

Mental Home, Bliss

[Music: Sergey Dmitriev, Roman Povarov, Igor Dmitriev. Lyrics: Sergey Dmitriev]

Sun burns away the mist, cold morning breeze blows
Breeze takes away the petals of a dying blood-red rose
Today is mine because my life is in my hands
The plane will carry me away from native lands

I've lost the comfort, choke with anger in my home
Just wanna peace of mind, please leave me now alone
I'll say good-bye to all my enemies and friends
The plane will carry me away from native lands

Oh, that is great to look from the sky...
It must be really a bliss...
Oh, that is great to look from the sky...
I am in perfect bliss...