

## Kristina Train

### "Horehronie"

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When the sun of my life is at its lowest  
I go to the land around the Hron river  
and I dream there  
this land is so beautiful  
that suddenly I want to sing  
and die and live  
and I feel like i am in heaven

I lie in the grass and I am dreaming  
I just let my thoughts flow  
and the breeze is rocking me

the most beautiful trees I know are in this land  
this silent brotherhood is calling me to come back  
and I always return whenever i am feeling sad  
and I don't know what else to do  
and the trees are telling me to shake it off my  
shoulders

I lie the grass and I am dreaming  
I just let my thoughts flow  
and the breeze is rocking me

when the sun of my life is at its lowest  
I go to the land around the Hron river  
and when in the distance I hear as the bell of our love  
tolls for us  
I think to myself: if am to be really hurting  
then so be it  
but this hurt will one day fade among these beautiful  
trees

I lie the grass and I am dreaming  
tears are rolling from my eyes  
and the breeze is rocking me  
when the sun of my life is at its lowest

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