

Fly in azure skies, never feel the touch of moral lands
tasting my glorious father bribes, blazing gold, I loathe the shiny sand.

Sacking the tombs of your heroes and messiahs
Shanghaiing, the dancing queen from the seraglio of your dreams
I reveal the sham eye, the sun of the liars, and offer you
a sculptured throne within the azure beams.

My flaming tiara, the sun of the night,
dignifies the race of the strong, the race that has the sky for sea.
Devour with devotion what hinders my sigh
ruthlessness worthy to all those whose breastbone is being creviced.

As a sailor I sail, longing for the key,
the key to the master gate, made of azalea's thorns,
and from port to port, overcoming the bazaars across the sea,
I realized that, what the wings are for the sky, the horns are for the earth.

I say the truth, the one I've found behind the moon
I harn it to you my sinuous courtesan...

Unseen flowers fill my lungs
with aroma from the place where I was once born,
memories of my moral life, dance,
fulfil my blossom tunic with numerous desires.

Dearl presents should never be abandoned.
Thus, vigilant, I will stay here forever.
The panoramic view may not become a sensual mistress.
Ashes, bloody passions were my past, now I fly in ethereal spheres.
Azure aye...