

* * *

Witches want to be free – that is why they fly.
They want to see the stars and moonlight.
Witches want to have soul – that is why they scream.

In a fire not they burn, but a dreams.
They remember last life,
They remember and who this is made.
And they fly to the rivers of cry
And to places of own graves.

Witches want to love, and they sing, are so sad.
They wait for beloveds in the forest lake glade.
They braid night in the hair, won't be tired to wait.

They fly high upward, and they scream, because can't break.
If you hear – so you know, you know this is pain.

When you are alone, and your way – it no a way.
So, i will close doors, i forget this is truth.

And I won't sleep, of course,
Because i hear them, hear too...