS IS ALL WE SEE!

WEEPING ALL OUR WAY TO DEATH
'TIL SURFACE GETS ALL WET
WE TAKE A LAST AND FINAL BREATH
HERE'S NO MORE TEAR TO SHED.

ALL OF US IN PAIN UNITED
GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME.
CRYSTALS SOON BEGIN TO FIGHT IT;
FIGHT DESTRUCTION WITH A RHYME: