

Petar Lozanov

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