

My sight is a blurred skyline
The blue stream its head inclines
Doubt's river-like
Made with cold blood
My will's the dyke
That stops the flood
When anguish grows
It overflows so slow
When I have just done my best
I say: Alea jacta est
I've made up my mind
With my troops behind
The eagles are shadowing the west!
I see the river
And know I have to cross
Waters carries past with them
Never coming back yet
A bitter stone like round distress
Suddenly I take and toss
Gushes flow with scum light red
Omen of a fast end
When I have just done my best
I say: Alea jacta est
I've made up my mind
With my troops behind
The eagles are shadowing the west!
Doubt!
After reflecting I shout:
Eagles of the war, march on!
Water hasn't got return when it is gone