

Flying "Something Remains"

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I try to mortify the feelings
To destroy the memories
But something remains
It ties me to the past

The past I lived
Made me enjoy itself
I loved and hated
Lived and soared like a proud bird
Which had its sky and freedom.

I ruled like lion
Conquered and subdued
I fondled and caressed
And only carrion-crows and mean hyenas
Asked for my blood and sufferings.
The passion came to me, and insult
Love and fury
It was my past in which
I couldn't understand
Who was a friend or enemy
And what was tenderness and passion
Of gamble and revenge
But something... it remains!

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