

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