



When I look back in the years to come,  
and your faces blurring in my mind,  
I'll have to accept with hopeless calm:  
“Ours is just a past of unlived death  
(a future for granted makes us blind)  
No exception for all to be dead  
unless... you leave some prints behind”



That's why, my dear old friend,  
feel with your heart all around  
before they start getting pale :  
the image and the sound.

Wander barefoot in the sea,  
put in your pocket a shell  
for you might wake up and see  
that your feet are dry and also sweat

When you breathe no more breeze  
and images fade in forthcoming airs,  
countless doubts will bite your peace:  
Is it real where i lived, or just a tale of fair?  
...How can i tell?

Urge your desperate hand into your pocket  
and find there lying a shell.