

# Flying, Like a Lonely Crow

I flew alone  
Just like lonely crow  
The wood lay ahead me  
And the mighty wind behind

The road I saw  
It was so clean and real  
I didn't want to lose it

And the thoughts  
Which didn't let me sleep on rest  
Flew faster than  
My real time itself

And faster than the wind  
They chose the space, the skies  
As their goal,  
And took all of my passions within them

They wished me to uncover me new space  
A new space,  
Which could have brought me happiness  
And I could be conquered by no one  
I could be free  
As if I flew like a lonely crow