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Flying over our land they are
Thoughts and desires
And the earth more rapidly it is rotating
They fail to reach us

Borders for people placed
Birds with derision they fly them
Calling us ashamed and abandoned

With the winding step of any of my conquests
I entangled network of their disappointments
I look at the sky but space is not visible
Since both my hope in my despair she looks around

He stopped to think about the birds dreamy look
With a laugh or sneer again they fly

I saw countless persons faces
Unsolvable riddles all they were
Words countless flew past me
Leaving only the sound of quiet remembrance

Is it destined or not
Large puzzle with missing pieces
Misunderstood to this day, what is this
Which leads us to seek those countless faces

Forgotten, washed away and aimlessly erased meetings and memories
Though terrible spell my name is swept
And probably already replaced
I feel like a wax figure

Magic seemed mighty storm
Wind brings it back to me
Spell spoken in the cold darkness
It steals deftly over the years
Unnoticed my new body she bites

Standing there somewhere, stone circle
And if still alive in the air
Their words scary Im quietly appreciating

Running, waiting and forgotten over the years
The arrow stuck in the tree. Yet there she stood still

The perfume of the magic, the spell of flavor
Painfully intoxicating to me he was.
Looking into the darkness with a song of delusion
Believe now my heart somehow stopped

In recent burst of strength for revenge against the dark
With hope last candle i lit
Somehow even to my surprise
Instead of praying for salvation
I curse those who cursed me they

I put as his last stone
In the stone circle, eternal, not forgotten
Leaves new, obsolete and the wind blew them
But the tree is still standing, the arrow himself embraced