

Lovers Have Their Say

Birds in Row

We could have saved them one by one. All the lovers left
all alone. We could have killed them one by one. For
putting beauty into vain words. Something is missing,
when no more candles could light the dark. When no more
roses could add some colors. When everything around
smells like someone, who disappeared into your mirror. We
are the saviours of our dignity. We are the leftovers of
crucified generations. Made out of murders and of abuses.
Digging the gap no churches we are the sense of all no
name rebellions. We are the quitter and the rejected. We
are the betrayal to a two thousand year old question.