

Lovers Have Their Say

Birds in Row

We could have saved them one by one. All the lovers left all alone. We could have killed them one by one. For putting beauty into vain words. Something is missing, when no more candles could light the dark. When no more roses could add some colors. When everything around smells like someone, who disappeared into your mirror. We are the saviours of our dignity. We are the leftovers of crucified generations. Made out of murders and of abuses. Digging the gap no churches we are the sense of all no name rebellions. We are the quitter and the rejected. We are the betrayal to a two thousand year old question.