

Listen carefully to his story
Because it's not for the broken
But a tale for the ones
Who wandered in
The same snowy dreams.

It's not a treaty for us
Nor a fable for the damned
Not a prayer
Nor a hope

And one day maybe you'll find
The last picture he knew
The last scene he saw
Before he rose anew
The final proof

A million resonances
Of the soul in ourselves
A million cherry blossoms
To drape and surround him

Beneath the shadow
Of the greatest panacea
Among the angels
And the reflection
In endless flakes of light

Like the great resurrection

And the world he had lost

Like the last autumn leaf

Bathed in a golden hope

So listen