

Diathra "I Feel"

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I feel my heart grieves over you.
It's knock becomes more often
In impulses of agony.
And it's images and recollections
Only about the lost love

I haven't found consolation
And the first spring without you
Is not so beautiful
So pleasant as before;
It's flowers are not that were before

Sweet wine seemed bitter poison
And then, in general,
For what is it necessary,
When my grief is lying inside me
And there is no sense at all,

I feel my body beats convulsively
And kills me with a flame of suffering
My eyes are filled with burning tears.
I feel I die. Because
There is no you more.

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