

"And you, O water saying yes" OM

The fields slip by digging up memory  
Now it's the turn of the ash trees to die  
A vaccine of mistletoe appears on the apple tree  
The parasites keep improving their hold.

Still we keep up the enchantment  
Making it true like a knife  
Only the perfection of the human body  
Overcame all control-and that has passed.

Rise up and enter the happiness  
Make it more charming than sorrow  
Full possession can be accomplished  
And earth, our mother, hides us forever.

Hear then the firmament whisper  
If your open chance is made forfeit  
The endless variety speaks choice  
And necessity is only a voice.