

Flying, Like a Lonely Crow

I flew alone
Just like lonely crow
The wood lay ahead me
And the mighty wind behind

The road I saw
It was so clean and real
I didn't want to lose it

And the thoughts
Which didn't let me sleep on rest
Flew faster than
My real time itself

And faster than the wind
They chose the space, the skies
As their goal,
And took all of my passions within them

They wished me to uncover me new space
A new space,
Which could have brought me happiness
And I could be conquered by no one
I could be free
As if I flew like a lonely crow