

# Gacela of the Dark Death

[Joan Baez](#)

I want to sleep the dream of the apples  
To withdraw from the tumult of cemeteries  
I want to sleep the dream of that child  
Who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas I don't want to hear again that the dead do not lose their blood  
That the putrid mouth goes on asking for water  
I don't want to learn of the tortures of the grass  
Nor of the moon with the serpent's mouth that labors before dawn I want to sleep a while, a while, a minute, a  
century  
But all must know that I have not died  
That there is a stable of gold in my lips  
That I am the small friend of the west wind  
That I am the immense shadow of my tears Cover me at dawn with a veil  
Because dawn will throw fists full of ants at me  
And wet with hard water my shoes  
So that the pincers of the scorpion slide

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