

## O' True God

O' true God! You had decreed:  
"My Man! You are the King of this world,  
My bounties are now your riches,  
You are my deputy and viceroy."

After sending me away on this pretence,  
Have you ever asked:  
"How have you endured life, my Man?"  
Have you ever enquired, O' My Lord!  
How this world has treated your viceroy?

On the one hand there is intimidation by the police,  
On the other there is persecution by the stewards.  
This skeleton of mine carries a heart which trembles,  
The way a sparrow flutters when caught in a trap.

What a King have you made? O' My Lord!  
A chain of sufferings, not a moment's peace for him.

I do not wish any kingship, O' My Creator!  
A bit of dignity shall suffice for me.  
These palaces and mansions are not my choice,  
A corner in life's fabric is all what I ask.

If you listen to me, then I will listen to you,

I swear in your name: "I shall never go astray."  
But if this demand of mine is not met by you,  
Then I must also search, and find a new God.

Translated by Sain Sucha