

Demeter "Lacrimosa"

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Hush... Strings are weeping silently...
Like... They are singing a lullaby...
This... Plain without a single tree
Will open to take a child...
Her embrace was not enough
To save his soul... All alone...

And she came with the swan song on her lips...
Evening breeze was listening...
"Lacrimosa", she said: "Cry upon my fate..."
"Lacrimosa"

Došla je sestra Jelena,
Dovela brata ranjena,
Da traži s mora doktora,
Bratu rane da vida.

Boga ti, s mora doktore,
Šta ti se čini od rana?
Boga mi, sestro Jeleno,
Pripremi bratu što nemaš

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