

Winds, blow away the memories
Waves, drown the sadness
Night, hide your precious secrets well

Enter the garden of temptation
Try to provoke your fate
Ignore the shining mysteries

Dance, for their dying joy
Sing, for their hopeless cries

The clouds are disappearing
Fake signs are revealed
Illusions cause our madness
The desires of a haunted world

Hear the sounds of your needs
Kill your hesitations

"All the horizons will have chocked me
In every climate, all latitudes
Daily struggles for bread and salt
Love affairs, boredom

Ah! It's now time for me to wear
That beautiful white wreath of plaster
Thus, with the ceiling as frame around me,
All shall admire me"

[Poetry by Kostas Kariotakis]
[translation by Kimon Friar]