

## "Lamentation"

Text by:

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I don't know which day's today.  
relaxing nights are away.  
I am speaking to your grave's headstone,  
often after midnight has gone;  
asking the stars:  
is probably one of them You.

I don't know who is where alive,  
nor who is at wrong drive.  
I know only You can't come hither,  
therefore I wish to arrive thither.  
No matter where's that place,  
I wish to see again Your face.

If I could fall in a sleep,  
to dream of You day or night.  
I fancy it would be good  
to set my daily life right.

I don't know which day's today.  
relaxing nights are away.  
I wear a shirt which is coloured by sorrow;  
frightened black; as dark as my tomorrow.  
There is nothing to do;  
as driver I've had only You.

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