

# Flying, Something Remains

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!