

Revenge Day

Euthanasia

She's living her short story,
leading for the crime, she's speaking to mirror of river.
Her inner fight and war against the others.
She pervaded into the post-mortem scenery through mist.

So far from valley of morass, from the cry of the village bells

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Her soul is not confused. Maybe mind, premonition?
Labeled a madwoman, she seeks from people.
Horrrify children voices, girl with scars of decease.

She rises her fiery torch,
in the middle of the night in the moonlight.
Slowly walking to her revenge,
burning homes of her enemies.

Lamentations in the wind,
humans forever lost.
She's fighting for love
and against hate of others.

After everything's burnt, will she feel the mercy and grief?
For father and mother, hanged for profane lies,
for her destiny, when she defended her soul in darkness.
Without the love of God, with her God or farewell?