

## «It is Strange»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

Its strange happiness  
When you are sole,  
Not to get ruthless,  
Playing your role.

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Struggling for a night,  
Fighting for a day,  
Not to turn to a shadow  
In the end of the way.

\* \* \*

To win all the fights,  
Rise over the fame,  
Like the powerful sunlight.  
With lava of flame

\* \* \*

To burn all the foes.  
And with bliss in my pace  
To measure the paths by the steps full of grace,

\* \* \*

To alien and vulgar not paying attention  
Between your own world and my planet dimension.