

I'll burn incense to you,  
O my silent God!  
Forty Tibetan Lamas  
A trash of human senses  
Lug by the beads of the roads  
To the state of Alabama,  
I'm Dalai-Lamat

Do you remember that January,  
That month of free notes,  
Vaults, non-stearin light  
Of amber walls  
Shadow of running legs  
Rushing in a trance  
To the world of decadence?

Do you remember that February,  
That month of vague night dreams?  
Tuxedos, barracks, duralumin tanks, and inside them  
Polluted, liquefied gas,  
You are a newborn,  
Christened by the gas.

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O my silent god!  
Forty Tibetan Lamas  
Junk of cooled down passions  
Lug by the beads of the roads  
To the state of Alabama,  
I'm Dalai-Lamat

Do you remember that March,  
And that spring light?  
A house made from marked cards,  
Tomorrow, that came for nothing,  
A snow, turning black in torments,  
Merging again with fundamentals?

A bread, contaminated by sense -  
My duty to the city of Roma,  
I was a boarder there  
During the years of merciless wars,  
In the age of blood-stained rhymes  
A native land of ancestors  
Has been sold, baby!  
Do you remember that April black list?

Do you remember that May,  
And those who were together then?  
Forty majors, a steel of their slow watches?  
Mugs, smell of beer  
Striped women in water-closets?  
Do you remember that June hunting in newspapers?

Girls, drinking pure alcohol  
With a blood of murdered friends,  
Bloody Mary of ones who are living  
And willing to live further,  
Heroes from your newspapers,  
Forty heroes are marching in formation.

Do you remember that September  
And those who have died then?  
Forty dead men, remains of their decomposed bodies?  
Do you remember, you gave exactly half-penny  
For their funerals?  
Do you remember that October and  
Praying about those deceased?

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