

Beyond the City at Night

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What if the night were nothing more
Than a black cat that strays into
Your house every evening?

If only the night were domesticated.

Cold around the faces.
Cold around the hearts.
We walk through the night.

Beyond the city, the grass is taller.
The trees have no purpose to man.
They exist for themselves, are proud.
Like the night.

I see the city from the top of the hill.
The dome of light extends to the sky.
The night swallows its cold glow,
It is eaten by the sea of darkness.

I know he wants to talk.
He needs to.
That's why we've come here
To see the city at night.
We'll find an answer.

We make cities to hold back the night.
But we are never victors.

Stars shiver.
We shiver.
Bleak black night.

We make friends to help us hold back the night.
Somehow—
Somehow we'll be victors.