

## Your sorrow in search of someone

Your sorrow came, searching for life,  
But those who would have died for you are gone,  
Those who would have bowed their heads when you passed  
Have all gone their own ways.

And the night is gone too,  
Annoyed with you for keeping it waiting;  
And those who came to console me have left,  
Angry with me because I would not cry.

There is no question of love now,  
I cannot complain, cannot say what grieves me,  
I have no suggestions to make  
In the tyranny of your love  
My heart has lost all its rights.

I was the one  
Whose shirt turned red with the blood from the streets;  
These are the stains that I wore proudly  
All the way to my beloved's house.

But passion is out of style now,  
And this rope, these gallows, are no longer needed;  
Those who were proud to be accused of love  
Have all vanished like criminals.