

Saving breath

Another jewel gone behind our steps
Another path lost for a mirage

When will you rise up, saving breath?
When will you come and sweep away our mistakes?

By drifting so much, for gold promises
We are burying under our feet the most precious treasures

Where will you come from, saving breath?
From us, from the Earth, or from elsewhere?

English adaptation from «Souffle salvateur»: anonymous