

sin ∞ fin
the movie



sin ∞ fin – Performances at the Core of the Looking Glass

Movie Text

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INTRO (Blue)

Male Voice

In the sphere of time, there is no tomorrow.
In the sphere of time, there are no distances.
In the sphere of time, there is no emptiness.
In the sphere of time, there are no rooms.

Female Voice

There is a transparent mirror that you never cross.
There is a mirror of silence that reflects and echoes the silence,
and no one hears its cry.
There is a mirror that does not lead anywhere.
There is a mirror where you don't see "You".

LAND OF NEITHER YOU NOR ME

Female voice

His feet were two glass blades,
He crawled in some places,
Frost also has bitten his hands
But no one wants to leave him behind.
While they others were sleeping
He steps out into eternity.
His last words were:
I am just going outside and may be some time.

LAND OF ABSENCE

Female voice

Do you know how a bird is crying?
Just as the night, frightened, pale,
It doesn't know where to escape.
Does the bird belong to the wind,
Or does the wind belong to the bird?
Do you know how the wind is howling shrilly?
Does it belong to the blizzard, or to the night?
How I, scared, cannot remember:
It this my realm, it is not my realm,
Does the night belong to me,
Or do I belong to her?

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I do not know.
Perhaps the wind does know.
But watch, the wind
Is hiding still -
He is not there.
Just like a child,
He still believes:
Only he knows what happened.

Male voice

I did not know how to become anything,
Neither spiteful nor kind,
Neither a rascal nor an honest man,
Neither a hero, nor an insect.

Male Voice (Dr. Yevgeniy Yermolin)

In reality, 90% of the time here is spent on pure survival.

I don't know how many of my friends have fallen down crevasses, and the crevasses killed them. Three. Three from my class have fallen down crevasses.

LAND OF IMPOSSIBLE ENCOUNTERS

Male voice

A widowed pair,
Both gates closed,
Still sitting there,
Wondering if they're late
And it's cold,
So they fasten their coats.
Passing by the snow padlocked wings,
Crossing the street,
The roundabout still turning
They're always last.
Ahead they see their past,
Looking back at days of four instead of two.
Years seem now so few (four instead of two).
Heads bent in thoughts
For their friends,
Which aren't there,
No more.

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EXIT (Black)

Female Voice

I am just going outside and may be some time.