Where's your breath, which dances with you on a silver flowers,

Which shows you round your dreams and yearns? Where are all your tears you left me for a memory of sorrowful river?

Where's your soul, which left for the land of immortality?

Now I'm kneeling with a sword in my hand by the well of oblivio $\ensuremath{\mathtt{n}}$

And I'm leaving my destiny, the destiny, which is in mourning. I'm asking for the end - I can't find your heart, your breath, Maybe you're distant, maybe behind the horizon. But my destiny can't see it any more.

I'm crying. I can remember your hair, which remained me With the hope that I will find the gift of Gods - for you and m y belief.

I wish I could feel your breath once more, Just once more.