

Travelling stories towards a dream

You will never tell us your story,
you, foreign man , wandering friend, you exile.
The night was black and stormy the sea was
when amongst its waves you stopped counting
the days and nights you received from life.

You'll neither have a story, nor a name
poor, little baby, as death
before your birth, hopelessly made
you a foreigner to all, forever unknown.

That boat is too small and too fragile
to be able to carry a thousand dreams
of a future and also as many wishes
of those exiles, who really hope to live
in peace elsewhere, not at home indeed.

Is there an answer, which, absolutely,
free and honest is, for the fugitives'
right request of justice and dignity?
There is, may be, there is one solution
if we will join and look for it together.

Our hearts must be free and right as well
our consciences must be, if we wish
we could forever turn such a black page
of the book of the mankind's history.