

## Flight 19

Lonewolf

A day of December 1945  
Born one of the great mysteries of time  
Fascination and legends melt  
About the sea which caused so much death  
A flight of routine, leaving off ground  
Sky clear and blue, no troubles in sight  
But no one returned, like many to come  
Radars lost their trace, darkened myth was born  
Flight nineteen, disappeared from the screens  
Their traces got lost eternally  
Flight nineteen got lost in the sea  
Or somewhere in time, no witness to see