

## The Swan Road

Nomans Land

The burning birds fell from  
The sky into the gloomy sea  
And the midnight has become  
Dawn from this flame

Their crys in the midnight  
Were louder than the hundred storms  
Fell dead and wounded wing to wing

The sun rose and my magic dream  
My snow-wite road thru endless fields  
And hirds has disappeared at burning west

The nature is in mourning  
The sky at once'v got older  
That sorrow great is driving sea insane

Who now is waiting for sunset go  
Who now is greeting the sun arise