

Flying, Like A Lonely Wolf

I rambled alone
Just like a lonely wolf,
The wood ahead of me
And the mighty wind behind.
The road I saw,
It was so clear and real.
I didn't want to lose it.

And the thoughts
Which didn't let me sleep or 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 with them.
They wished me to uncover a new way
Which could have brought me happiness,
And I could be conquered by no one.
I could be free
As if I ramble like a lonely wolf.