

# Tenebrae

## Paul Celan

Command and repose and perfect posture  
Set up to segregate afflictions we foster  
The words fall dead, slip down the side

The wounded risen up and taken from the worst rideOut in the cold when we speak solid breath

We make our moves under cover of death  
Outside the walls with the sick and insane

No shade or shelter from the shame-flavored rainAnd I can see it's the same as before

Condemned to suffer the seeds we have sown  
To the degree that we reject and deny

Too greedy, too selfish to tryDeadbolt the mind, unplug the phone  
Deny the promise of what's freely been shown

Just turn away, pretend it's not there

The strings of ignorance grown too sick to careOut on an island of self-centered spite

Lay in our beds under cover of night  
Curl up and weep, narcissistic in vain

No shade or shelter from the shame-flavored rainAnd without a shift in course

We will approach our destination

Can you deny it?Throughout the flames that scorch the civility  
Right off the page of a selfish history

The tide turns to create it's union  
Now's our chance, time to disconnect

Preserve some dignity, a system to respect  
It's been justified and relegated

We bog down in our symptoms of despair  
Too far along to pretend we even care

Pretend you fucking care

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