

(1)

The cicadas are singing, ~~Ramesses~~, the cicadas  
Ramesses, the ci-

The cicadas are singing, can you hear them Ramesses?  
The hemlock, Socrates, pour out my amount.

the ~~Let~~ others apply to their Central Committee.  
No, little brother Pearson, I am the soul and I  
Can't.

The buildings my idol, look at the buildings  
Are we really insects with our useless wings  
who throw down our bodies and in the  
and drape rags on the stools they provide us with?

(2)  
Discover her, Columbus, discover her  
more quickly a new  
Your descendants are tired of their miserable  
what path lies open now to the weary lives, shadows  
stumbling wandering Jew?  
That remnant

(4)