

Euthanasia

"Revenge Day"

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She's living her short story, leading for the crime,
She's speaking to mirror of river.
Her inner fight and war against others.
She pervaded into the post-mortem scenery through
mist.
So far from valley of morass, from cry of the village
bells.
Her soul is not confused. Maybe mind, premonition?
Labeled a madwoman, she seeks from people,
Horrrify children voices, girl with scars of decease.

She rises her fiery torch, in the middle

Of the night in the moonlight.
Slowly walking to her revenge, burning homes of
enemies.
Lamentations in the wind, humans forever lost.
She's fighting for love and against hate of others.

After everything's burnt, will she feel the mercy and
grief?
For father an mothers, hanged for profane lies, for her
destiny,
When she defended her soul in darkness.
Without the love of god, with her god or farewell?

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