

A5

(music by Griffin Candey)

— A5 — A5 — A5 — A5 — A5

What is this incessant ringing in my ear?
Do angels sing so blandly? A one-note epiphany ...
is no epiphany at all. I fear of darker forces, water
flowing underground, the River Styx, pulling me
down down down:
Do I wake or sleep, who can say?

— A5 — A5 — A5 — A5 — A5

I cannot sing this note! Who taunts me thus, who
mocks my ear?! This droning, this droning, this falling, this
drowning; Dr Richarz, his shining tools of torture? or
Mephistopheles' iron fork? Goethe help me, I cannot tell;
down down down in this watery hell:
Awake or asleep, who can say?
Wach oder schlaf, wer kann sagen?

Oh, dear Franz, you are here! Have you heard my *Geistervariationen*?
Drowning drowning in the River Rhine; who was it saved me?
You saved me! And Felix ... and my precious Clara ... so many *Geister*!
All ghosts! And our baby Emil ... gone with the boatman!
Down down down.

— A5 — A5 — A5 — A5 — A5

Franz, Mein Franz, I see you, do you see me?
Is there a space between light and dark? Is there a
life between waking and sleep? *Was ist Schlaf?* Is it not life's
mirror, or merely a misty moor on which we wander alone and
confused? Who then is the ghost ... the dream or the
dreamer? I do not know!

Who am I, I want to know
what is this Wind that always blows
whose are the hands that touch the sky
and who is this that wonders why?
Sleep seems such an emptiness
a hollow, void, and frightening place
and yet I long to have a taste
of that Holy Kiss of Mystery!

— A5

Franz, Franz, they should have left me to drown, down down down,
the River Styx, where I could live and write in peace. *In Frieden.*
Who am I now? Do I dream life, or is life dreaming me?
Am I der Schläfer or der Traum? Am I the living, or merely the
memory of someone who once was?
I do not know.
Ich weiß es nicht.
I do not know.

— A5 — A5 — A5 — A5 — A5