

Now what will frighten them...

### **Description**

Today I will harbour in my own land  
the sea battles of those that lost the black earth,  
the dead that decorate the saltiness of the sea,  
to carve not worn skins the wave,  
to have the pain rise to sing,  
nightly lullaby,  
for what if I do not know foreign languages,  
in any case great mournings know no country.  
And if joys and laughs are heard together  
do not be astonished  
they evaded the wrath of war  
now what will frighten them..

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